



LIFE'S YESTERDAYS



# LIFE'S YESTERDAYS

GLIMPSES OF SIR NIZAMAT JUNG AND HIS TIMES

BY

**ZAHIR AHMED**

*“They lie entombed, those bright-wing'd visions all  
Where sleeps the splendour of life's yesterdays”*

NIZAMAT JUNG

**THACKER & CO., LTD., BOMBAY**

FIRST PUBLISHED  
1945

*Copyright Reserved*

PUBLISHED BY  
C. MURPHY FOR THACKER & CO., LTD.  
*Rampart Row, Bombay*

PRINTED AT THE GOVERNMENT CENTRAL PRESS  
HYDERABAD-DECCAN

To

*The youth of today and tomorrow  
in the hope that they will be inspired  
by the faith, courage and wisdom of  
yesterday.*



Life is with threatening dangers fraught ;  
The path of Duty's rugged, steep :  
Above, the starry realm of hope ;  
Below, the dark and stormy deep !

Who toils with patience up the height  
With soul untired, undaunted will, —  
With Faith to hold his trembling hand,  
With Truth to guard his footsteps still —

What though with faltering steps he move,  
He needs must reach the promised goal  
Where Honour binds the victor's brow  
And Virtue crowns the hero's soul.

But he who loiters by the way,  
Attracted by some foolish toy,  
Or wearied by the vain pursuit  
Of some fond whim, some fickle joy —

Not his the nerve nor will to brave  
Unmoved the fitful gales that blow ;  
His tottering footsteps leave their hold —  
He's hurled into the gulf below !

NIZAMAT JUNG



## CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword by Sarojini Naidu ..	xi-xii
Preface. ..	xiii-xv

### PART I

#### CHAPTER I.—LIFE'S STAGES

Early Years ..	..	1-16
In Office ..	..	17-32
In Retirement ..	..	33-41

#### CHAPTER II.—GLIMPSES OF PERSONALITY

The Haj and its Lesson ..	..	42-50
Personality and Outlook ..	..	51-73
Poetry and Philosophy ..	..	74-100
Thoughts, Opinions and Maxims ..	..	101-115
An Attempt at Evaluation ..	..	116-120

### PART II

#### CHAPTER III.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD REGIME

His Highness the late Nizam and the old Hyderabad ..	121-146
Sir Salar Jung I and the men who worked under him. ..	146-159
Sir Salar Jung II ..	159-165
Sir Asman Jah ..	165-166
Sir Viqar-ul-Umara ..	166-170
Sir Khurshid Jah ..	170-172
Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad ..	173-181
Nawab Fakhr-ul-Mulk ..	181-183
Nawab Shihab Jung ..	183-185
Rajas Rai Rayan and Sheoraj ..	185-189
Sir Amin Jung ..	189-191

	Page.
Sir Afsar-ul-Mulk (Mirza Mohd. Ali Baig)	.. 191-194
Nawab Akbar-ul-Mulk	.. 194-201
Major Neville ..	.. 201-202
Major Gough ..	.. 202-203
Sir George Casson Walker	.. 203-207
Mr. A. J. Dunlop ..	.. 207-209
Mr. A. C. Hankin ..	.. 209-212

### PART III

#### CHAPTER IV.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW REGIME AND COLLEAGUES OF THE COUNCIL

The New Regime ..	.. 213-215
Sir Ali Imam ..	.. 215-222
Sir Faridoon Mulk ..	.. 223-227
Sir Reginald Glancy ..	.. 227-230
Nawab Wali-ud-Dowlah ..	.. 230-232
Nawab Tilawat Jung ..	.. 232-233
Nawab Sir Aqeel Jung ..	.. 233-234
Raja Fateh Nawazwant ..	.. 234-235
Mr. Abdulla Yusuf Ali ..	.. 235-237
Sir Richard Chenevix Trench ..	.. 237-239
Sir Akbar Hydari ..	.. 239-245

### PART IV

#### CHAPTER V.—THOUGHTS ON MEN AND MATTERS

Sir Ross Masood ..	.. 246-249
Mohammed Bahadur Khan ..	.. 249-252
Past and Present ..	.. 252-256
Mulkies and non-Mulkies ..	.. 256-259
Intrigue and Influence ..	.. 259-263

#### CHAPTER VI.—AS OTHERS SEE HIM

As Others see him ..	.. 264-287
----------------------	------------

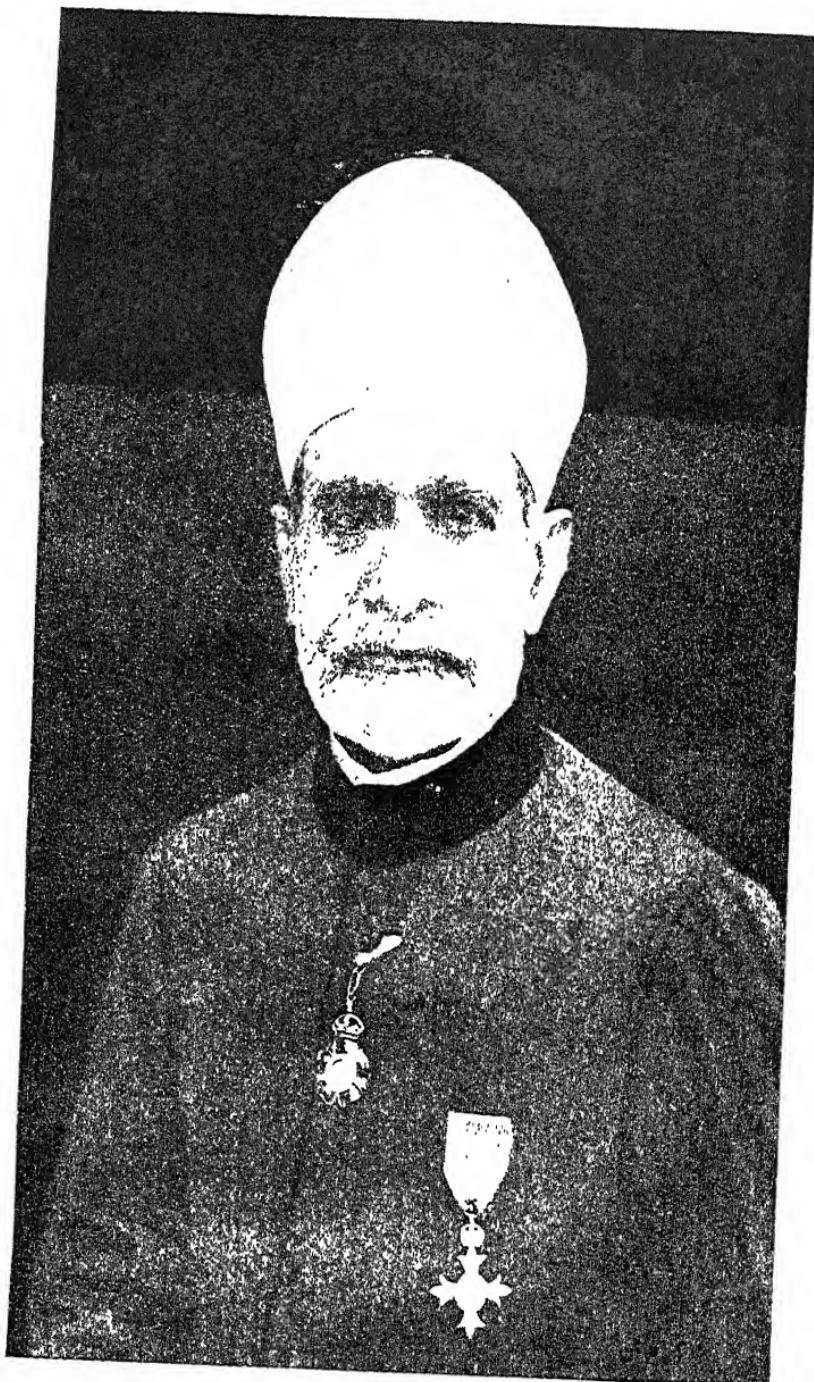
## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

*Facing page.*

1. NAWAB SIR NIZAMAT JUNG BAHADUR	..	xi
2. MR. NIZAMUDDIN AHMED—(AS A LAW GRADUATE)—1891	..	13
3. SIR NIZAMAT JUNG—1919-1929	..	25
4. HILLFORT	..	65







NAWAB SIR NIZAMAT JUNG BAHADUR  
Kt., C.I.E., O.B.E., M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.), Bar.-at-Law

## FOREWORD

*Hyderabad has a way of setting the seal of her special tradition on all her sons and daughters, investing them, irrespective of their communities and beliefs, with a subtle kinship whose claims have seldom been denied.*

*It is, perhaps therefore, that Mr. Zahir Ahmed has invited me, a fellow-Hyderabadi, to write a brief foreword to his excellent little biographical study of Nazab Sir Nizamat Jung, unquestionably one of the most eminent among the elder citizens and servants of the State. I am happy to be given this opportunity of offering a just meed of praise to this old and valued friend, this gifted man of wide intellectual attainments and distinguished personality whom we esteem so highly for his proud integrity and independence of character, this brave and pious devotee of Islam whom we so deeply honour today for his allegiance to the lofty spiritual ideals which have inspired him, in the late autumn of his years, to choose a life of voluntary poverty, in a quiet ecstasy of renunciation, yielding up all wordly possessions for the benefit of the needy and the destitute in Medina, holy City, beloved of the Prophet Muhammad.*

*Deftly and wisely has the author designed his own narrative to serve as an effective background for the tapestry woven by Sir Nizamat Jung himself out of intimate recollections of his early life, his impressions of men and events, at home and abroad, the incidents and experiences of his long and varied official career, his intellectual preferences and pastimes, his personal approach to human problems awaiting a final solution, his personal reactions and adjustments to the changing spirit of the times.*

*Of especial interest are his nostalgic memories of an older Hyderabad, scarcely touched by modern influences, which still retained the glamour and grace, the colour and splendour of a bygone age : the Hyderabad of Mir Mahboob Ali Khan whose name is enshrined in the hearts of his people, whose fame is*

*deathless, secure in the songs and legends of the Deccan over which he so graciously ruled.*

*We are grateful to Mr. Zahir Ahmed for this labour of love which has given us a miniature autobiography as it were within the framework of a biography. For who better than Sir Nizamat Jung could have interpreted and harmonised the many and somewhat dissimilar aspects of himself as poet, politician, courtier, administrator, equally at home in the seclusion of a scholar's study and in the larger world of public affairs, ardent votary of European literatures and philosophies whose mind seemed to tarry unduly long in the classic groves and romantic landscapes of western culture, and now, in the ultimate realisation of his true destiny, a humble and mystic pilgrim in the caravan of the Islam whose benevolent message of brotherhood was spread not only in Eastern lands, but to quote the beautiful words of Sir Nizamat Jung, journeyed from*

*"Persia's Magian shrines to Gothic Spain  
From Memphian deserts to Byzantium old."*

*Hyderabad-Deccan*

*SAROJINI NAIDU.*

## PREFACE

IN attempting to present a short biographical sketch of Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung, one of the most eminent sons of Hyderabad, my object is not to write an account of the career of an official who, in the service of His Exalted Highness the Nizam, rose quickly and rose high but to write the life-story of a great gentleman who to me is the symbol of all that was best in the generation that has almost disappeared, a symbol too, of great and worthy traditions which seem only to belong to "life's yesterdays." A man of extraordinarily wide culture and refinement, a scholar and a poet of rare distinction, Sir Nizamat Jung's qualities of head and heart, are almost unknown outside of a very limited circle ; and this is because he deliberately avoided the limelight of publicity and kept himself in, what I may call, splendid isolation.

I had been intending for some years past to write an account of the life of Nizamat Jung—in the words of Boswell— " Not only to relate all the most important events of his life in their order, but interweaving what he privately wrote and said and thought ; by which mankind are enabled, as it were, to see him live." I wanted to portray the character and personality of a man who so deeply impressed all those who came in contact with him. But official preoccupations always prevented me from undertaking this work. It was only two years ago that I wrote to Nizamat Jung asking him to be good enough to let me have some appropriate material helpful in writing a sketch of him such as might bring out what he had felt, thought and written during his long years of inward peace. In the course of my letter, I said :—

" I wish to bring out that side of your life, which shall stimulate the mind of the younger generation to purity of thought and action and I want the account to be interesting to those who follow. A few striking details

about Hyderabad politics may also be brought in incidentally ; but I want my readers chiefly to know you as a man, and how you were, and still are, a personality above all the pettiness of our times."

His reply was characteristic. " I feel," he said, " almost persuaded by your friendly advice to sit for my portrait, not because I wish to hold myself up to admiration, but to retrace the path along which I have travelled in life and live over again those incidents and events which have guided my course. I may thus be able to help you in what you have so chivalrously undertaken out of your regard for Truth. I have been groping in life to find myself and have been following the light within me and the light reflected from past ages. A man of this type is not much like a hero in official uniform. If you wish to find me—and I think you have already done so to some extent—it must be by means of personal impressions. These are not deliberately collected but silently received by minds open to them by force of some hidden affinity. You will also find useful material in my friends' letters. And as for my own opinions and beliefs and the tendencies of my intellectual and moral nature, you will find enough in my writings to serve as specimens."

Later, he kindly placed at my disposal a large number of letters which he had received from his English friends in the course of thirty years and more, and his own writings in prose and verse. And to this he added—what was still more valuable for my purpose—extracts from his recollections and notes containing observations and opinions on various matters. Thus I found encouragement in my hope to do some justice to the pleasant task I had undertaken. He reminded me that " memoirs posthumously published are sometimes liable to suspicion—especially if they contain dubious allegations about people who cannot refute them. Whatever you write about me must be nothing but the truth, however uncomplimentary to me."

Sir Nizamat Jung has been known as a distinguished official, but, setting aside the official aspect, I wish to present

him, from my own recollections and from the impressions formed by others and the glimpses afforded by their letters. And these again have to be supplemented by extracts from his own writings, from which we can get some notion of his ideas, ideals and beliefs. I use the word beliefs advisedly because I know him to be a man of deep convictions who has carried his principles into practice in all the affairs of life. The best proof of this is that he himself offered to lay down the reins of his office once he reached the official age of retirement, when a host of others amongst us, even less favourably placed, would have desperately struggled to cling to power. For him 'the post of honour is a private station.'

In the following pages an attempt has been made to raise before the mind's eye a picture of Sir Nizamat Jung as he appears to me. It is possible that others better qualified than I, would have made the picture more realistic. But this much is clear to me that no one would have missed all those gifts and qualities of his which once impelled an English friend to pay an affectionate tribute to him in spontaneous verse and look upon him as a star, aloof and calm, gleaming on high in lonely splendour.

“ And from afar

Lost melodies come wafted from old days  
 Long past but not forgotten : see, a haze  
 Of rose-red and the horizon veils a star—  
 One star in lonely splendour gleams on high  
 Aloof and calm,  
 And when our toil is done,  
 When to eternity we reach through time  
 May joy be ours beyond the stars and sun.”

The great lesson, which the life of Sir Nizamat Jung offers to everyone of us at the present day is that it is possible for a man to pursue higher concerns of life while engaged in everyday affairs and to seek the Eternal even in the transitory.

CIVIL SERVICE HOUSE,  
 HYDERABAD-DECCAN  
*October 1945.*

ZAHIR AHMED



## PART ONE

### CHAPTER I.—LIFE'S STAGES

#### EARLY YEARS

**M**OULVI NIZAMUDDIN AHMED (Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur), second son of Moulvi Shaikh Ahmed Hussain (Nawab Rifat Yar Jung Bahadur), was born at Hyderabad on the 22nd of April, 1871. He received his early education at home and then attended the Madrasa-i-Aizza founded by his father under the patronage of Sir Salar Jung I in the seventies of the last century.

He appeared for the Madras University Matriculation Examination in 1884, proceeded to England in the Jubilee year, 1887, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1888, took the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. in 1891, at the age of 21 and was called to the Bar from the Inner Temple in 1895 at the age of 24.

He is said to be descended from Hazrat Abu Bakr Siddiq, the first Khalif, through Shaikh Shahabuddin Suhrawardy, the great Muslim Saint of Baghdad. I am indebted for his genealogical chart to a book written by my uncle, the late Khan Bahadur Shams-ul-Ulama, Nawab Aziz Jung Bahadur. According to him, the family tree records such prominent names as Qazi Hamiduddin Nagori, Shaikh Kamal, Shaikh Aman, Shamon Pasha and Haji Abdul Latif whose mother had nursed the Emperor Aurangzeb.

Sir Nizamat Jung's comment on such things is worth quoting. "It is not very difficult for sinners to be descended from saints ; but the fact of direct descent is not so easy to prove. Enough for me if I can feel spiritually descended from great men and learn to behave accordingly."

His father, the late Moulvi Shaikh Ahmed Hussain, Nawab Rifat Yar Jung Bahadur, who served as Taluqdar and Inam Commissioner and Subedar of Gulbarga and Warangal Divisions, was one of the most respected men of his time. He died in 1897 at the age of 54, the year after Nizamuddin Ahmed's return from England. His uncle was the late Moulvi Hafiz Mohammad Siddiq, Nawab Emad Jung (Senior), alternately Chief Justice and Secretary to the Nizam's Government in the Home and Finance Departments. He served the State with rare distinction under five Prime Ministers, from the time of the great Sir Salar Jung whom he had helped in the re-organization of the judiciary. He was one in whose loyalty and ability the late Nizam had great confidence and whom the nobility of Hyderabad respected as one of Salar Jung's most trusted men. He died in 1904 at the age of 58.

I must not omit to mention, besides his father and uncle, three members of his family who not only filled high posts, but enjoyed the public esteem on account of their ability, integrity, high character and dignified bearing. Muslahuddin Mohammad, Nawab Hakim-ud-Dowlah, Chief Justice, who died in his 48th year, Raziuddin Mohammad, Nawab

Emad Jung (the second of that name), *Kotwal* of Hyderabad, who died in his 47th year and Hakim-ud-Dowlah's younger brother, Jalaluddin Mohammad Nawab Saad Jung, who was a judge of the High Court and died in his 44th year. They were Nizamat Jung's first cousins\* and their premature deaths deprived the State of eminent men and trustworthy servants. His elder brother Fasihuddin Ahmed, the second Nawab Rifat Yar Jung, served in the Revenue Department and was Subedar of Aurangabad before he retired. He was a man universally respected on account of his noble character and generosity.

Nizamat Jung's father joined the State service in 1862 and worked with the Revenue Minister, Nawab Mukram-ud-Dowlah, the nephew and son-in-law of Sir Salar Jung, both as tutor and assistant. In 1875 he was appointed Taluqdar (Collector) for the *Atraf-e-Balda* District where he did excellent work by introducing the use of legal documents and a proper system of checking the revenue collections, and carried out the assessment of the *Inams* and *Muqtas* of *Patels* and *Patwaris*. His work was commended by the Prime Minister, Sir Salar Jung I, in the following words : " If other Taluqdars would follow his example, there would be a decided improvement within a short time in the results of tours." Transferred as First Taluqdar to the Raichur District at the critical time when the great famine of 1875-76 was raging in

---

\*Hakim-ud-Dowlah, Rifat Yar Jung and Saad Jung had been at Cambridge and were barristers-at-law.

India, he rendered valuable help in the relief of suffering and distress.

Now let us hear what Nizamat Jung himself has to say about his father.

“ I should like to place before Hyderabad my presentment of one who in early life held an important position in Hyderabad society as guide, philosopher and friend to all, though he chose to keep himself aloof from those conditions which made the official atmosphere of the place appear a little disturbed at times. He was one of the higher officials, but he was more than that, and there was something in him which it is difficult to describe. It was a constant emanation of pure, high and sympathetic feelings which influenced all who came in contact with him. People were drawn to him because they felt that he was a man to be trusted and they always found him willing to help them with all the powers that nature had given him. A clean heart and good-will were among the beneficent powers granted to him by nature and by these he benefited all who approached him. He treated men as though they were his other selves and by encouragement raised their self-respect. With an enlightened mind of comprehensive grasp, endowed with insight and foresight in an uncommon degree, he had an intuitive understanding of the inward relations of things and from this came his ability to judge correctly and decide wisely. His general knowledge was extensive and when he began to think over a

subject, he made it his own. Knowledge seemed to come to him more easily than it does to others, because all the faculties of his mind were vigilant, sympathetic and receptive. His favourite preoccupation was education for the purpose of moral and social reform. Thus he became the preceptor of his age and was the founder of the Madrasa-i-Aizza in 1876 and of the Nizam Club in 1884. And he was the man who recommended in the same year the formation of the Hyderabad Civil Service Class and also of a special class for boys to be sent to England. Moulvi Syed Hussain Bilgrami, Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk, once said of him, "I have not known another man like him in Hyderabad." And Sir Syed Ahmed Khan remarked to friends that he "had no idea that there were such men in Hyderabad."

I have no doubt that some of these qualities are Sir Nizamat Jung's best heritage, and it is of great interest to know in what manner the influence of his father and his example operated upon his character. He remarks :

" Every good influence from whatever source it came, found its way to my heart and the earliest and best of its kind was my father's, who had a wonderful way of imparting good to others, not only by his words but by his manner, his looks and his example. He had the secret of conveying the good that was in him by personal magnetism, so as to make people feel as though they were receiving into themselves

something rich in life. This was the soul-force that influenced my nature in childhood ; and whatever faults I can recall were committed when my father's influence was not operating on me directly, or seemed remote for a time. Even now, though he has been dead forty-five years, my moral nature is reinvigorated when I think of him."

When I requested Sir Nizamat Jung to give me some details about his early home education, he replied, " Shall we give this somewhat pompous title, to those happy careless days full of sunshine, during which I was led on towards knowledge less by means of books than by the persuasive guidance of affectionate teachers ? How I learned the alphabet I do not remember, but I found myself able to read a Persian book, *Nigar-i-Danish*, when I was about nine years old, and it is delightful to recall how I went about with an Urdu version of the *Shahnama*, shouting verses out of it and fancying myself Rustam before I was ten. The dramatic reading of my teacher, Moulvi Mohammad Vasil, with natural elocution and appropriate gestures made the scenes real to me. English also came to me in the same easy and pleasant manner and all my reading seemed a pleasing pastime, not a task. Teacher and pupil seemed to join in getting pleasure out of friendly meetings at which books were allowed to be present. Such was the method of teaching in those days, and teaching and learning were names given to gathering pictures in the mind. This is

how I grew fond of reading and remembering and reciting what I read till memory and imagination were trained, and feelings and sentiments began to play their part in shaping my life. My regular schooling does not cover a period of more than four years, a few flying visits to St. George's Grammar School with my brother during the year 1878, and after that three months or so in 1880 at the All-Saints' Institution. In 1881, I was admitted to the second class (from the top) at the Madrasa-i-Aizza where I remained for four years. I was able to live in the world I found in books, and every tale and every poem read became part of my feelings."

It is interesting to trace such influences back to their small beginnings, and I select another passage from his notes, which is too valuable not to be quoted in full :

" My love of books," he writes, " may be traced back to an incident in 1881-82 when my age was 10 or 11. My father, who was Honorary Secretary to the Madrasa-i-Aizza Committee, had ordered some prize books from Bombay for the coming prize distribution. The books were kept in one of the rooms in our house and excited my boyish curiosity. The bindings were so beautiful—rich with bright colours and gold, and the pictures on some of them were so fascinating. One day I crept into the room with a somewhat guilty feeling, and began to handle them with a thrill of fear and delight. Reading the titles was all that I could do then,

because I was too excited to look into them, and there were so many that I could not possibly open and read all. *The Arabian Nights*, Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* and what not! I had indeed discovered a new world. But how was I to read so many books, and when? They would soon be sent away. So, with greedy haste I snatched up one of the smaller volumes close at hand and dipped into it. I remember the title but have forgotten the story *The Wide, Wide World*. The name seemed promising and I began to read it without understanding much; but that did not matter, nor did it matter that I could not read it through. I took up another book, the *Fairy Tales*, and it was certainly much more interesting. Then I went on to another, the grandest of all, *Don Quixote*. The quaint pictures illustrating the wonderful doings of the Knight of La Mancha excited my imagination to a degree that nothing else had done before. This was the seed out of which my love of Chivalry was to grow. I was then in my 11th year and did not know English well, but that was hardly an obstacle; I meant to understand the story and I did. As for the significance of it—the pathos of the mock-heroic romance and the subdued lament over the decay of Chivalry to which the genius of Cervantes has imparted a subtle charm—all that I came to understand long after."

He continues, "Within three years of my first adventure among books I was well on my way

with reading, having already read some of Campbell's poems and Goldsmith's *Traveller* for the Matriculation Examination, and Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* and many of Shakespeare's plays in 1885, some of Scott's poems and novels, some of Tennyson's and Wordsworth's poems, the collection in the *Golden Treasury* and some of the ballads in Percy's *Reliques*. My memory was fairly good and I could easily remember poetry, my taste and habits having been encouraged by my tutor, Mr. George Tate. To him I owe much ; he was the first to give my young mind the direction which it has followed since—the love of the beauty of literature. His careful and precise method was good for the groundwork, but later I freed myself from it and my reading became unmethodical, desultory and erratic, but extensive—and for that reason all the more enjoyable."

Referring to the prize distribution in 1882, "A great event on that occasion," he goes on to say, "was the reading of their own Arabic compositions by some of the older boys. Of the younger boys who recited English poems, perhaps I was the youngest, and mine was a poem describing a shipwreck. I remember to this day that it opened with the lines :

'There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam  
And glad hearts within her were dreaming of home.'

I must have taken some pleasure and pride in performing my part well, and evidently I had

caught the spirit of the poem, for the Report mentions that my recitation was liked by the English-knowing people present. This was my first response to English poetry and the small beginning of my life-long habit of reciting or reading aloud whatever interested me. I received from the honoured hands of the great Minister (Sir Salar Jung) a beautifully bound quarto volume of *The Arabian Nights*. Its blue and gold cover and the wonderful illustrations within, were like a dream to me. And the stories as I read them afterwards from day to day became part of the life of imagination which has brightened my actual life since then. Another benefit that book brought me was love of reading, and I had become an irresponsible pleasure-reader before reaching the age of sixteen."

Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed left the Madrasa-i-Aizza towards the end of 1884 and joined the "England Class" at the Madrasa-i-Aliya in 1885, but was pronounced too young to be sent to England with his brother and cousin. "So, by way of consolation," he says, "I studied Mathematics with Dr. Aghornath Chatopadhyaya (Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's father) and English at home with a Mr. Gloria. In 1886 I spent a few months at Poona and read Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats with a Mr. Ramkrishna Iyer—an uncommonly enthusiastic young man devoted to English poetry, who became a life-long friend."

He sailed for England in May, 1887, with Lt. Colonel Ludlow, C.I.E., Inspector-General of

the Nizam's Police. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief in India, and the Duchess were travelling by the same boat, S. S. Sutlej, and Nizamuddin Ahmed was much struck with the natural simplicity and gracious manners of these members of the English royal family. He visited Malta, Marseilles and Paris on the way and was impressed with the sight of Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides. This was perhaps the beginning of his admiration for the nobler features of Napoleon's character. While at Paris Colonel Ludlow took him to the theatre to see *The Huguenots* and on another occasion to see a panorama of some battle scene. This was a good introduction to European history. He reached London in June, when the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria was being celebrated. Sir Asman Jah, Prime Minister of Hyderabad, was then in London to represent the Nizam, and Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed had the opportunity of attending the reception given by him.

“ While in London Colonel Ludlow took me for a walk round Trafalgar Square one evening and showed me Nelson's Monument and the fine equestrian statue of King Charles I. These reminded me of two great events in the history of England, and the figure of the Royal Martyr haunted my imagination for a long time and made me a Royalist afterwards. I can never forget Colonel Ludlow's kindness ; he was almost like an uncle to me. Before his return to India he invited me to lunch with him several times at

the East India United Services Club." This was his first introduction to English social life. He goes on to say, "When Sir Salar Jung the Second came to London after Sir Asman Jah's departure and occupied 19, Rutland Gate, I had the honour of lunching with him more than once. Every time I saw him, there was the same tragic mask on his face. He seemed to have some great sorrow at his heart. His face was lifeless and lightless, and his silence was awful and ominous. He looked like a man who was slowly and deliberately walking to his death."\*

"My first long vacation at Cambridge," he says, (July to September, 1887), "was delightful. It was not really mine because I had not yet joined the University; but I shared it with my brother and cousin with whom I was staying at Trinity Hall. The novelty of the experience with its half and half character—both University and non-University—gave it a charm. I was not capped and gowned as yet but began to feel cap and gown growing upon me. All this brought new feelings that breathed a new life into me, and I was happy."

Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed had studied up to the F.A. standard of Indian Universities though he was only sixteen; but that was sufficient to enable him to prepare for the Previous Examination of Cambridge University. He had not done any Latin

---

\*This is a significant glimpse of Salar Jung II who was nearing his melancholy end. He died broken-hearted in 1889.





Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed (as a Law Graduate) -1891.

so far. He now set about it and in six months passed the Entrance Examination at Trinity College which was supposed to be quite up to the standard of the Previous. He was thus sure of passing the latter in the following October, which he did and had full time to devote to law. In 1890 he passed the first part of the Law Tripos and in 1891, the second, and obtained the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. at the early age of 21.

Some of his closest friends among Indians in those days at Cambridge were Nawabzada Nasrullah Khan of Sachin and the famous "Ranji," afterwards Maharaja of Navanagar.

Law did not keep out literature and his enthusiasm for Shakespeare was so great that he soon communicated some of it to a select circle of college friends who formed themselves into a Shakespeare Reading Society. Their example was followed by some of the students of another college, St. John's, and they invited him to be a member of their Society also.

We can see how freely he was indulging his taste for literature and devoting many hours to it at the time when he had to study hard for the Law Tripos. I have heard him say that those three and half years at Cambridge laid the real foundations of his abiding interest in English literature.

The plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists, and the novels of Scott engrossed his mind. He was interested also in the lives of the great actors of England, of whose art he made a

special study. And in order to be able to recite Shakespeare well, he studied elocution for a time.

“ It is not easy after more than 50 years,” he says, “ to give a list of the books I read at Cambridge, but I can mention some of them. Gray and Shakespeare were my constant companions and I knew nearly all the lyrical poems of Gray by heart, and hundreds of lines of Shakespeare’s plays were recited by me in my leisure hours whether I was in my room or out for a walk ; and other poets like Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats were not forgotten. From Shakespeare I found my way to the other dramatists of the Elizabethan Age and great was my pride in possessing thick quarto volumes of Marlowe, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher. In my reading I ran out of the beaten track now and then and the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney and Richardson’s interminable novels, such as *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa Harlowe* did not appear so tedious to me as to most people, and then I passed on to Fielding’s and Smollett’s novels. Some of De Quincey’s writings and Coleridge’s lectures on Shakespeare and Hazlitt’s and Lamb’s and Carlyle’s essays came in as interludes in my more serious reading ; for occasionally I read translations of German plays—Lessing’s and others and the Theogony of Hesiod and the great poems of Homer had a high place in my admiration. One of my greatest delights was to spend an early morning hour in summer in the Botanical Gardens, Cambridge, with some

favourite book before breakfast. I often read during meals and sometimes late into the night. I was seldom without books when travelling, and carried a few volumes with me. My love of Shakespeare was a passion and I never missed seeing a Shakespearian play acted. "Henry Irving's *Macbeth* at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1890-91 was like a dream" he writes.\*

On his second visit to England in 1892, his reading continued with the same ardour as before and we have a list of books purchased by him in 1894.\*\*

While reading the classics of English literature he was at the same time renewing his acquaintance with the Latin poets and a more daring attempt was to take up the study of Greek grammar, though the interest did not continue very long. More appreciable success was attained with German poetry when he began to read some of Goethe's lyrics and Schiller's and Heine's.

It would hardly be an exaggeration in view of all this, to call him a self-educated man. He had also a very retentive memory. I had the oppor-

---

\*\*" Apart from the superb mounting of the play and the historical correctness of costumes, Irving's inspired acting in some of the parts as in the dagger scene was almost supernaturally weird." His contempt for the cinema is not to be wondered at.

\*\*(Hazlitt's *Essays*, Heine's *Traveel Pictures*, etc., Ellis' *Early English Romances* and *Early English Poets*, Goldsmith's *Works*, Grote's *Plato and Aristotle*, Disraeli, Lessing, Schiller, Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*.

Sydney Smith's *Life*, Life of Stein, Fairfax *Correspondence*, Lord Bolingbroke, Buckingham's *Regency*, Our Chancellor, Morley's *Rousseau*, Southey's *Commonplace Book*, Life of Gibbon, Eminent Englishmen, Lews' *History of Philosophy*, Life of Lyndhurst, History of Jesuits, Melbourne's *Papers*, Locke's *Works*, Grote's *History of Greece*, Neibuhr's *Lectures*, Plutarch's *Lives*, etc.

tunity of hearing him recite from memory *The Bard* of Thomas Gray at one of our Poetry Society meetings in a very impressive manner. He was then past 60 and I have since heard that he could repeat from memory nearly 80 *Suras* of the Qur'an, short and long. He remembered hundreds of lines of English, Persian and Latin poetry and told us how he and some friends who had similar tastes used to meet and spend hours together naming words and quoting lines from the English poets in which those words occurred.

I have no doubt that his perfect intonation and accent, so much admired by his English friends, owed much to his favourite habit of recitation. His study of the life and thought of past ages has given him that wide outlook and cosmopolitan culture which distinguishes him from the majority of his countrymen.

During his residence in London (1892-1895) he continued his legal studies and extended his acquaintance with Latin and English authors of repute besides indulging in amateur verse-writing. For some time he worked in the chambers of a practising Barrister, Mr. Mattinson (who became a K.C. afterwards).

## IN OFFICE

By the age of twenty-one, Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed's formal education had been completed, and from his 22nd year till the 25th he remained in London to keep his terms to qualify for the Bar, and continued as he says to read "at random but ceaselessly."

At the age of 26—a year after his last return from England—he was enrolled at the Madras High Court. He joined the State service in 1897 and officiated in some judicial posts till he was appointed under-secretary in the Legislative Department in 1901 at the age of 30. This takes us to the end of the third decade of his life, and another 10 years bring us to the period of his Home Secretaryship in 1909 before which he had served as High Court Judge for two years. After 1910 he reverted to the High Court and remained there till he was made Political Secretary in 1918 and Member of the Executive Council towards the end of 1919. He continued as Political Member till the end of 1929 when he retired.

I shall follow these outlines in giving a more detailed account of his official career. After his return from England in February 1896 he waited for orders for eight or nine months before deciding to go to Madras to be enrolled at the High Court.

During the Christmas Recess when he returned

to Hyderabad for a few weeks, Mr. Hormusji Vakil, then Home Secretary, reminded him that as a State-scholar he was bound by special agreement to serve the State. His reply was that he had waited sufficiently long before going to Madras and was at last obliged to do so because no offer of appointment had been made by Government. The Home Secretary said that he could offer the *Sadar Munsifi* of Parbhani at once, but the pay of that post was only Rs. 400, so he would have to obtain the Minister's orders to make up the Rs. 500 promised in the agreement. And this was done.

When Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed informed his father (who was Subedar at Warangal) of the Home Secretary's offer, he received the following reply.

“ Think over the matter carefully, whether it would ever be possible for you to practise at the Bar after having once joined the service. To give up service for practice at a later stage might not be agreeable, or something might prevent it ; and that would mean abandoning the idea of practice. Such a position does not seem to promise any marked distinction above one's compeers. You may possibly become a Judge of the High Court in five years ; but are there not men who become High Court Judges without having shown any marked ability ? You might be made Chief Justice in due course, but would that be the same thing as being able to command the confidence of the public and the

Government, as an eminent advocate can ? ”

This was the wise counsel of an uncommonly far-seeing man and would have been faithfully carried out, but fate was against it. How true it is that there is a providence in everything ! It intervened on this occasion to change Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed’s plan of life. Orders were issued for his appointment in March, 1897, and he went to Parbhani at a week’s notice. When he returned to Hyderabad during the summer vacation in May, his father was ill, undergoing an operation, and died in July. Through the good offices of his uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, he got an officiating appointment at Hyderabad where his presence was necessary to attend to domestic affairs. And thus the idea of practice had to be given up. Towards the end of 1897, he acted for a few months as Second Assistant Home Secretary in such a way as to earn high praise from Moulvi Aziz Mirza, the acting Home Secretary.

After that he was Registrar of the High Court for a year till he was appointed Chief City Magistrate. In 1898 occurred an event which was for him a test of character and moral courage. A criminal case had been brought against the Chief Engineer (Mr. Buchanan) and the Magistrate proceeded to try it in spite of a hint from the higher authorities that it had better be dropped.

“ I was not influenced by the wishes of the Prime Minister (Sir Viqar-ul-Umara) who had appointed me. His Government wanted me to stop the case, but I went on with it as I was bound to

do. Mr. Eardley Norton, Barrister-at-Law, was consulted by the Government and he wrote a long legal opinion to help it. The complainant got the opinion of Sir John Wodroffe, Advocate-General, Calcutta, as a counterpoise and it happened to be in favour of the line followed by me. The Government then moved the High Court to withdraw the case under its general powers of revision."

In 1901 on the death of Rai Hukumchand, the well-known jurist, Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed was appointed Under-Secretary in the Legislative Department, in recognition of his qualifications. He remained in that post for five years during which the codes of criminal law and several important acts were passed.

It is worth while mentioning that whenever a commission was appointed to enquire into any important matter, Mr. Nizamuddin Ahmed was always nominated to it.

Thus we see that though a junior officer in those days, he was thought fit to take his place beside the senior officers of the State. Mr. A. J. Dunlop is said to have offered him the Revenue Secretaryship which he politely declined on the ground that his career lay in the Judicial Department.

He received the title of Khan Bahadur Nawab Nizamat Jung from the late Nizam in 1905. In 1907 he was appointed to a vacancy in the High Court as Puisne Judge and served there for over ten years with distinction. During this time he officiated as Home Secretary for nearly two years

(1909-10) and as Chief Justice for two years (1916-18).

Nizamat Jung's friends knew how reluctant he was to accept titles of honour. He had in fact, I believe, informed the Prime Minister, Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad, on the occasion of the late Nizam's forty years' Jubilee, that he did not wish to become a Jung, but was told that the omission of his name, when so many officials were about to be honoured, might be misconstrued as a sign of the Nizam's displeasure.

In 1915 Nawab Nizamat Jung as a High Court Judge was deputed together with two other officials to discuss the question of the equitable distribution of the waters of the Krishna and Tungabhadra rivers with the Madras Government. He is said to have conducted the negotiations with the British Indian representatives (among whom was a Judge of the Madras High Court), with such tact that the Governor of Madras, Lord Pentland, and his Council could not but accede to the reasonable demands of the Nizam's Government—which the Madras Government had been refusing to admit for fifteen years. Mr. (afterwards, Sir) Reginald Glancy wrote to him on the occasion as follows :—

“ You are very much to be congratulated on the final success of your negotiations with Madras in the Tungabhadra case. Mackenzie (Chief Engineer) gives you all the credit for this success and says without you we should never have gained our point—I am going to bring the

success of the mission to His Highness the Nizam's notice."

At the beginning of 1918 Nizamat Jung was transferred to the Political Department and made Secretary by a special *Firman* of His Highness at the instance of the late Nawab Faridoon Mulk who had selected him as the most suitable person to succeed him. And the opinion of those who knew him was that the best person had been selected.

Regarding this he says in his reminiscences, " As my principle has always been to serve faithfully in whatever position I am placed, I had no personal feeling in the matter—but according to the English way of thinking, the dignity of a Chief Justice was a thing apart. I took the earliest opportunity of letting His Highness know that I would never venture to solicit any favour. What gave me some satisfaction in becoming Political Secretary was the knowledge that my dear old friend Sir Faridoon would be glad to have me as his co-adjutor, for this had been a favourite plan of his almost since my return from England in 1896. At the time of the first Delhi Durbar and afterwards between 1902 and 1912, he had got me appointed to act for him during his absence so that I might get acquainted with the general working of the Political Department. He used to tell me that I should be *persona grata* with the Residency. These are his own words, and they were not used as an empty compliment. His opinion was based on the knowledge that the

British Residents with whom I had worked in connection with the Victoria Memorial Orphanage had had a good opinion of me. Besides this, my intimate knowledge of English people and their ways, he knew, would be useful in making the way smooth for political work."

Work in the Political Department was not too heavy for him. "After the hard intellectual work of the High Court," he says, "my new office seemed almost a sinecure, and I hardly knew at first what to do with myself." Fortunately some interesting literary task was given him by His Exalted Highness, namely—the translation of his *Ghazals*, "and I did it as a pastime."

"I had also leisure for doing another and more important work. This was to get a working knowledge of the Qur'an. The desire was born of a feeling of alarm suddenly felt one day when I thought how humiliating it would be if some English friend asked me to explain some Islamic doctrine or belief and I was not able to do so. No time was lost and I began to read the Qur'an daily in Mr. Mohammad Ali's translation, a practice I have kept up since 1918. I am thus able, I hope, to discuss anything contained in our Book with any man of liberal education in an intelligible way. And I am proud to say that I remember a good many chapters of the Qur'an by heart." This shows how easily he could combine literary and spiritual interests with the dull routine of official work.

The translation of His Exalted Highness' *Ghazals*, the reading of the Qur'an and the daily task of correcting the drafts of letters addressed to the Residency besides other routine duties, went on till the calamitous days of the influenza epidemic in October and November, 1918, "when life," he says, "seemed to lie under a black pall. But the news of the Armistice came as a ray of light to dispel some of the gloom, and the New Year wore on in hopes of better things to come, both at home and abroad. In the interval, Hyderabad had a surprise. Mr. Hormusji Vakil suddenly dropped from the clouds and was preparing to settle down comfortably with a quantity of Berar literature spread before him, hoping to get the long standing claim of Hyderabad favourably settled. And he may have entertained secret hopes of getting into Sir Faridoon's seat as Minister. But two unexpected events happened—one was that he died of heart-failure without an hour's warning ; and the other was that Sir Ali Imam came to Hyderabad to be at the head of affairs."

In November, 1919, when the Executive Council was constituted, Nizamat Jung was appointed Member in charge of the Political portfolio, and served in that capacity till the end of the year 1929. But, strange to say, he continued to draw the same pay as that of a High Court Judge and did not ask for more. Once indeed he told His Exalted Highness on a sudden impulse, that he would not accept more and he kept his word. He reached the age limit of 55 in 1926, but His Exalted Highness,





SIR NIZAMAT JUNG--1919-1929

who appreciated the value of his services, did not allow him to retire till after the Viceregal visit in December 1929. It may be mentioned in passing that during his tenure of office as Member of the Executive Council he directed the affairs of the Hyderabad Municipality and was able to effect many improvements in spite of serious financial difficulties, and succeeded in raising the income above the expenditure. I was then a student at college and everybody knew he was a power in the Council.

His impressions of some of his colleagues and his comments on some of the more important events with which the Government had to deal have a deep interest for those who have followed later developments. No apology is therefore needed for giving extracts from his notes in their proper place.

Nizamat Jung's services on behalf of the war-effort (1914-18) were acknowledged officially by the Resident, the Commander-in-Chief and the British Government. But his most valuable contribution to the British Empire, *India to England* (published by the London *Times* on the very day the Indian troops landed at Marseilles in 1914), could be adequately appreciated only by the British people. The reception given to it was extraordinary. It was copied by all the important papers in England ; it was quoted in a periodical called *Khaki* ; it was printed on private Christmas cards in New Zealand ; and several compilers of school texts asked for permission to include it in

their books. It brought the author expressions of appreciation from many eminent persons including Sir Frederick Pollock and Lord Napier of Magdala, and it made an enthusiastic English gentleman write a poem, *England to India* and dedicate it to Nizamat Jung.

Nizamat Jung was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1919 and received the decoration of C.I.E. in the beginning of 1924 and the honour of Knighthood in 1929. About his Knighthood he told his friends that he had heard some rumours in advance and had taken steps to make the authorities understand how embarrassing it would be for him to receive such a distinction when he was hoping to pass into peaceful obscurity. But he was nevertheless 'dubbed' Knight in 1929 when the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, visited Hyderabad.

" Thus in the Knight the hermit see,  
For pride was but a veil  
And valour hid humility  
In sack-cloth 'neath the mail."

I think of these lines of his whenever I review his career in my mind, and wonder if he would not have preferred to win his spurs on the field at Agincourt.

Shortly after Sir Nizamat's retirement, a journalist wrote an article from which I quote the following paragraphs :

" During the ten most eventful years following the Armistice, to have acted the part of a

successful mediator between the Nizam and the British Resident at a time when feelings on either side were running high and when the slightest indiscretion or tactlessness on the part of the middleman would not merely have made the situation irreparably worse for both the parties, but would also have led to a series of incidents pregnant with enough explosive material to disturb peace—to have played one's part, in such circumstances, honestly, tactfully and courageously is no mean achievement for any Indian statesman, the mere recounting whereof would constitute quite a substantial compliment to him. But in the case of Sir Nizamat Jung such a statement of fact does but poor justice to him, because his services to Hyderabad and to the cause of a sound British Indian policy cannot be read on the files either of the Government of India or of the Hyderabad State—so unobtrusively did he work."

" It was as much his ill-luck as that of the State which he served so conscientiously for a third of a century that when the delicate task of the conduct of Anglo-Hyderabad relations was entrusted to him, the great problem of the moment was not one of doing some good or improving upon things, but that of arresting downward trend or bringing about a state of affairs that could form the starting point for a better dispensation. However great the value of the services rendered in such circumstances

they cannot possibly get due recognition, especially when the performer detests publicity. To add to this, Nizamat Jung represents the philosophical type that would rather suffer opinions to be formed against it than defend itself against unjustified and ill-informed criticism. But his real worth has not remained unacknowledged. As a man he has been appreciated even by those with whom in official relations he could not always agree."

" In our estimation Nizamat Jung, the statesman, is no less a person than Nizamat Jung the poet-philosopher. A glimpse of this aspect of his life, can be had from the views expressed about him by some of the leading English public men. Though ostensibly retired from the political field, Sir Nizamat Jung continues to be a penetrating student of public affairs."

Lord Brentford, the British Home Secretary, wrote to him from London in 1932 :

" What a wonderful prophet you have proved to be. Every word you wrote a year ago about the position of affairs in India is conclusively proved by to-day."

A member of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Reforms wrote to him thus :

" I cannot help saying how much I should like a long discussion with you ; because you are able to look at the problem both from the Indian and English standpoints."

Then I find an English member of the Indian Round Table Conference regretting Sir Nizamat Jung's non-inclusion in the Hyderabad Delegation :

" I had hoped you would have been with us for the Round Table Conference. I remember your tact in the negotiations with the Madras Government, and the issues in this business are infinitely more serious with correspondingly greater risks to His Exalted Highness' rights and privileges.....We should have been stronger with your co-operation."

A member of the India Council wrote to him,

" May I sometimes write and exchange views with you on some of the problems that we have to face ? You have the great gift of being able to look at these questions from an angle that does not present itself to most people."

In the evening of his life, despite indifferent health, he takes genuine pleasure in explaining his views to people and his advice is sought by thoughtful persons because he has the great gift, perhaps on account of his detachment, of harmonising conflicting interests ; and he is essentially a peace-maker. He insists on politics being founded on ethics and general good-will ; and his belief is that the improvement of a community should start from within.

I think it would not be out of place to mention here that whenever the Presidentship of the Executive Council was under consideration, the eyes of all well-wishers of Hyderabad fell on Nawab Nizamat Jung. He would

have been acceptable both to His Exalted Highness and the Resident, and the Government of India would probably have approved of the selection. He was known to be a person of character and a loyal friend of the Empire and he had friends in the India Council who had a good opinion of him. I find that the Home Secretary, Lord Brentford, wrote to him: " You should be at the head of your State." And he had, I believe, spoken to Lord Reading. Some of his friends in England had also conveyed to Lord Lytton their high estimation of his ability, learning and culture.

" My friend, Sir Faridoon, often reproached me, ' You hide your light under a bushel.' Perhaps what he meant was that I was not eager to get to the top of the official ladder. He did not know, and I did not tell him, that my ambition was too great to be so easily satisfied—it was to feel that I was not chasing worldly vanities. Men make their whole life a vain pursuit of some fancied good ; and ambition—whether of power, of high rank, or wealth, or of distinction and eminence—is only a lure."

" Some time after Sir Ali Imam's departure from Hyderabad, a friend—one of my colleagues of the Council, asked me, ' Why does not His Exalted Highness make you President ? ' My reply was, ' I don't want it.' But what His Exalted Highness' intentions were I had no reliable means of knowing, though vague rumours and palace whispers made people

believe that he was well inclined towards me. Anyhow, I was never so vain as to think that I was the most suitable person for the office, and my peculiar temperament made me fear that such elevation would be a violent uplift to uneasy eminence. And there was another reason. It was a settled opinion with me that at least for some time to come one of the nobles of Hyderabad should continue to be the ornamental figurehead of the State in order to keep up the old high standard of princely dignity and maintain its proper atmosphere. I am glad to say that I never changed this view and when the time came for it, I strongly supported the claim of the late Maharaja Kishen Pershad and succeeded in obtaining the approval of the Ruler to his selection."

"Lord Irwin before his visit to Hyderabad in 1929 had agreed that it would be advisable to have one of the nobles of Hyderabad as President, and this was a satisfactory solution because, in view of the political conditions prevailing in British India at the time, it would have been a risky experiment to 'import' a man from there. At one time I had offered another suggestion regarding the Presidentship. It was to make it tenable for a year or two by the Members of the Council in rotation, in the order of seniority. It seemed to me that this idea had some good reasons in its favour; it recognised the principle of equality; it precluded the possibility of any one head running the risk of

being unduly swelled and would have given every member an equal chance for showing his best within a limited period. If I remember rightly, I once mentioned this suggestion to His Exalted Highness."

## IN RETIREMENT

*“ The post of honour is a private station.”*

Though his conspicuous ability and his conscientious discharge of his duties were fully appreciated by His Exalted Highness, Sir Nizamat Jung did not cling to office. He was eager to retire before his faculties became enfeebled, so that he might devote the remaining years of his life to congenial work and contemplation and enjoy that calm and contented existence which is the goal of the philosopher. The ‘inconvenient vanities’ of official life sometimes made him exclaim with impatience, “ I doubt if a man’s spirit can get a fair chance of expressing its real self when overladen with gilded matter.”

A man whose thoughts do not follow the beaten track is apt to be misunderstood by people, and Nizamat Jung was sometimes misunderstood. But he only smiled and went his way, thinking and doing much that was beyond their ken. I have seen a diary kept by him in 1926. It was one of the busiest periods, when there were heavy clouds on the political horizon of Hyderabad ; but still Virgil and Firdausi were not neglected !

Being at that time personal assistant to Col. Sir Richard Chenevix Trench, I knew how much he tried to dissuade Nizamat Jung, his colleague

in the Council, from retiring, and in the end Sir Richard wrote to him :

“ I am not going to sympathise with you for becoming a knight-errant, as I know you have been looking forward to the day when you would. I know no one who is better provided by his tastes against boredom when out of office.” This was perfectly true. And Sir Reginald Glancy, who had known him and his work for a long time, wrote, “ Hyderabad cannot do without you.” But Nizamat Jung had made up his mind, and when the time came for him to retire, “ This day (the 22nd of December, 1929),” he wrote in his diary “ is a red-letter day in my life. It is thirty-four years since I first dreamt of what I have now gained. My father’s hope of spending his last few years in the quiet enjoyment of rural life was never realised ; he died ‘ in harness ’ in 1897, and so did my uncle in 1904 and three of my cousins, all high officials, between 1916 and 1920. This only confirmed my determination to save myself from a similar fate, and I made plans accordingly. The first essential thing was the cultivation of a refined distaste for the supposed privileges of rank and dignity. I looked upon office as a stern duty that had to be performed at much self-sacrifice ; its emoluments, its power and its prestige I regarded as inconvenient vanities.”

Then on the 4th of January, 1930, when he had got back to rural scenes : “ I wonder whether the old mood will ever come back again with the same unbounded capacity for careless enjoyment.

Perhaps it cannot be regained by a mere effort of the will, but has to be induced or allured by an easy self-abandonment to the influence of nature with her infinite variety of suggestions and consolations. I have to bridge over 33 years and get back to 1896 when I first came to stay in this place which was then full of a subtle rural charm. The low hills, the wooded plains and the russet-green valleys around were teeming with surprises and delights."

" Nature is a feeling to me ; I feel God's breath in me and in everything about me, and drink in peace with every breath of air. My heart is full of good-will to men and I feel an expansion of soul that carries me out of self."

" Here I feel myself in the breeze, in the clouds, in the sap that is running up the corrugated bark of the big shady trees to give them a new light-green coat. At present there are no flowers to be seen anywhere, but the sight of old trees becoming young again has a more personal and hopeful message for me."

Though Sir Nizamat Jung chose to live away from the world, his interest in matters of public concern did not cease. It is true that he did not trouble himself with politics, but in all important international problems he took a deep interest, even when he was engaged in his favourite literary pursuits and philanthropic work. The one thing which he always had at heart was the preservation of friendship between the Islamic world and the British Empire. He thought it necessary for the

peace of the world (as he has said in a foot-note to his poem, *England*, in 1938) and never failed to impress this on English people, especially on those in authority. A few extracts from letters will show how some of them were anxious to satisfy his doubts at times. Regarding the Palestine question this is what an English Peer wrote to him in 1936 :—

“ I am most interested in what you write about the Arab situation, and I should much like to have a talk with you about this. I am convinced that the British promises to the Arab people as a whole have been faithfully kept, and I do not think the Arabs have any cause to regret the support which they gave to the Allies during the War. The position of the Arabs in Palestine, however, is a different matter, and no one can fail to recognise their deep resentment at the Jewish immigration. It must be remembered, however, that during the war promises were made both to the Jews and to the Arabs, with the knowledge of each.”

In a letter to an English friend, Sir Nizamat had referred to the Sykes-Picot Agreement in terms of strong disapproval and said that he had to correct his former estimate of England’s justice and fairplay as given in his *India to England* in 1914. The reply showed an anxiety to satisfy Sir Nizamat Jung on the question.

The late Mr. Pickthall, who knew how great was Sir Nizamat Jung’s interest in Islamic projects,

wrote to him as follows in June, 1935, from London :—

“ The only great Islamic project which I have in view—it cannot really be called a project, rather a desire—is to do something towards welding together, consolidating and strengthening in zeal the large Muslim population left in Hungary, Poland, and Yugoslavia. Budapest should be the focus, and the point of wedge into Europe.”

In Indian affairs Nizamat Jung always kept his attention fixed on the inner currents of feeling rather than on outward events, because his belief was that human instincts were stronger than outward adjustments. He considered the spirit of the worker more important than his tools and lamented that the so-called public spirit in India was not free from disease.

Regarding Federation, the Editor of an English periodical wrote to him in 1937 :

“ The present political situation in India seems to be very uncertain. I hope very much that the Sovereign Princes will not consent to enter the Federation unless all their rights have been adequately safeguarded.”

Sir Nizamat Jung, as Hyderabad people knew, had always held that their rights should be properly safeguarded, and had said so to British political officers more than once, for he knew that Federation would mean the giving up of some of those cherished rights. And this was also, I

believe, the considered opinion of an eminent English lawyer who had been consulted by the Indian Princes. Sir Nizamat, moreover, felt doubtful as to the utility of Federation to the British Empire in times of exigency. He was not sure that the resources of the Indian States would be placed as readily at the services of the Empire as of old ; and this was a weighty consideration.

In a letter published in England in 1938 for private circulation by the “ Champions of Christ and the Crown ” under the title, *The Danger and the Remedy*, was the following paragraph :—

“ This has evoked a remonstrance from an eminent Moslem statesman, scholar, poet, and philanthropist, Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur, O.B.E., C.I.E., former Chief Justice and then Political Secretary of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. He asks his English friends, ‘ Can it be true that the Christians themselves are opening their gates to welcome the enemies of Jesus Christ and of God ? ’ In eloquent appeal, he adjures England, once the true protector of lawful freedom, not to succumb to the blandishments of fatal falsehood.”

The reference was to the poem, *To England* (1938), written by Sir Nizamat Jung while he was on his fourth pilgrimage to Mecca. He told his intimate friends how, overpowered by a sudden impulse one morning in his cabin, he had put into words what he “ felt and visualised when thinking of the East and the West.” This was in sight of

the Arabian coast before reaching Jeddah. Some English friend to whom he sent the poem had it published in the *Patriot* ; and it thus came to be used as a warning to the British nation.

The words, “ poet, scholar, statesman, philanthropist,” deserve attention. They may have been used by one who actually knew him as such or merely by hearsay. But our knowledge of him derived from the facts narrated in this biography that dates back to 1901, fully confirm the statement, and his whole life-work presents these aspects. His collected poems speak for themselves ; his scholarship is revealed in them and in all his writings ; and those who knew him and heard him speak were impressed by it. His qualities as a statesman, were to my mind deep and sound. As regards his philanthropic work, it is enough to recall his long and valuable services to the Madrasa-i-Aizza, the Victoria Memorial Orphanage and the City Improvement Board which he helped to make so successful. Sir David Barr publicly acknowledged his services in 1905 at the opening of the Victoria Memorial Orphanage. And we have not forgotten that he was the founder of the Hyderabad Poor House in 1909-10.

His literary and philanthropic work was continued after his retirement and with less interruption than before. He tried to carry all his plans to fulfilment, and we can see the results. Not the least valuable portion of his life-work was that which he completed during the decade following his retirement. He was fortunate in getting

“ so much breathing time,” as he says, “ after having got old, running the official race.” It does not fall to the lot of many to contemplate with satisfaction the results of their activities during the 60th and 70th years of their lives. Sir Nizamat was saved from the common feelings and regrets of old age : that a life had been wasted.

Those who had watched his career might have observed traces of an impulse to do or say the unexpected thing. His telling His Exalted Highness as soon as he was made Political Secretary (1918) that he would not ask any favour of him ; his refusing to take more than a Judge’s pay when he was Political Minister ; his insisting on not having more than Rs. 1,000 as pension, are not the only instances of it.

Before leaving for Arabia for the first time, he laid the foundation of a mosque for Muslim orphans, and handed a cheque to Mr. Meher Ali Fazil (Superintending Engineer, City Improvement Board) with an earnest request that the building should be ready before his return. Any one entering the Victoria Memorial Orphanage compound from the front gate can see that beautiful building in front of him.

In 1930 Sir Nizamat Jung visited Yercaud (near Salem) on the Sheveroy Hills. It happened to be *Eid* time, and he was dismayed to find that there was no mosque for the Muslims there, though several of them were fairly prosperous tradesmen. He was surprised and hurt at their seeming indifference and in a few days arranged for the acquisition

of a plot of land to build a mosque, contributed a handsome amount and advised the local Muslims to raise more.

## CHAPTER II—GLIMPSES OF PERSONALITY

### THE HAJ AND ITS LESSON

*'Twas theirs the hallowed path to find  
Which once their leader trod,  
And in the service of mankind  
The path that leads to God.*

To save Sir Nizamat Jung from being mistaken for an overzealous Puritan or a fanatical *Haji*, I shall quote what he has himself said on the subject of his repeated pilgrimages.

“ It was not to earn any heavenly reward, but to do my share of work on earth and to feel the greatness of Islam at the fountain-head, and to ‘ visualise,’ as you would say, a mentally reconstructed pageant of its splendid career as it issued from the desert and overspread the earth ! ”

His mind was haunted by this inspiring vision, which I take to be the true explanation of his desire to visit the spots where Islam had its glorious birth.

I have had from him interesting accounts of his visits to Arabia and the spiritual vigour he derived from that “ barren land for ever blest.” In an unfinished poem on the *Haj* we find pen pictures, such as these :—

A lucent shallow bay of waters green—  
Landward, above the water’s edge behold

A thin long line of houses stretched between  
 The lapping wavelets and the upland slopes  
 Whose tawny sands adorn the horizon's rim.  
 The picture haunts the memory, where it glows  
 With softened shades of colour not its own—  
 A picture, or a vision, or a dream !  
 Mirage-like seems its unsubstantial grace  
 When viewed afar, but when the tossing launch  
 Has touched the wooden steps along the quay,  
 The vision fades. The traveller's eyes then see  
 A row of massive buildings, plain and drab.

A quiet, lazy-sleeping town wherein  
 Large open spaces here and there are seen,  
 Flanked by tall buildings but no sign of life.  
 Fronting the sea there stand some stately piles,  
 From whose high tops, slow rippling in the air,  
 The pilgrim's eye with rising wonder sees  
 The National Flags of some of Europe's Powers  
 Their presence there betokens, he may hope,  
 A friendly interest and friendly care  
 To help the Arab once again to tread  
 With steadfast pace the path he trod before—  
 Of progress, knowledge, culture, honour, fame.

The subtle irony of this is delightful. Then comes the journey to the Sanctuary :

We tread on hallowed ground, the Realm of Peace  
 Nor fosse nor rampart round it, and no tower ;  
 No martial watch and ward, no sentinel—  
 Its bounds are guarded by the breath of Faith !  
 Since first the word went forth God's peace shall be  
 Inviolate in these precincts, still that word,  
 More potent far than might of armed men,  
 Hath bidden feud and fray and slaughter cease.  
 Time was when every valley, hill and plain,  
 So silent now, did harrowing tales repeat  
 Of tribal feuds and kinsmen's deadly strife,

And blood-revenge. All, all is peaceful now.  
 Yon herbless plains lie basking in the sun,  
 Yon dark-browed mountains frown in solitude.  
 The patient camels pasturing on the hills  
 Proclaim the reign of Peace ; bare-headed men  
 In pilgrim-weeds attest the reign of Faith  
 Upon the sands below. All, all is still.

The scene must have made him conscious of perfect peace in his own heart. He felt it in full measure when nearing Mecca :

The barren sands, the herbless hills have changed  
 Their aspect grim, and smile on us like friends !  
 Ah ! how they spread their arms to welcome all  
 Whom faith has taught the Pilgrim's weeds to wear—  
 Who, shrouded like the dead in cloths unsewn  
 (Beggar and king alike) have come from far,  
 From every corner of the living world  
 Where Islam holds its sway ! Yes, they have come  
 And they will come until this earth shall last,  
 Men, women, children—some infirm and old,  
 Some weak and ailing, less alive than dead ;  
 All all of them by fervent faith inspired,  
 And by the love of him who taught them faith :  
 The man whose name is as a fount of light  
 In every Muslim's heart : the man of men,  
 The Warner he, the Prophet God-ordained,  
 Who led mankind from darkness unto light.

And from this high level he glances at Islamic equality :

Here men are equal, and God's subjects they.  
 Here, on these sands, beneath this burning sky  
 Equality is not a man-made creed,  
 A specious theme on revolution's lips.

It is no institution but a feeling—  
 An instinct and an impulse of the heart.

By God 'twas given and by God preserved,  
Fostered by breath of Islam through the ages.

The Cafe-keeper or his negro page,  
The village constable or any man  
That may be present is our fellow guest !  
It is a spacious world where Nature rules,  
And not convention born of sickly brains.

Great is his admiration for that “man of might” King Ibn Sa‘ūd, the present ruler of Hedjaz, whom he looks upon as a worthy successor of the Great Caliphs.

A man of balanced power and noble heart,  
A far-famed warrior dreaded by his foes,  
And justly more renowned as one who brought  
Peace to a lawless land that knew no peace.  
His is the master-mind, the master-hand  
That has the feuds of jealous tribes controlled,  
Made robbers and marauders mendicants !  
The desert wilds where Caravans were robbed,  
And pilgrims slaughtered for a trifling gain,  
Are now the home of peace from bourne to bourne !  
A man of patriarchal dignity,  
Reminder of the greatness of the past, -  
Who at his post a fearless watchman stands  
To guard Arabia’s peace.

“ Whenever I visited Mecca,” I quote from his recollections, “ I had the honour of seeing His Majesty the King Abdul Aziz, Ibn Sa‘ūd whom I look upon as a great man on account of his heroic achievements. He represents the Islamic type of ruler and seems to have stepped out of the background of Islamic history—a redoubtable warrior in the field, a wise and cautious leader in affairs, a ‘simply-clad, courteous, gracious, soft-voiced

*Amir-ul-Momineen* in his Audience Hall. I have heard people compare him in some respects to the second Caliph—the Great Omar.

I saw him for the first time in 1932 and was much impressed by his simple manner and unaffected politeness. He rose to receive me as I approached and I had a full view of his tall commanding figure clad in the *Mishla* worn by Arabs. On his head he wore a red-and-white kerchief of the Najd tribe, surmounted by the *Iqal*. Nothing in his costume betokened his high station, and there was not the least assumption of importance in his manner. His look, his tone, his self-possession and his prompt but well-considered replies showed that his was not a common mind.

When I ventured to hint in the course of conversation that his was a grand historic heritage, and that he stood at the head of the Muslim world for its good, he seemed to be thinking rather of the responsibilities of his position than of its grandeur. And the only work of his reign to which he referred with some pride was the establishment of order and security throughout the country. He spoke of it as a self-evident fact and not with any exultation, and I readily acknowledged the truth of it. Afterwards when travelling from Jeddah to Medina, I realised the full significance of it, for the desert journey of more than 250 miles was perfectly safe and ideally peaceful. Here and there we passed crowds of women and children begging for bread; some were importunate, but not one of them disrespectful or defiant though

they belonged to hill tribes who had been robbers and highwaymen before. Once or twice when our car was disabled and we had to spend many hours of the night on the sands, we felt as safe as at home. Sometimes when some wanderer came suddenly out of the dark and approached our car and asked for a drink of water, the driver told us in an undertone that a few years ago that man would have robbed us ! It was on such occasions that I fully understood what the King's peace in Arabia meant."

People, whose own idea of the *Haj* was confined within conventional limits, would hardly understand Nizamat Jung's point of view in the remark quoted below. It explains some of the movements of his mind.

" The weeks I spent in Arabia before and after the *Haj* were a renewal of some of my most useful experiences in life. The trial of patience and fortitude by severe tests in the form of illness and discomforts and privations, is always a good training for strengthening the moral fibre. This I had in full measure in Mecca in 1932 and in 1938, and after it came the grim silence of the desert and its grand spaciousness—so satisfying to the soul with its suggestion of unending peace. The desert has a great attraction for me, though I have always been a lover of beautiful scenery. Bare and empty and forbidding, yet it shows us at times wonderful fairy scenes in its mirage. We see delicately shaded pictures, such as only

the most imaginative mind can conceive, or as are sometimes presented to it in dream. They travel with us for miles—and then fade, and one is tempted to ask whether some of the most fascinating scenes of life through which we pass may not after all be unreal like them.

The most usual picture presented to the eye is that of a scene adorned with graceful date palms surrounding the margin of a silver lake. This picture grows out of the sand, fixes itself in the eyes of the beholder and so overpowers his faculties as to make it impossible to think that it can be unreal—until it vanishes.

My fourth visit to Arabia has made me stronger in soul, though the body has passed through illness and experienced some of the usual discomforts of the journey. The desert, where one gets nothing but sunshine and pure air, is a wonderful restorer. It teaches patience and fortitude and expands the soul. It gives one the feeling of being a shareholder in Infinity !

Thinking of human pride and the fate of Empires while traversing a desert on the way to Medina (in 1938) and brooding over the vastness of God's Empire these lines came to me near Rabegh :

“ A thousand years of human pride  
To Him are but a day.  
His realms uncounted phantoms hide,  
Of Empires in decay.”

In his vision of *Now and Hereafter*, Sir Nizamat

Jung seems to have foreseen the horrors of the war of 1939.

He has written many thrilling verses, in English and Persian on Medina and its spell over the Muslim mind ; and his *Way to Medina* is a touching poem — a message from his heart. He explains the feeling thus :

“ Sacred as Mecca is, the Muslim heart finds Medina more attractive. A great mysterious power is at work there, the spell of a marvellous personality which created a new order in the old world and is as potent to-day as it was 1360 years ago. I go to Medina to get inspiration and gather strength from it. The mere thought of what was done there and from there makes me feel that nothing is impossible to faith.”

I have often heard Sir Nizamat say that he was ashamed of the Muslims of the world for not attempting to restore to Medina some of its vanished glory. To him Medina still is the centre of Islamic power—the centre of the great world-force called Islam. And the righteous power of Islam growing from there and seen by him in his visions in the Arabian desert, taught him to say when glancing towards Europe, “ I am afraid the world is passing through a critical period because its civilisation, so-called, contains within itself all the conditions of self-destruction.” He wrote this in 1939-40.

“ I don’t know how it is, but I have forecasts of coming events in the form of visions which find expression in plain but strong verse.” We have

only to glance at the collection of verses to which he has given the title, *Modern Age*. They were written between 1935 and 1938 on his return from the third pilgrimage to Arabia, and may be taken as accounts of things seen in his 'visions.'

I venture to say, as something stronger than mere conjecture, that his repeated visits to Arabia made the current of inspiration flow more steadily, till his vision became clearer, and increased in him the assurance of unchanging reality amidst the false appearance of life. He seems to have seen in a vision the impending fate of Europe when he wrote the lines, *To England*, in sight of the Arabian coast in January 1938, and the lines *Now and Hereafter*, two months later between Jeddah and Rabegh. They were prophetic of the coming war :

"The brute in man has risen from his lair,  
To make God's peaceful earth a hell of strife."

His Persian verses are a further proof of the inspiration that came to him from Medina. "Senile efflorescences of the spirit," he called these efforts humorously.

## PERSONALITY AND OUTLOOK

*“I wish to be a nonentity in outward seeming :  
but inwardly I must be with the highest.”*

We seldom find a true or complete record of a man's sentiments and convictions and aspirations from early youth up to the last stage of life. But Nizamat Jung's hopes and ideals may be traced in his poems and occasional writings, which may be taken as a safe guide in forming a more or less correct estimate of his personality. His meditative disposition, his vision of the beautiful in creation, his turning away from the vanities of life, his want of ambition in the vulgar sense of the word, his admiration of the lofty in action and his constant contemplation of the lives of the world's great men, so as to raise himself to their plane of life—all this is fully reflected in his writings. In this he is always himself, and his purpose, whether apparent or not, is essentially moral.

In Mr. Fraser's preface to Nizamat Jung's sonnets published in London in 1918 occurs the following passage :

“ To those who have met him, it may appear paradoxical to say that his tastes were at the same moment acutely fastidious and widely sympathetic ; but any one who has talked

with him will recall the blend of high impersonal ideas with a remarkable personality which seldom failed to stimulate other minds—even if those others shared few, if any, of his intellectual tastes. The Nawab's personal influence has been more subtle and far-reaching than he himself is yet aware. His love of poetry and history, if on the one hand it has intensified his realisation of the sorrows and tragedies of earthly life, on the other hand has equipped him with a power to awake in others a vivid consciousness of the moral value of literature through which (for the mere asking) we, any of us, can find our way into a kingdom of great ideas. This kingdom is also the kingdom of eternal realities, or so at least it should be."

Such was the impression left on those who knew him when he was young ; and what good judges thought of him when he was older was conveyed to him by an English friend who wrote from London in 1938 :

" I in 1915 (and 1920) heard Sir James Dunlop-Smith hold you up as a model of loyalty, wisdom, culture, and constancy—and I have always so regarded you ; as one of the few who in this anarchic and hideous modern world (of false values and hypocrisy and deception) remain true and just."

These remarks, if there was nothing else before us, would be sufficient to interest people in the study of his personality. There are people who

have acknowledged him as a man who lived in his own way undisturbed by circumstances ; and all have admired him equally for his firmness and constancy. We have to consider all this in order to know him as he should be known, and we have to give their due weight even to such casual remarks as the following :—

“ Your worth is only exceeded by your modesty,” wrote Mr. E. A. Seaton (a former Principal of the Nizam College), in 1929 when Nizamat Jung was knighted. “ I am glad you have been made a British Knight. You are just the ideal of what such a person should be,” wrote an English lady to him in the same year. “ He is one of those who adorn whatever they touch,” said Mr. Burnett (another Principal of the Nizam College) quoting Johnson’s Latin inscription to commemorate Goldsmith.

It may be remarked that Sir Nizamat Jung’s whole life, like his poetry, reveals a tendency ‘ *ad aethera*’ or upwards, as his motto suggests. This tendency was always in him, but in the earlier stages it could not be so easily detected as in after years. A whole life-time was needed to achieve such contentment, simplicity and spiritual serenity.

It was as recently as 1940 that he received this message from Sir William Barton (formerly Resident at Hyderabad) : “ We both admire the calm philosophy with which you face life in these difficult days. It is not every one who can develop that inner calm which is so strong

a bulwark against hardships and sufferings."

A lady friend wrote to him in the same year from America: "Also I feel your message: truth and right shall be established in time. You have spoken from your heart and every word rings of courage and belief in the eventual triumph of the Divine Will."

Sir Nizamat Jung, as was once remarked by an English gentleman, lived in a higher world than ours, and his desire was to be a soul conveying helpful messages to other souls. It is interesting to recall that Maulana Mohammad Ali had called him a "calm Olympian" as early as 1910.

In 1938 a Hindu gentleman who had been tutor to his nephew, wrote about him:

"Occasional interviews showed me some aspects of Sir Nizamat Jung's many-sided nature and quickened my interest in studying his character by which I felt strongly attracted. He was then living at HILLFORT, a mansion created by his love of mediæval architecture. What struck me was that he should find it easy to be playing his own architect in giving to Hyderabad such an attractive building at the very time when his official duties as Political Member of the Executive Council, involving daily attendance at the Palace and frequent interviews with the British Resident, kept his mind anxiously occupied from day to day. The power of complete detachment at will, which the

building of HILLFORT and his frequent excursions into the domain of poetry, brought to light, impressed me as an uncommon gift. Besides this, his wide range of reading, as evidenced by the books in his library to which I had access, his interest in all great literature and in the history of great nations past and present, and more than everything else, his instinctive righteousness which made him appear at times as a severe and outspoken critic of the doings of men, increased the fascination which I felt daily growing upon me.

We cannot know a man without knowing what his feelings were, how his spirit responded to the universe of things and facts around him, how it flowed from his heart towards fellow-beings, how they were influenced by its current going out towards them. This is the real test of personality at its best, and it has a mysterious power which people cannot but feel. It is not the big outward facts of life that make the real man ; it is some subtle power within him. I have felt this in his presence. The attraction of his personality also lies in his broad sympathies, by which he rises above sectarian prejudice. When men of other religions meet him, they are soon made to feel that there is no religious barrier between the parties."

Such was the sincere opinion of those who knew him ; but people of Hyderabad who did not know him well, did not seem to be quite at ease when approaching him. His reserved manner

which perhaps appeared somewhat haughty, did not encourage them—and he may have been a little stern sometimes in repulsing the advances of self-seekers and sycophants. Simple and unassuming, he abhorred being treated as a hero and paid court to ; and it may be said to his credit that he never held weekly levees for receiving homage when he was in power.

After his retirement from office in 1930, another side of his nature began to come into clearer light. His study of the Qur'an and his several pilgrimages to the Holy places strengthened and made vocal those tendencies which had been in him from the beginning ; and then he became more communicative with his own people. His Western education helped him to recognise in the Qur'an his supreme guide to life, and he often told his listeners how he had found his way to Arabia via Europe. If he had surprised and delighted his English friends with his knowledge of their history and literature, and with occasional quotations from Latin poets, he could now edify his Indian friends with quotations from the Qur'an and entertain them with chosen passages from his favourite Persian poets. In this way his own people got to know him better. Then came the *Anjuman-e-Ilm-o-Amal* (revived by him in 1936) to train people in righteous living ; and this and his occasional contributions to local papers on matters of social and moral interest, helped to bring about a still better understanding of him in Hyderabad.

His disinterested and contented life could not fail to impress thinking people ; and he has told us how he first learned to value contentment, as a young student. " Some words have power to inspire faith, and faith may lead to achievement. In 1886 when I read Shelley's *Lines written in Dejection near Naples*, I was instantly struck with the words :

" Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned."

I have never forgotten them ; they are amongst my mental treasures. Their purport has sunk deeper into my heart with advancing years, and given tone to my feelings and brought to me a sense of constantly growing power."

But 50 years of silent meditation and earnest endeavour were necessary before his heart could respond to the echoes of the Prophet's exultant cry " MY POVERTY IS MY PRIDE," which is the subject of one of his shorter poems.

" Step by step, patiently and without tiring, always with fresh ardour and renewed energy I moved on towards the light that shone out from Medina. And during every hour of meditation I heard a voice proclaim ' MY POVERTY IS MY PRIDE.' I am not poor but I want to feel poor, so as to find myself walking in his footsteps. Before the Prophet there had been great minds in different ages whose words and practice had sanctified poverty. Even the worldly-wise

Horace,—not quite a Socrates in self-denial—had said with self-approbation :

“ *Virtute me involvo probamque  
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.*”

(I wrap myself in my virtue and seek honest penury without a dower).

• • • • •

This short passage is sufficient to dispel the notion that there was a sudden change of outlook in Sir Nizamat Jung. The spiritual tendency leading towards the higher ideals of life was slowly evolving itself. Though he had been a great reader through life, the motive of his reading was not idle curiosity but a keen desire to gather something that should become part of his conscious self and appear in his actions. “ From books,” he used to say, “ I have received the best life-material—refined and purified for the soul’s use.” But his knowledge was neither bookish nor pedantic. He had escaped the evil effects of class-room education.

Though pious at heart, he did not wish to be thought conventionally pious. On some occasion he was heard to say, “ People call me pious because I have been to the *Haj* several times. They only make me recall the Poet Urfi’s stinging sarcasm :

‘ Those who go to the Kaaba are the vendors of their journey.’

He delighted in such sayings of the ancient wise men of Greece as the following :

“ If you wish to make Pythocles rich, do not add to his money, but subtract from his desires.”

“ Cheerful poverty is a thing of beauty.”

There is no doubt that his stoicism was gradually refined by the Qur'anic teaching. Here is a passage out of a book called *Hellenistic Age* with his comment on it :

“ According to the Stoic idea, the good man has simply to play his part nobly in a world which is never to be very different. That is the still, sad note of Marcus Aurelius. The phrase ‘ play his part ’ gives indeed the figure to which, as we have seen, the practical philosophy of the Hellenistic Age habitually recurs—the figure of the actor in a play. And that is significant. The actor unlike the soldier is not helping by his effort to decide an issue still undetermined, he is not engaged in any struggle for a cause, he is just going through well or ill, the fixed part assigned.”

Nizamat Jung's comment on this is, ‘ There should be cheerful submission to Nature's laws—that is, to the will of the Creator, and then ceaseless striving for righteousness to make good prevail. This is Islam as shown in the Qur'an and as practised by the Prophet—the safest guide for us to follow.’

Thoughts which had come from Greece were strengthened into emotions by the Qur'an ; and this fusing together of thought-material derived from various sources is characteristic of Nizamat Jung's intellectual and moral nature. In his vision of life, religion and practical philosophy go together, hand in hand, and the veil of beauty is thrown over them by poetry.

The peculiar cast of his mind explains his isolation to which I have referred. Take his own words : “ The real work of the soul in this life is to cut itself off from false appearances so that it may realise its existence in the eternal. The effort to achieve this is usually accompanied by gradually increasing asceticism, which may carry renunciation to the length of abandonment of the world ; but this is an extreme to be avoided by a Muslim. Some religions favour it, but Islam forbids it.”

In justification of his attitude of aloofness a plea may also be advanced in the words of Rudolf Eucken’s *Philosophy of Life* (translated by W. R. Boyce Gibson, pp. 18, 108 and 109) :

“ The negative movement, as Eucken understands it, implies no distrust of the good that is in the world, no ascetic aloofness from the world’s progress. It implies rather a renunciation of any and every mode of social and personal life that hinders us from assisting in the betterment of what is spiritually genuine in the construction of society. It implies that we have given up the idea of abetting, by our passive acquiescence, a form of life which we inwardly feel to be vain and hollow. It implies the simple truth that if we wish to regenerate the world and the flesh, we must first renounce the devil.” And Eucken adds, “ And what is needed above all is a courageous spiritual fellowship in the great task of shaping a true social culture, of creating a realm in which spiritual ideals are powers that

perpetually realise themselves afresh in all the detail of existence, and all life and action are enveloped in a pervading spiritual atmosphere."

This, I venture to say, is literally true of Sir Nizamat Jung himself. He had read much and thought much and felt much as a sojourner in life, "Loiterer on life's common way" he calls himself, in one of his poems, but he had always endeavoured to look for the permanent beyond the changing scenes of life's common way. And a sympathetic observer could see how his vision of life was gradually drifting away from its earlier speculative and philosophic interests and associations of æsthetic beauty to the stern realities of man's precarious existence on this earth, as presented by the sandy deserts of Arabia. Whatever we like to call it, let us not forget that it was a passing from the unreal to the real; and serious work had thus become all the more a necessity to him to satisfy his aspirations.

"When soon after his retirement, Nizamat Jung started on a pilgrimage to Mecca," wrote one of his constant visitors, "some people described it as a metamorphosis, but the change, if such it could be called, was just a logical culmination of the inner forces that had been working in his mind from the time when in his Cambridge days, he had borrowed a life of the Greek Philosophers from the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar—the famous Ranji, a close friend—and had not put it by until he had steeped himself in Socrates. That marked the beginning of his absorption in

that philosophy which, as he said, was not mere speculation but life. And he found in Islam the same practical philosophy of life perfected.

In fact Nizamat Jung, in a way, attributed the marvellous progress that the West has made in the various branches of human activity to the fact that its ethical standards have been high in the past, and, essentially the same as those of Islam. It was an article of faith with him that Moslems had only to revert to those standards in order to become as progressive as before, and he remained firm in his conviction that righteous conduct is the chief object of religion and philosophy, and that mere outward ritual without the true spirit of religion was useless."

As a traveller from Greece to Arabia, Sir Nizamat could say with truth :

" Nor in the philosophic mind,  
Nor in the poet's art  
Could I that secret solace find  
Which soothes the troubled heart.

But in the spirit of Islam,  
Which could lost faiths redeem,  
I found the 'soul's marmoreal calm,'  
Of Plato's cherished dream."

To a mind so trained, all that concerned man's life was of the deepest interest, but he looked at things from his own detached point of view so as to be able to judge of their inter-relations and consequences more in accordance with the natural principles underlying them than from their

apparent and temporary associations. Hence he could think unconventionally and independently, as observed by his old friend, Sir Reginald Glancy in one of his letters. His outlook covered many aspects of life while he was seemingly engaged in certain definite tasks. His mental resources were many ; so were his mental excursions. His activities were many-sided and we realise this only when we go over the whole range of his work from his student days. His advice to his community was : " Think before choosing that which seems expedient. Conscience must be guided by principles accepted by religion and moral judgment. Every man's action must conform to them so that the corporate life of a whole community may approximate to the best standard attainable. There have been stages in the history of the growth of communities when the light supplied by conscience was not allowed to be obscured by make-shift expediency, when the vigour and ingenuity of the human mind were such as to scorn weak compromise with evil, relying on the unaided strength of righteousness." Such thoughts underlay all that he himself did ; and for the kind of work he had in view simplicity and contentment supported by austere self-restraint were indispensable.

My study of Sir Nizamat Jung's life and writings leads me to believe that the tendency of his spirit was to soar, and that amidst all his occupations he was in search of something higher. We can trace this in many of his writings, and

particularly in his self-revealing Persian verses, the product of his riper years of meditation, which are permeated by the spirit and teaching of the Qur'an.

\*

\*

\*

As tastes and habits illustrate personality, I will mention some of Sir Nizamat Jung's. He was seldom idle ; he was always quietly indulging in some pleasing recreation.

“ To watch growing plants has always been a source of delight to me. Growth has its fascination—when we see the marvel of two tender leaves bursting out of a decaying seed, then becoming greener and tougher and sending out of their joint other leaves and stems that gradually assume the form of a tree with upright and lateral branches. A few years, and we see a giant come out of a tiny shell. It is one of Nature's miracles.”

\*

\*

\*

“ Some of my trees are my time-keepers. I age myself by them. I can trace the growth and decline of my youth in them ; they mark events and renew associations. Some of them have a patriarchal dignity which is very encouraging to me in my advancing years, and their calm endurance through changing seasons is an inspiration to me.”

“ I like to see flowers growing in wild luxuriance in Nature's own pell-mell fashion. Even





HILLFORT

dry branches and dry leaves have their charm for me. What a fine thing it is to see and hear the swirl of dry leaves in a grove when the warm breezes come to play with them ! And how delightful to hear on a hot day in April the pattering of rain-drops on dry leaves as a prelude to the coming storm !”

Such passages show what he had been doing with his mind all his life, and how observation and love of Nature and refined sympathy and sentiment formed the essential part of his life.

Ever eager to catch the spirit of a bygone age, his fancy was sometimes chasing impalpable delights even when his thoughts might have been busy with the prosaic facts of life. The thought of a Grecian statue or a marble column could take him at once into the heart of Hellenic life, and fancy pictures of Gothic castles and cathedrals could bring back to him the age of Faith and Chivalry. Even in the midst of his judicial and political work, he was not too busy to capture the delight of a fanciful idea. ‘HILLFORT,’ as he tells us, owed its origin to one of them. “ I have been under the spell of Scott since my boyhood. The castles and halls and abbeys described by him have furnished pictures for me, and the words in which some of these pictures are painted often come back to me. In 1923, when I decided to build a house on the hill adjoining the Black Rock (*Naubat Pahar*), the style of architecture was the first important thing to decide, because the site demanded a picturesque and imposing form with some

romantic suggestion. This brought old castles to my mind and my inclination was towards the Gothic. One memorable evening the sight of the sun sinking behind the hills on the west side of the spur on which I stood, and the view of a sheet of water, the Husain Sagar, spread out before me to the north, made these lines from *Marmion* ring in my ears :

“ Day set on Norham’s castled steep,  
And Tweed’s fair river broad and deep,  
And Cheviot’s mountains lone.”

The picture and the sounds haunted me till an image, at first indistinct and vision-like, began to assume a more distinct form. From the stern grandeur of mediæval castles my fancy flew to the more delicate arch and tracery of English Cathedrals and country seats and college buildings, till my memory took me back to my Cambridge days, and the force of personal association made me decide in favour of the college style.” And he goes on to say, “ The admiration of my English friends testified to my success as an architect, and still more pleasing was the delight of my dear old friend of Cambridge days—Ranjit Singh (Maharaja of Nawanagar) who saw it in 1927.”

The influence of Scott on him is life-long as can be seen from the following passage in his recollections :

“ Scott is one of my earliest masters. It was he who filled my boyish heart with the

love of chivalry ; and it was he who first made me realise how the ideals of chivalry, if taken to heart, can ennable human conduct in any path of life. Scott's own life illustrated this and I am sure that no knight of old ever carried under his armour a nobler heart than that which beat under the tartan plaid of Walter Scott."

Sir Nizamat Jung like his hero, Sir Walter Scott, preserved his health by regular hard exercise, such as riding and walking and shooting. He loved horses. "I loved them as a boy, (when my little pony represented the whole equine race to me), and I love them now when I am obliged to give up riding owing to my venerable age," he wrote in 1932. Some friends joined him in his rides—"Ranji" for example, and they were happy on hired hacks, and "it was fearfully delightful," to quote his own words, "dodging about through dark lanes to avoid the Proctor and his hounds when we happened to return late of an evening."

After his return to India in 1896, riding and shooting became his chief holiday amusements. "Life in the jungle was a romance," says he in one of his jottings, "from the expectation of adventure. There are minds and there are moods," he explains, "in which real scenes are transfigured by imagination into something visionary and entrancing. The desire of killing a tiger or a panther was not the real motive with me: the preparation, the expectation, the excitement,

and the moments snatched for refreshment during the day's hard work, and the night spent under canvas, with all sorts of weird sounds indistinctly heard between sleeping and waking—including the rhythmic snoring and grunting of the beaters stretched round the camp fires—all this went into the charm wrought by that great enchantress, Nature, and became romance."

One of the charms of Sir Nizamat's personality arises from an unexpected combination of widely differing traits that go to form it. A lover of books and peace by disposition, of Nature and solitude by habit, one may well wonder at his love of horses and weapons and jungle life.

"Yes, I was fond of weapons," said he one day, "and always kept some by me, whether they were required for use or not. Even now in my 70th year I sometimes take a gun out of its case, or a sword or a dagger out of its sheath and have a good look at it for a little pleasurable excitement. I like to read history in such things; they have played a great part in our world."

He delighted to remind people that Socrates had fought as a foot soldier at the battle of Plataea and Æschylus at Salamis and Marathon. Though a hermit at heart, the warrior's soul in him was always on the alert, and we find flashes of it in some of his poems.

His daily habits are even now regular. He rises before four in the morning; sometimes between three and four for the night prayers, *Tahajjud*, makes a cup of coffee for himself, repeats passages

or chapters of the Qur'an till morning prayers, and again for some time after. Then he strolls in the garden for a while looking at trees and plants "rehearsing walks in Paradise," as he would say, referring to *Jannat* as meaning garden. He has his breakfast at about seven and begins his usual work of reading and writing soon after eight and keeps it up till 11 o'clock. He has a curious habit of walking round his room arranging things while his mind is shaping its thoughts in prose or verse; for movement is to him a welcome accompaniment to mental activity. Many poems (including long ones), I understand, were composed by him in the course of his walks, and he can talk or listen to friends while walking and making verses. So it happened more than once that during motor journeys to Vikarabad he composed some of his poems. He also found periods of illness, during which the mind was released from ordinary routine, favourable to quiet mental work of this kind.

"I am glad to say," he wrote to a friend in 1940, "that by way of 'plain living' I am practising menial service by making my bed, dusting the scanty furniture in my room and putting things in order. Soon after finishing such work I fly to the higher regions for a little 'high thinking.' There I find myself in goodly company: prophets and patriarchs, philosophers and sages, poets and artists welcome me."

"Sometimes, in between thinking and

dreaming, there comes a flash of thought or a snatch of song like a shooting star and I hasten to capture and confine it. Sometimes a few lines of some great poet come to remind me of some duty to be done ; the words of Shakespeare or some other English poet, or some moral maxims of Horace bring a pleasant change to dispel dullness."

I cannot do better than reproduce some of his own notes to throw more light on his personality.

" Kind people may think (or say) that I have done some good work in life. I wonder if I have. Both as regards the nature of the work and its quality, we are apt to differ. Some people would naturally think of my official work and those who have thought of me since as a religious devotee and nothing else, would only be harping on my 'sanctimonious theory.' A small band of the initiated among my countrymen, might occasionally think of me as a literary man, a poet, a scholar, a thinker, etc. But I do not like to think of such things. "

Sir Nizamat Jung is one who finds more satisfaction in recalling the performance of some humble duty than in thinking of his more meritorious official or literary work. I quote the following from his notes. :

" It is my good fortune to have been of some little help to people who were working in a noble cause, and to have found it possible

to relieve those who were in pain and trouble. .... But the services which I recall in my hours of meditation as having been of my best are of another kind, such as looking after the sick or actually nursing them at times. Besides my father and mother whom I nursed in their illness, I have had the privilege of tending some friends when their condition was serious..... While in London I had the opportunity of doing some little service of this kind to a dear friend after a dangerous operation at Guy's hospital. It was only a duty of love but it was appreciated by my father in a letter conveying the thanks of his old friend, Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk,—which is of greater value to me than my Cambridge degrees and my titles. And even now I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am of service to those who need friendly help.”

Here is another note, with an undertone of sadness in it :

“ Whatever work I did as an official and whatever influence I exercised over men's minds, may be said to be dead by now, for I cannot trace any good effects of it in the practice of those who succeeded me.”

“ My pertinacity in exhorting people to live a true and righteous life, may be unwelcome to many,” he once said to me, “ but I have to do this as a Muslim when I see them living a false life of vain show and senseless imitation and gliding into pleasant vices under the delusion that they

are progressing after the style of Europe !” The revival of the *Anjuman-e-Ilm-o-Amal* had this object in view.

“ Another thing for which I may claim some credit is that after nearly half a century of striving, I have at last come within sight of what I was always hoping to reach : a hermit’s life of no-desire. I might well be proud of this because our Prophet’s pride in his poverty is one of the noblest lessons we have received from him.”

Sir Nizamat Jung’s mind, though it likes to rest on strong convictions, is not of the dogmatic kind. It does not attempt to limit the possibilities that are in nature, by assuming that it knows everything. He has, as he said, a contempt for “that boastful word, Rational, which bars access to the vast realm of spiritual life.”

Here is an example of his attitude towards the occult :

“ Some eminent men of science now believe in what they may once have regarded as a foolish superstition--the spirit-world. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crooks and Sir William Barrett have confirmed my belief in the higher mysteries.”

And here is a note belonging to 1943 :

“ I have had some mystical experiences during the past few years, such as sudden intimation of coming events, or realisation of some pure thought or good wish in an unexpected manner, or an answer to some eager

query of the heart flashed upon me by some word or words of the Qur'an as soon as I had opened the book." Such experiences naturally strengthened his belief that the human soul is constantly in touch with the Unknown by means of some unexplained power or form of consciousness. He called this ' Radio operations in Nature.'

## POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY

*“What though but a lonely dreamer,  
Let me have consoling dreams.  
Let me dream to find the real  
In the heart of all that seems.”*

These lines reveal the true spirit of Sir Nizamat Jung's poetry and philosophical outlook. He “dreams to find the Real;” and this, the practical side of his dreaming, has guided him through life. It was natural that poetry should come to him as the best form of self-expression in his quest of the Real, and that it should become more and more spiritualised as he advanced in years, so as to be the expression of his philosophy and religion.

There are only a few persons in Hyderabad or elsewhere, who have any intimate knowledge of his writings. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was one of the first to recognise the merit of his poems more than thirty years ago, when some of his sonnets were published in the *Comrade* in 1908-9 by the late Maulana Mohammad Ali—a great admirer. But in spite of this and the occasional appearance of some of his poems in *Islamic Culture*, edited by the late Mr. Pickthall, he is not yet sufficiently known here as a poet; and whatever little information we have, comes to us from England. The reason lies obviously in his modesty; he disliked publicity and wrote only to

satisfy his own instinct. In 1918 he became known to a small circle of English readers through a volume of Sonnets published in London by Messrs. Erskine MacDonald, and it was in 1933 that I edited some of his 'Islamic Poems.' But there is a large collection of his poems yet to be published, and I hope to be able to edit them before long.

I am convinced that not many among us have been able, like him, 'to imbibe the spirit of great literature. From Classical and Romantic poetry, from history, philosophy and religion—from all these sources has flowed into him that inspiring and sustaining force which may be said to be his inner life.' His poems, with but a few exceptions, show that some irrepressible impulse in him is seeking expression for what cannot be fully expressed in words... The other day I came across a little acrostic which was his tribute to Rabindranath Tagore, and to my mind, it contains a true description of himself :

" To find his God he learned to love  
 All life that God hath made ;  
 God's light shone round him from above  
 O'er all for which he prayed,  
 Revealing in life's perfect whole  
 Eternal Beauty to his soul."

This was Nizamat Jung's own quest ; and his poetry, as some competent judges have observed, "reveals the spirit of a true poet which soars from the world of phenomena into the realm of ideals, upborne by a love so pure and

noble that even to name it, is to profane it." I am quoting the words of an English writer with reference to Nizamat Jung's 1918 Sonnets.

His use of the English language with delicacy and a sense of power and mastery has evoked the admiration of eminent English readers. It has been said that his command of it is complete and that he is faultless in his choice of vocabulary. Mr. McCurdy, author of the *Roses of Paestum*, wrote after reading his *Sonnets*, "It seems almost incredible that his poems are not written in the poet's mother-tongue." The *Yorkshire Post* remarked, "No one would suspect that the poet had written in a foreign language." Mr. Arthur S. Way, translator of Homer and Euripedes, etc., compared what he called Nizamat Jung's "marvellous performance" to Milton's Italian poems and Swinburne's French ones.

Such tributes of praise made me naturally curious to know how Nizamat Jung had acquired his command of English. "It was by feeling myself to be English when reading English books," he replied, "and entering into the thoughts and feelings of the English race, and regarding myself as one of them actually taking part in the events about which I happened to be reading. This habit grew upon me and has continued through life." Then after a pause: "It is the love of the subject. You have to lose yourself in it. Get the feeling, and the words will come. I still remember some lines out of a poem read at school when I was about 12, in which the triumph

of the English language in spreading over the earth fascinated my boyish imagination ; and the time came when I delighted to feel myself growing in Shakespeare's England."

In his boyhood and even as a young man, it appears, he was constantly receiving inspiration from some of his favourite poets ; and, as he himself has said, his earliest verse may be regarded as exercise and self-preparation. From a collection of his poems, which I have in my possession, I can trace the directions in which his tastes were moving. I believe some of his first verses were written during his Cambridge days when he was in his 18th year. There is one poem called *A Confession* (1889-1936), which I regard as a key to the main thoughts and feelings indicated in his Nature poems : Communion with Nature in solitude. The influence of Wordsworth was then operating on his mind. And I have seen another poem of a different kind, belonging to the first period. It is called *Sappho and Aphrodite* and belongs to 1894. According to him, it was " no better than a mere exercise in Hellenistic feeling." In the earlier years the classical influence was felt as a fresh stimulus ; and amongst poems belonging to that period I have come across translations of some of the odes of Horace read at Cambridge in 1887-1888. As a verse translator he had already acquired considerable felicity of expression.

It is interesting to compare the elaborate style and alien feelings and sentiments expressed in

1894 with a poem written on Sappho in 1936 or 1937. In the latter the style is quite spontaneous and free from any suggestion of artifice.

“ Thy voice winged with thy heart’s desire—  
 A meteor in its flight ;  
 Thy sighs and moans are songs of fire—  
 All melody and light !

\* \* \* \*

I’d fain believe, ’twas thine to see,  
 Before thy soul took flight,  
 Some sign of love’s eternity  
 Foreshadowed in love’s light.”

This was suggested by a likeness of Sappho’s head (after Alma Tadema) in his library, and in the last four lines Nizamat Jung reads his own spiritual meaning of love into Sappho’s passion. Thus he progressed from the formal to the spiritual, from the unreal to the real, from fancy’s dreams to the deeper realities of life.

In *Myth and Truth* and some other poems he boldly avows his later creed :

“ Forsaken lie the Muses’ bowers,  
 Their harps with broken strings.  
 No longer rise in fountain-showers  
 The Heliconian springs.”

I must mention another phase of Nizamat Jung’s dreaming, in which his love of Nature is spiritualised. Natural objects carry his mind back to the source of all things. He is a lover

of Nature, and his love is expressed in various forms in his *Rural Lyrics*.

“ The little bird that made this nest  
With its own little beak,  
Has taught me more than learning’s lore  
And gives me what I seek.

“ By instinct taught the builder’s art  
To use with native skill,  
It tells me of the wondrous powers  
That God’s creation fill.”

The banyan tree under which he reclines makes him meditate over its growth from a small seed and

“ Gaze, wonder, question why  
All this has been.”

Such poems have their origin in a deep-rooted sentiment.

“ Mysterious life, at first of nothing born,  
What forms adorn  
Thee by the Maker’s will, what wondrous robes  
By beauty worn ! ”

To this class belongs his *Ode to Night* which I consider a very fine poem. The imagery is suggestive, the language felicitous and the sentiment exalted.

From Nature he easily finds his way to its Maker, and this is inevitable in the case of a sensitive, reflective soul. He sees :

“ Into the depths of earth and heaven,  
Where eyes and reason fail  
To trace the movements of a will

Pervasive yet alone,  
 Immutable, yet changing still  
 All forms to ends unknown.”

This is how he finds God. And Nature to him is only the external manifestation of God's will. And thus the soul's immortality is no longer an idea with him ; it becomes a haunting feeling and strives for lyrical expression.

“ Not bounded or by space or time,  
 As earths and skies and seasons are,  
 I float in Thine immensity  
 Above, beyond sun, moon and star.  
 ' Tis of the essence of my soul,  
 The inborn longing thus to be ;  
 I soar beyond the bounds of life  
 To find my immortality ! ”

And *The Star Beyond the Sky* sends a message of comfort to him :

“ In doubt and sorrow's dreary night  
 When no fair star-beam greets the eye—  
 Look upward to the Source of Light !  
 There is a Star beyond the Sky.”

But even this seems a passive feeling to one who has glimpses of ethereal beauty and thrills of unheard music.

“ Sweet though the water's murmuring sound,  
 The sighing of the breeze ;  
 Sweet though the songs of birds resound  
 From spring-awakened trees ;  
 Yet there's a music sweeter still,  
 The pensive soul to please ;  
 Its notes, unheard, my bosom thrill  
 With finer joys than these.”

Sir Nizamat Jung's poems printed for private circulation some years ago, were arranged by him in six groups :

*Sonnets, Occasional Poems* (including war poems), *Death of Socrates and Other Poems*, *Rural Lyrics and Lyrical Poems* and *Islamic Poems*. Each group, if separately dealt with, will require more space than I have allotted to each chapter in this sketch. I shall, therefore, content myself with giving a few typical specimens from other groups and quoting a few authoritative opinions regarding them.

*The Sonnets* of 1918, originally styled 'Love's Withered Wreath,' after a line from Shelley's *Epipsychedion*—and *Sonnets of Mystic Love and Beauty*, as I should like to call them—arrest the reader's attention at once, and have elicited high praise.

"The Nawab's *Sonnets* depict the very soul of chivalry and self-eclipsing devotion, and they contain lines which claim an equal fellowship with the works of those whose names are sonorous in the spheres of poetic genius," was the remark of Mr. Meredith Starr.

And *The Poetry Review* wrote :

"The Nawab writes of his love as Dante wrote of Beatrice... There is a blaze of beauty in all his *Sonnets*, and not a little noble wisdom... I doubt if Tagore himself could have written more beautiful *Sonnets*."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, a well-known American essayist and poet, wrote to a friend,

"That is a very discerning pen which likens them to those topmost peaks of unascended Heaven—which are Michael Angelo's."

*The Times Literary Supplement* of March 28th, 1918, wrote :

"The Sonnets are full of singular excellence, revealing a graceful fancy and a true literary taste."

And it was said in a letter to a friend by Mrs. Henryson Caird, a well-known writer :

"The Sonnets seem to reach the high watermark of human development."

*The Scotsman* (February 11th, 1918) commend-ed their "melodious dignity and their impa-sioned ardour for ideal beauty."

I am tempted to go on quoting more opinions, but these, I imagine, will suffice. The first Sonnet of this series, *Ideal Beauty*, is well worth quoting.

"As one who wanders lone and wearily  
Through desert tracts of silence and of night,  
Pining for love's keen utterance and for light,  
And chasing shadowy forms that mock and flee,  
My soul was wandering through Eternity,  
Seeking, within the depth and on the height  
Of being, one with whom it might unite  
In life and love and immortality—

Regarding spiritual aspiration in poetry, "The soul's quest after ideal beauty and goodness," Nizamat Jung once wrote to me, "becomes a means of communication with God. But human aspiration can only find poetical expression in language and seeks to image forth beauty for its

satisfaction and delight. Thus the mind is obliged to give its conception some concrete form, however ethereal it may be. Though this tendency may be called Platonic in one of its aspects, yet it is a mystical religious tendency and a half-way stage in the spirit's progress. In interpreting poetry that attempts to embody such aspirations we have to seek for something beyond the imagery which is employed as a mere accessory. If we fail to do this, we miss its true significance." This, I think, lays down a correct rule for judging such poetry as his *Sonnets* of 1918—which superficial readers may easily mistake for ordinary love poetry, missing the mystical soaring spirit, reminiscent of Plato and Dante and Michael Angelo and Hafiz.

I do not profess to be a critic, but I think Nizamat Jung's verse reveals a remarkable gift. He is able to express great thoughts in a few simple words arranged in a lucid and melodious combination. His *Sonnets* have "the consoling quiet of Classic utterance," as Professor Speight once said, "and they are as transparent in their thought and feeling as the best French poetry—lovely groupings of simple words such as Shakespeare and Heine and even Browning fall back upon in their supreme moments."

Among his occasional poems, there was one, *India to England* which became famous in 1914. As I have said before, it was published in *The London Times* on the day the Indian troops landed at Marseilles. A friend of Nizamat Jung, who

happened to see it in the *Morning Post*, felt sure that no other Indian but he could have written such lines. An official of the India Council was approached for information; he made it clear that Nizamat Jung was the same as Nizamuddin Ahmed of Hyderabad. "And since then that friend has done much by way of encouraging me in my poetical work and making it known in England," said Sir Nizamat Jung in grateful acknowledgment.

His old friend, Sir David Barr wrote to him in 1914\* to say: "It will have a good effect in England to read the lines written by a Mohammanadan gentleman holding a high position in the great Mohammadan State of Hyderabad, because among other lies spread abroad by our unscrupulous enemies there have been statements of a venomous character reflecting on the loyalty of Mohammadans in India—and declaring that they only await the defeat of England by Germany to raise a *Jehad* against the British rule in India."

In this way the poem was a service to the Empire.

---

\**India to England* was quoted some years later in the 'Romance of the Baghdad Railway' by Rev. Parsit in a lecture :

"The Kaiser was mistaken, for there are powers even on earth that are mightier than the sword. There was no revolt among the seventy millions of Mohammadans in India, but there was a remarkable response of loyalty to England, and on the very day the first Indian troops landed at Marseilles, a beautiful poem appeared in the London Times, written by a Mohammadan Judge of the Native State of Hyderabad. It expresses the sentiments," he said, "of cultured Indians towards a nation to whom they in India owe all that is best in life."

Among the War poems of 1914 there are others also with merits of their own. *Turcos at Cambrai*, for example, has been called thrilling and grand by an English friend of his. It reveals the warrior's soul in the poet, and reminds me of the lines once written by Nizamat Jung inside the cover of the *Shah Nama* apostrophising Firdausi: "O poet with a warrior's soul." Undoubtedly he himself possessed some of it.

Among his earlier poems, there is one which cannot fail to attract attention on account of its structure, its imagery, and its language: it is the stately *Coronation Ode* of 1911.

There was a time when Nizamat Jung as an admiring pupil of Thomas Gray, felt the fascination of the Pindaric Ode, and the old love returned when a great occasion presented itself in 1911. Here I may mention in passing that this Ode was read before Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, soon after their Silver Jubilee in 1936—and was appreciated by them, as may be seen from the following letter to Lady Bute from one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to Her Majesty.

Sandringham, NORFOLK.  
January 2, 1936.

DEAR LADY BUTE,

The Queen has bidden me to write to you again and say Their Majesties have now had time to read the poem you sent from Nawab Nizamat Jung Bahadur. The Queen will be grateful if you will send him a message from both Their

Majesties saying that they appreciate his expressions of loyalty to Their Majesties as expressed in his poem which they have read.

### *Lady-in-Waiting.*

Yours sincerely,  
(Sd.) I. CARR BRUCE.

This Ode was Nizamat Jung's first poetical expression of personal loyalty to the King. He had had the honour of meeting him and showing him over the Victoria Memorial Orphanage when he had come out to India as Prince of Wales in 1906. The remembrance of the Prince's courtesy on that occasion may have imparted a warmth to his feelings in certain lines.

Sir Nizamat Jung's *Islamic Poems* of which I brought out a few in 1935, are a subject by themselves. *The Spirit of Light*, a favourite of mine, has been used by me as a prelude to that series, though it does not belong to it. It is an invocation and carries an inspiring message of serene high hope—truly Islamic.

Spirit of light, from starry mansions straying,  
Whose flight is o'er this world of woe and strife ;  
On, on thy course, to mortal hearts conveying  
God's meaning of the mystery of life.

On, on thy course, wide-scattering from each pinion  
Sparks that shall leave behind a trail of fire,  
To guide mankind from passion's dire dominion  
To purer heavens of the soul's desire ;

To cheer them, toil-worn weary and benighted,  
With heaven-Lorn hope pure as the Dawn's first ray;  
To gladden them in Sorrow's gloom affrighted,  
With thy sure promise of Eternal Day !

I take this as his heart's tribute to the Prophet's work.

Poetry of such high aspiration, possessing such beauty and purity, should not be allowed to remain unknown—in Hyderabad, at least, where it was produced and upon which it may serve to reflect some lustre.

In his *Rural Lyrics* and other Nature poems we find an expression of the sublime faith of Hafiz :

“ 'Tis stamped upon the Universe, our Immortality.”

And the spirit of Nizamat Jung, I repeat, finds avenues of approach to the Eternal and brings him a mystical vision of life :

“ Before mine eyes  
A garden lies  
Where blooms Life's mystic flower ;  
It takes its hue  
From Heaven's bright blue  
And dawn's first roseate hour.

It drinks the wine  
Of glad sunshine  
In pearly drops of dew,  
Receives a share,  
From earth and air  
Of fragrance ever new.

The stars of night  
Send forth their light  
In many a wandering beam ;  
The moon stoops low  
To cast a glow  
Round mine enchanted dream.”

In the *Persian Poet's Song* written in 1925 the idea and imagery are exquisitely blended, and the quaintness of simile and metaphor combined with personification has a pleasing oriental touch in it—so appropriate to the theme. And then there is the rhythmic melody :

“ And the night's still voice  
To my being came  
As bliss in the moonlit air.

\* \* \*

And the rose sighed forth  
To the breath of spring  
The perfume of love in her breast.

\* \* \*

And each thrill in my heart  
Was a blossom bright  
Unfolding within my breast.”

An admirer of Hafiz, the poet of Spiritual Beauty, from his youth, Nizamat Jung was always receiving a side current of inspiration from his work and this blended with other currents coming from Europe through Plato and Dante and others.

This is illustrated by his beautiful poem on Hafiz :

“ Love sighs for bliss, but sighs in vain ;  
Yearns for the Heaven it cannot gain ;  
Its ecstasy is agony ;  
Hopes fade while yearnings still remain.

With eyes on Heaven's mystic veil,  
Faith bows where sight and reason fail,  
When hopes and fears mid smiles and tears,  
The lone, world-wearied heart assail.

Faith finds, when sorrow's night is done,  
 A fairer world from chaos won ;  
 Each atom rife with glowing life,  
 Aspiring towards a brighter sun.

Such love and faith were his, whose soul  
 In each fair fragment saw the whole ;  
 Eternal grace in Beauty's face,  
 Love where eternal æons roll. ”\*

One of his earliest lyrical poems written before his powers had reached maturity, is entitled *A Lesson* and in it he is not afraid to appear didactic. He shows us :

“ Many a nameless flower  
 On rocky, sterile soil that grows,

\*                         \*

Alike in sunshine and in gloom,  
 In noon tide heat, in midnight cold  
 The Power that made it bids it bloom  
 And to the heavens its heart unfold  
 And to the heart of man convey  
 With hopeful smile this precious lore,  
 That He who breathes life into clay  
 Will guard that life for evermore.”

This was written in the early years of this century, and showed him the way from Nature to God ; and this was his religion even before he wrote in 1936/37 :

“ Religion is no idle rite—  
 'Tis worship in the heart  
 Where faith reveals the hidden light  
 Whose subtle rays impart  
 Their wondrous grace to earth and sky,  
 And life to lifeless sod.”

---

\*The rhyme arrangement is that of the Persian quatrain.

From mystical visions he can pass on with ease to the great epic of Islam ; and in picturing historical events he can, by one sweep of the imagination, take in a vast field of action and long periods of time.

Great is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's admiration for some lines that occurred in one of Sir Nizamat's sonnets of 1908 commemorating the triumph of Islam.

“ From Persia's Magian shrines to Gothic Spain  
From Memphian deserts to Byzantium old.”

In the *Miracles of Islam* also we have the same sweeping glance :

“ By it the Arab righteous made  
Brave, and of none but God afraid,  
Child of the desert, broke proud Persia's might,  
And quenched her sun when pomp and glory's shade  
Was like a phantom lost in endless night.  
A miracle ! and soon salvation came  
And Persia stood once more  
Upon the roll of fame.  
  
And Syria too, the Eastern home  
Of the decaying pomp of Rome,  
Beheld a miracle—the lightning glance  
Of Arab swords—and like a tottering dome  
Fell at the touch of the wild Bedouin's lance.  
Nor Rome's dread name nor all her deeds' renown  
Could stem the conquering tide  
That rushed from town to town.”

I admire his *Arabia Revisited* for its simplicity, sincerity and vigour. It voices one of his deepest convictions, as one of the lessons of the *Hajj*.

" O barren land for ever blest,  
Thou throne of Faith's immortal power !  
Not in thy face but in thy breast  
Lives glory as Faith's promised dower.

How many a land where I have been  
Showed beauties that could lull the soul  
To pleasure, not to faith serene  
As can thy sunbeams' stern control !  
\* \* \*

The charm has faded from my dream  
Of scenes in Beauty's favoured lands ;  
Once more I hail with faith supreme  
Thy frowning rocks, thy scorching sands.”

The *Recantation* (1935) is a poem that explains Sir Nizamat Jung's change of mood or attitude—his passing from the æsthetic to the spiritual—another lesson of the *Haj*.

His earnestness and the deep sincerity of his own faith must have given him at last an uncommon insight into Reality, if I may say so, and something like prophetic vision. This is clearly discernible in some of his later poems which he grouped under the title, *The Modern Age*; and still more so in his lines: *To England* (1938)—and in his *Now and Hereafter*—both, I believe, born of sudden impulse and written in Arabia, the land of prophecy.

*To England* 1938 was published in *The Patriot*, and a society called Champions of Christ and the Crown had it printed and circulated as a timely warning to the British nation. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, an old friend of Sir Nizamat, wrote to

him as follows :—

“ Since Kipling’s *Recessional* I have read nothing which thrilled me so much by its genuine patriotism, its noble sentiments and its felicity of language. The sentiments to which it gives expression are particularly apposite at the present time when greedy materialism and brute force are so rampant, displacing the old heroic and chivalrous feelings of the age of faith which shed a lustre on Christianity and Islam when Salahuddin and Coeur de Léon were magnanimous opponents.

“ I have most pleasant recollections of our meetings at Hyderabad 30 years ago. The West has not progressed since then in the spiritual and moral sense; but Hyderabad, I am happy to think, has made great strides without sacrificing its oriental manner and culture.”

Sir Nizamat Jung, a moralist by taste and habit, is not afraid of appearing as such in his poems. In the *Hermit* written in 1936/37 he has given us his judgment. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that it is what the distracted world needs to learn. The so-called Reconstruction of Europe after the war should be on the foundation he suggests :

‘ To cure thy nation’s maladies  
Do thou first cure thy soul.’

Sir Nizamat Jung sees clearly the evil that is ruling the world, but he has visions also of the good to come. In this he is a confirmed optimist.

“ The vision comes, I see the fatal day—  
 The work of Hate in mouldering ruin lies  
 But mark ! when years of travail pass away,  
 A nobler world from out the wreck shall rise.”

And he is one who —

“ Hails from far the coming ray  
 Of light that lurks in gloom ;  
 In garbage festering in decay,  
 The promised rose’s bloom ! ”

Another short poem, *A Parable of Life*, with its grave melancholy pathos caused by witnessing Nature’s decay, discloses a lofty vision of hope.

“ With saddened heart I mused, and then I saw  
 Elsewhere, afar, where life shall ever be—  
 That tree revived as by a higher law—  
 I saw it imaged in Eternity ! ”

Such poetry, an intimate record of Sir Nizamat’s inner life, ought to have a special value for the people of Hyderabad. It gives us something of him direct from himself and helps us to understand his personality. It does not invite, but rather precludes criticism. He said :

“ ‘Twas not for fame, ‘twas not for praise  
 I poured my spirit into song.”

But praise his poetry did win from discerning critics ; and pensive souls, I dare say, will always feel consoled by its message. To me, as to some other friends of his, the value of it lies in its power to elevate and console by means of unquestioning faith. It gives us hints of ‘thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’

It is not generally known that Nizamat Jung translated into English verse in 1919 nearly a 100 Urdu *Ghazals* of His Exalted Highness the Nizam, Nawab Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur, who graciously wrote to him as follows :

“ Your knowledge of English is admitted by all ; and I have also heard that you are interested in poetry. So if you can translate some of my *Ghazals* into English verse your work will remain after you as a monument. It is of such a nature that it cannot be performed by any man of ordinary ability.”

“ I appreciate the devoted manner in which you are translating the poems of my *Dewan* (collection). Certainly there is no one else at present who can do it equally well..... I leave the selection of the *Ghazals* to your choice ; but it would be well if the number was to be a hundred and fifty or so, for making a fair-sized volume.....”

Commands were received afterwards, reducing the number to a hundred, and the work was finished in the course of the year.

As specimens of his workmanship I shall give a few taken at random :

“ But behold ! a lamp is burning  
In the flame of every flower ;  
Envy burns the heart of *Bulbul*  
While it owns to Beauty’s power.”

\* \* \*

Life and death ! they are but curtains  
That conceal the conjuror’s art ;  
And this world itself illusion,  
Where none come and none depart.

\* \* \*

But they are nought, Life's empty pleasures,  
So the hand of fate doth write ;  
And the warning stands engraven  
On the tombstone of Delight.

\* \* \*

The cup we all are seeking  
Is of Life's mystic wine.  
Beware lest envious strangers  
Throw poison into thine."

Sir Nizamat Jung's choice of poems containing lines such as these indicates his own spiritual tendency—and his hand on the 'melodious strings' shows long practice and has the fine touch of a lyrist.

I will now give a few lines out of his translation of Firdausi's *Shahnama*—the Battle of Qadesia—published in *Islamic Culture* in 1937.

بجومیم بلندی و فرزانگی همان رزم و تندی و مردانگی

Be it mine to seek wisdom and greatness, and height  
And the pride of a warrior in manhood and might.

زنامست تا جاودان زنده مرد که مرد ه شود کالبد زیر گرد

Immortal the man who doth live in his fame  
When mouldering in dust is his lifeless frame.

چه نیکو بود شاه را داد و دین زنا مش زبانها پر از آفرین

How well faith and justice a monarch adorn  
When on tongues of acclaim are his praises upborne

بر انم که تازنده باشد تنم بن بیخ بد از جهان بر کنم

Until life's in my limbs be it ever my will  
From the world to uproot every seed-root of ill."

Even in advanced life he would sometimes  
'beguile an idle hour' as he said, by translating

ode of Horace, an elegy of Propertius or a *zal* of Hafiz into English verse. When reading translations our first impression is not that they are translations but original compositions.

Not very long ago he read out to me some lines paraphrased by him from Firdausi's *Shah-nâ*, describing a battle scene in which a Persian prince named Zarir is treacherously killed. This was one of his incidental recreations to oblige an English friend who wanted to know the story of Zarir; and he told me how he had composed the lines standing near his desk with the Persian text in front of him. I was so struck by the easy fluent style of the rendering that I obtained a copy of some of the lines.

“ And there Zarir afield a proud charger bestrode,  
And aye in the van of the battle he rode.  
Through the ranks of the foemen as scathful he  
came  
As in dry meadow grass is a wind-blown flame.  
And when Arjasp beheld how under his blade  
Full low were the boldest and doughtiest laid  
In alarm to his leaders he gave the command  
That they parley for peace and a truce demand.”

In later life his feelings and convictions  
en find expression in impromptu verse. And  
comments on contemporary events sometimes  
e the form of indignant or sarcastic lines,  
h as the following scribbled on a bit of brown  
paper torn off a parcel. (17-6-1936).

"Mourn, hapless Abyssinia! mourn  
Those Christless Christians' faith forsown.

Turn not to any Western Power  
 For help ; it would thy heart devour  
 And o'er thy corpse with dripping hand,  
 Brandish with glee the assassin's brand."

Always an ardent admirer of the true greatness of Europe, he could yet be roused to indignation by an act of injustice as in this case.

" Dost see with joy thine empire rise ?  
 Mark its decline and fall !  
 There stands before thy dazzled eyes  
 The writing on the wall ! "

He wrote these lines when Abyssinia had been conquered by Italy and his vision showed the end of Mussolini's venture as we see it now.

Those who read his verse carefully find that he is able to choose instinctively what is elegant, but has no love of art for art's sake. His nature inclines to a free unadorned style of expression with sufficient fervour in it to be convincing. He has told us all this in his lines : *To the Reader*, at the end of his *Islamic Poems*.

" I take the plain and forceful word  
 That comes to hand a trusty sword ;  
 Enough that it should flash the fire  
 Of aught that doth my soul inspire.  
 Enough that it should dart its gleam  
 To hearts that toil and hearts that dream  
 Till they are roused and learn to feel  
 And bow where I have learnt to kneel."

" It is some satisfaction to me as a *Dakhni*, " Sir Nizamat Jung once wrote, " to give some of my heart-service to my country in the shape of English poems. They may have little value as

poems, but their value to me is in that they express some of my innermost feelings and are a confession of faith.” My comment on this modest apology is that this service of Sir Nizamat Jung stands on a far higher level than anything else, and is unique. No other Hyderabadi, no other Indian Muslim, I should say, has accomplished so much. His poems are of a high order, but that is not all. His *Islamic Poems* have brought English poetry to serve the cause of Islam, and he has provided for Muslims that which will keep alive in young and old a fervent enthusiasm for Islam from generation to generation. The effect of poetry on the minds of children is well-known and Sir Nizamat Jung himself has told us what English poetry did for him when he was a child.

The depth of his feeling and sincerity may be judged from his remarks :

“ If a man is what he thinks and feels, I have hopes that I shall be found in my writings, and that Hyderabad will have my relic in them. I seldom wrote for the sake of writing, but to express some thought or feeling and feel myself in it.” Again, “ Both in prose and verse it was my desire to hear the living voice of the heart, and laboured writing gradually became distasteful to me. *The ring of truth I valued more than artistic effect.*”

It is certainly to be regretted that his collected poems have not yet been published. After many years of hesitation, he was induced to agree to the proposal made by an old friend in

England to have them published, and negotiations were actually commenced, but the outbreak of war in 1939 put a stop to it.

“ The matter of your poems is postponed, for Sir John Murray’s partner is away ill ; and also the war is so distracting that there would be very little attention paid to *Rural Lyrics* and other meditative verse at such a time.”

This makes me the more anxious to have a complete set printed in Hyderabad which should be the first to do this service.

When Mrs. Rosenthal opened the Hyderabad Branch of the Poetry Society in 1929, she wisely asked Nizamat Jung to be the President and he agreed. He remained as such for over 10 years and when he was obliged to retire on account of his failing health, the Society regarded it as a great loss. The manner and style of his introductory remarks at the meetings, his illuminating comments on poems and papers read, and his explanation of the spirit and message of some of the poets about whom he had occasion to speak are still remembered by many of us. And this was the message sent to him when he retired :

“ Looking back over the years of Sir Nizamat Jung’s tenure of office, members cannot express too warmly their sense of appreciation and gratitude for all that his leadership has meant. Sir Nizamat is not only himself a poet but his love and knowledge of English poetry, his keen understanding and spiritual

insight, fitted him in a unique way for the position of President. It has meant indeed everything to the Branch, especially in its earlier years to have had such experience and inspiration at its command."

\* \* \*

The sacred fire within the heart,  
 The light that glows within the soul,  
 If aught their fervour can impart,  
 Yet passion's tumult can control,  
 It is the poet's breathing lyre,  
 Whose soaring notes to heaven aspire,  
 Although once heard from visioned heights,  
 Ethereal waves their sounds prolong,  
 Till sorrows blending with delights,  
 Attain the melody of Song !  
 The poet bending o'er his lyre,  
 Thus keeps alive the sacred fire !

NIZAMAT JUNG.

" His Persian verses also reveal his confirmed habit of receiving spiritual suggestions from visible aspects of nature and from casual events.

صبح دیدم نقش زرین بر غلاف خاک شد  
 شام دیدم نور خالق بر رخ افلک شد  
 روح نور آسمان و جسم شد خاک زمین  
 وز همین رویاء صادق جان دل و بی باک شد\*

These lines were written after attending a funeral.

\*The morning spread a gold embroidered cover on the earth.

The evening tinged the skies with Heaven's Mystic light.

My Spirit glowed like the heavenly light and my body sank as dust into the earth.

The vision was true ; it consoled my heart and made it fearless.

## THOUGHTS, OPINIONS AND MAXIMS

*“....Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things  
Fallings from us, vanishings.”*

WORDSWORTH.

As a student I often used to visit Sir Nizamat with some college friends, and I can still recall his spell over us all. It was a pleasure to hear him talk, and though sometimes we felt a little puzzled, we always carried away something of permanent value. He encouraged students to discuss with him freely ; and whatever the subject was, he seemed to make it his own, though his favourite themes were morals, practical philosophy, religion and poetry. He made us feel that his were the words of one who was not groping after other people's opinions, but giving his own deep convictions. In this, I think, lay his power over other minds. Whether we shared his opinions or disagreed with them, we felt that whatever he said was from a sincere, well-meaning heart ; and there was an almost religious fervour in his exhortations.

Here are some specimens of his opinions on various subjects :

“ If I were asked what could save Europe from utter ruin in the coming future, I would

say only religion and morality, which have been brutally driven out of it by the organised efforts of revolutionaries for their own purposes. The law of nature makes the feelings of the individual the most efficient force vibrating through the vast complicated body of human society. It is, therefore, the man—the unit—that has to be humanised ; then will the community, the tribe, the nation, the race come to be reformed gradually from within.”

\* \* \*

“ A little boy is of greater importance in this respect than any self-constituted Dictator of Barbarism. Mould him so as to make the brute type impossible in future. Religion and morality can build up great civilizations as has been proved by history over and over again, and such civilizations alone can be good.”

“ I do not see any particular beauty in this bizarre modernism—neither in its costume and manners and morals, nor in its literature and art. Frankly, I am not a lover of ‘ the jazz mentality ’ and I deserve all the contempt that the superior Georgian can hurl at my head, and I accept it with gratitude and pride—because I am not like him.”

\* \* \*

“ What shall we think of this diseased modernism ? It is a vicious cult, and let us hope that it is only a temporary craze. I am

not thinking so much of our poor Indian people who seem to like second-hand articles best, but of perverse Europeans. The degenerate progressives among them seem to get furious when they think of their own splendid past. They lose all self-control when they hear of religion, morality, refinement, and decency—which were the best means devised by the best human brains through laborious centuries to raise man from bestiality to a spiritual elevation pointing towards the supreme good (God).”

\* \* \*

“ What the savages of Europe received as remnants of the culture of ancient Greece was far more valuable than Europe’s heritage of ruling power from Rome. And what they received from the East as the shining light of a higher and purer humanity, was Christ’s message of love and peace—still more precious. After 600 years his message was renewed as a more stirring call by Islam, but Europe did not possess the sense or the patience to understand it. It did not get any nearer to the spirit of the Master’s Message.”

\* \* \*

“ We know how Europe gradually benefited by the culture, religion, chivalry and morals of earlier civilizations coming from lands which had been the cradle of knowledge and faith. Its ‘ culture,’ compounded of these ingredients was once beautiful and exalted and

refined, and placed it high above other nations. But since the disastrous war of 1914 Europe has fallen into a moral decline and has become in 20 years more cruel and barbarous than the savages of any other part of the globe."

This was written a year or two before the war began in 1939.

Modern Progress to him seems "sadly subversive of all that is restrained, moderate and refined. It only believes in a headlong rush towards power to upset humanity and decency. It is the bull in the China shop of civilization, and the first duty of humanity is to bring it under the yoke again."

\*

\*

\*

"Europe will be broken to pieces—signs are already visible—and utterly destroyed."  
(1938).

\*

\*

\*

"That monstrous notion of the Superman, fathered by arrogant Prussianism, has been fostered by ruffianly boasters. It has not yet produced any good, beneficent leader who could use power to serve the higher interests of humanity and bring about world-welfare. Germany's latest 'Super' has well-nigh destroyed it."

This was written in 1942.

Here is another 'bit' from his notes in the

shape of talk to students :

“ There are two pictures in our vision of man in the Universe. One is that of a rag-picker with eyes fixed on the ground, who is prodding heaps of rubbish with the tip of his stick, or raking up the earth here and there to see what he can get. The other is that of a man who, almost forgetting that he has a body (or bodily needs), is gazing on earth and skies to find a resting place for his soul in the infinite scheme of things. The two men may seem to be entirely apart ; but they meet somewhere and their faculties and their hands are joined to carry on the great work of civilization.”

\* \* \*

“ Our nature seems to combine inherent vices and virtues—as the tasteless sap in a tree combines the bitter, the sour and the sweet in an inchoate state to appear in the fruit as a distinct taste. If natural disposition is the work of Nature, in what sphere is Education to operate ? Firdausi has said that a plant bitter by nature will not yield sweet fruit even though planted in the Garden of Paradise and watered with honeyed wine. ”

\* \* \*

“ Man is a planner in Nature ; and there are various patterns of his plans and plannings. On the wrong side they range from robbing neighbours to conquering nations ;

and on the right side, from founding schools and hospitals to founding religions. In between these are to be found innumerable other forms—good, bad and indifferent,—national and international. But few of them seem to have any moral purpose in them now-a-days. Whither Education?"

\* \* \*

" If we erect only the iron framework (supplied by modern science and modern machinery) and cement it with blood to support power, the false civilization leaning on it will only be what the modern age has proved it to be—Satanic barbarism and inhuman war."

\* \* \*

He has something to say regarding Monarchy and Democracy :

" There is a warmer feeling at the bottom of the human heart for a king than for a crowd. The human heart has more love and reverence for a king than for a crowd. The human mind may be led to approve of democracy on principle, as it sometimes does, but it cannot be said that it has any warm affection for a mob. '*Odi profanum vulgus*' exclaimed a Latin poet. A moderate feeling called loyalty to a principle may be in favour of democracy, but it is very different from ardent loyalty to a man in the person of a good king. Look at England."

“ I have often been reminded by an English friend that God is a King who does not abdicate. This is only a Western re-statement of an Eastern creed. The ancient idea of God as the Supreme King over all has not been effaced from the human heart, and will never be effaced. It will never give place to the conception of God as a Supreme Assembly.”

\*

\*

\*

“ It is only in an age of unrest that men ask : What is the best form of Government ? And hardly anybody recalls the poet’s reply :

‘ For forms of Government let fools contest ;  
Whate’er is best administered is best.’

Perhaps there is a little impatience in these words, but the maxim expresses a great truth in the form of a platitude. To be best administered is the essential condition, whether the form of the administration be a monarchy (limited or unlimited), an oligarchy or a democracy. There is no inherent virtue (or vice) in any of these forms, and history has shown that each of them has been good in some circumstances and bad in others.”

\*

\*

\*

“ There have been periods in the world’s history when kingship has not been held in high honour ; and we are passing through such

a period now. Though it can no longer demand the reverence it could once claim, yet it would hardly be wise to believe that it will never again attract the ideas and sentiments of admiration and devoted loyalty which have been its heritage from the earliest times. We are apt to think in this self-styled democratic age that its clamour to prove its superiority will be admitted by all without demur. I doubt it. Greece, the birthplace of democracy, doubted it and discarded it; Rome carried forward the democratic idea and confirmed it by long usage and invested it with some glory. But then followed the age of Augustus which showed the other Janus face of it—Empire! The *SPQR*\* and the eagles stared and obeyed, for the Roman Empire had come to live—whether it was unholy or holy—and democracy was not to jump into its seat again. The 18th century witnessed the great upheaval of the French Revolution; but this Revolution could only destroy the French monarchy for a short time; and it had no effect upon the other monarchies of Europe. But it led to something unforeseen—the birth of an Empire upon the summit of which stood another and a greater Cæsar. Napoleon's Empire was short-lived, but it was surrounded with glory and dazzled the world. Carlyle has put this in four words: ‘The Hero as King.’”

\*

\*

\*

---

\**Senatus Populusque Romanus.*

Regarding communal dissension in India, he says :

“ I am convinced that no mere external adjustments of differences will be of any use unless and until ‘they are linked,’ as a thinker once observed, ‘with some consideration also of those elements of human nature which link man with the things that are not seen and are eternal.’ That inner link is the true religious feeling of benevolence, which we have to cultivate. It gives rise to morality and leads to righteousness—the aim and object of religion and morality. We know how it has been displaced in this age by so-called political consciousness—which is a feverish craze.”

\*

\*

\*

“ The great desire of my heart,” he used to say, “ is to see Christianity and Islam join hands to inculcate practical righteousness—by purification of the natural feelings of the human heart. So far as I have studied the principles underlying them, I feel convinced that they are essentially the same. Dogmatic differences—whatever they may be—are not of the essence of their ethical teaching, and may therefore be kept apart so as not to act as obstacles. To preserve the peace of the world the ‘fraternal’ co-operation of these ethical religions is absolutely necessary. They over-spread the earth, and if united, will become the bulwark of the British Empire—which is the

guardian of peace—against all subversive movements encouraged or engineered by misguided and mischievous communism.”

\*

\*

\*

“ Education in my view has to begin the work of reconstruction by placing the civilization of the world on its only true foundation—humanity and righteousness. And true education has to address itself not to B.A.’s and B.Sc.’s, but to infant humanity. It is best begun at home in the nursery, and the best of all teachers of humanity is the mother who can do much more than Doctors of Philosophy can. Let the mother’s teaching be followed up in schools and in colleges and in universities by the training of the faculties to good-will as the mainspring of human action.”

Though Sir Nizamat Jung has not written much prose, there is sufficient material in his printed writings and notes to enable us to judge what his habitual thoughts and feelings were and how he expressed them.

“ My thoughts,” said he, “ are always under trial, and I allow time to test their truth. The collection called *Morning Thoughts* consists of impromptu notes made in 1929, and whenever I glance over the pages now, I find myself in them. Those ‘ thoughts ’ are my ‘ convictions.’ They had welled up from within ; and my friends will meet me in them.”

From the *Morning Thoughts* we get an insight into his nature and his beliefs, or in a word, into the religion of his heart.

“ What does nature contain ? Poetry and Philosophy in actual life-form. What do books contain ? Poetry and Philosophy in ideas and words.

“ Poetry reveals the secret of beauty in Nature, and Philosophy the secret of Truth—the oneness of all being. They take us to God—and become Religion.”

\* \* \*

“ What have the great men of the past done ? Have they been content merely to live in the man-made world around them like common beings, or have they in their inner lives broken down all the barriers set up by folly or by chance, by superstition or by prejudice and constantly widening the bounds of their own world, lived above the level of common humanity ? The internal forces can overcome the external. Such is the history of great souls.”

“ The approach to the Kingdom of God lies often through a desolate tract, and at its frontier life’s values change : gold becomes dross, and dross, gold ; all that was real before, becomes unreal, and all that was thought to be unreal by the worldly suddenly becomes Reality.”

\* \* \*

“ Our true well-being depends upon right-thinking and right-feeling and keeping the soul above those temptations to which the unguarded mind is liable. And it depends also upon our capacity to take from Nature around us all the suggestions of beauty and goodness it can afford, feeling ourselves to be a part of the great universe of God and related to all that is in it, and drawing into ourselves all that is best in the unseen mighty forces forming and shaping it and directing it on its eternal course. This is the wealth, the true well-being our soul requires.”

\* \* \*

“ The socialist makes spasmodic attempts to free himself from some of the old conventions, but his field is narrow. He approaches his task from the economic side—and fails. The approach has to be made from the moral side in order to succeed—as Islam succeeded in the earlier period of its history. Each one of us has this mission to fulfil, and each one should begin with himself.”

\* \* \*

“ If there is a physical instinct in our nature, there is also a moral instinct in it, and the highest function of the mind is to use it to help and not retard the evolution of self in such a way as to bring out the best that is in man. Religion and philosophy both aim at this, and the heart

of the true philosopher venerates religion as being the more potent force to achieve this object."

\* \* \*

These passages taken at random are good illustrations of his philosophy and faith. And here are some of his maxims which contain his life-long convictions in a concise but luminous form.

1. Faith is power.
2. Contentment is the foundation of happiness.
3. The path to peace lies through strife.
4. Mere knowledge is not wisdom.
5. True knowledge teaches humility.
6. The best education teaches the mind to recognize its own limitations.
7. Education should teach us to recognize our follies.
8. The wise make good use of their follies.
9. Our good work done for show becomes unreal to us.
10. Do good with what is your own.
11. Doing good for praise or gain is self-barter.
12. We can give to the world more than we take from it.
13. He who is always seeking advantage over others cannot excel.
14. Honour is greater than fame.
15. Popularity means being liked by the vulgar.
16. Deceiving others is deceiving ourselves.
17. The more you gild a lie, the less true you make it.
18. The worst slavery is that of self.
19. Man's best work is perfected in silence.
20. Poverty is a good nurse for great hearts.
21. The best things in life have no money value.

People of different religions and different

habits of life have been unanimous in their appreciation of the *Morning Thoughts*.

The collection called *Casual Reflections* has more or less the same substance, and the true worth of his meditations lies in their suggestiveness and power of guidance. So too are his thoughts on education contained in lectures and addresses delivered on various occasions. He always insists on the moral aim. In this connection, his lecture delivered at the Nizam College in February, 1913, and his Convocation Address to the Osmania University delivered in January, 1930, and his Presidential Address to the Hyderabad Teachers' Association in 1932, call for special attention. There are some of his essays which, in my opinion, deserve to be regarded as a service to Islam; notably *An Approach to the Study of the Qur'an* with its irresistible appeal to the Muslim heart. It has been widely appreciated and deserves to be still more widely known. Then we have *The Right Path*, which may be treated as a companion to it. It explains in some detail the method and course of the Quranic teaching, focussing it in moral guidance to righteous conduct in life. A short essay on *Gibbon as Historian of Islam* helps us to recognise Gibbon's service to Islam in giving an impressive picture of it in his great history, while it points out the obvious blemishes that detract from the great historian's treatment of such themes as the 'ambition' of the Prophet. The essence of Sir Nizamat Jung's criticism is that Gibbon was not

capable of assessing the true value of faith and sincerity. Hence his conjectural method of assigning causes and motives to great religious movements was superficial.

Sir Nizamat Jung's impressions of Hyderabad, old and new, gathered from his Reminiscences would throw much valuable light upon the historical background of our life today. A few extracts are given in the chapters that follow.

## AN ATTEMPT AT EVALUATION

I have now known Nizamat Jung for nearly a quarter of a century. Those days seem remote when I went to him as a student many years ago, but they come back when I visit him now and we discuss religion, morals, literature, and sometimes politics, with the same zest and freedom as before. We may differ, and sometimes differ radically on some points, but I have always had a deep respect for his views. His life, it seems to me, has been a happy and harmonious one by blending in itself all that is best in the Eastern and Western cultures. Educated and brought up amidst the surroundings of Victorian England, Nizamat Jung's mind has been constantly in touch with all that is noblest in the life and literature of Europe. He never lost faith in the efficacy of religion as the best elevating influence in the life of man, because it gives a spiritual value to practical morality; hence his deep reverence for the Qur'an and his love for the great Persian poets.

Nizamat Jung was fortunate in not having allowed his mind to become one-sided; it always remained open to currents of thought from different sources to be reduced to definite conceptions. His whole career appears to represent an endeavour to rise above the superfi-

cialities of existence in order to live a life concerned with realities, by means of silent communion with the Infinite and disinterested service of his fellow-beings. The former carried him into the realms of religion, poetry and philosophy, while the latter made him, even as an official, a social reformer and a philanthropist.

.. In all his discourses, public and private, I find him warning people against mistaking the shadow for the substance, and caring more for personal gain than for the real and lasting good of those around them. Even as a lover of literature, he values thought-content more than beauty of phrase. His words, spoken or written, whether in prose or in poetry, contain some high thought, some useful idea or some message from the great thinkers of the past, and more often from the Qur'an, calculated to raise humanity from the depths into which this glamorous but soulless civilization of ours seems to have fallen. If sometimes one finds him a little curt in conversation or uninviting in his manner or a little impatient, it is because he is above the wiles of hypocrisy, and does not hide what he feels at the moment.

Seen against the background of the social life of Hyderabad two particular characteristics emerge prominently in the life-story of Sir Nizamat Jung. One is that he did not change his principles or ways of life to suit the changing times. He did not begin to like a person merely because he found him rising to greater heights

of official eminence. The second is that he did not take advantage of his high official position to help himself or those near and dear to him. In fact one of the charges levelled against him by his detractors is that he had done no good to his own people. What greater compliment could be paid to him ?

In a world of intrigues he kept himself aloof ; but that is not all. He kept himself occupied with higher things—religion, morals, philosophy, poetry, literature—all leading him towards unostentatious public service. He remained unaffected by the atmosphere around him which was often surcharged with noxious but tempting awards. That he resisted these, is not the whole truth : his example inspired others to despise them. That is surely some achievement.

Of Nizamat Jung's youth I know very little ; I have drawn his picture as I have known him.

“ Now that my life is coming to a peaceful end,” he wrote to me only last year, “ like a slow silent river gliding towards the sea, I feel that it has been full of blessings, for which my gratitude to the Giver of all things is unbounded. The content of my life, *i.e.*, all that it held within itself, is such as to give me something of that satisfaction which is necessary to peace of mind. There has been much in my career to mar that feeling, but on the whole the power to see (and if possible to avoid) the unbecoming in conduct has saved it.”

To put it in a nutshell, Nizamat Jung's life symbolizes a sincere approach to realities—an endeavour to be good and to do good while detesting the idea of being talked about. Not to have sought power, position and wealth though they were not beyond his reach, is to have attained real success in life. Nizamat Jung can certainly lay claim to this.

“ Wherefore a man should be of good cheer, about his soul,” said his master, Socrates, “ if in his life he has despised all bodily pleasures and ornaments as alien to her and to the perfecting of the life that he has chosen. He will have zealously applied himself to the understanding and having adorned his soul not with any foreign ornaments but with her own proper jewels—temperance, justice, courage, nobility and truth—he awaits thus prepared, his journey.”

\* \* \*

Dreams of my youth, they fade but cannot die ;  
 Theirs are the songs that, silenced, echo still  
 Within my heart, its twilight gloom to thrill  
 With yearning hopes that waken but a sigh !  
 Ah, would they could regain their native sky  
 And the void air with radiant visions fill !  
 Broken the wizard wand and lost the skill  
 That could awake them all where low entombed  
 they lie !

They lie entombed, those bright-wing'd visions all,  
 Where sleeps the splendour of *Life's Yesterdays*—  
 With vanished suns, and moons, and faded bays,  
 And all the buried pomp of bower and hall.

And they are gone who could their shades recall,  
Who had the wizard wand, the magic phrase  
To wake to life the legends and the lays  
And pageants of past years that still my heart  
enthralled.

(From *Rudel of Blaye* by NIZAMAT JUNG).

## PART TWO

### CHAPTER III.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD REGIME

#### HIS HIGHNESS THE LATE NIZAM AND THE OLD HYDERABAD

*“Old times are changed, old manners gone.”*

I am conscious that I am making this chapter disproportionately lengthy, but I cannot resist quoting as many passages from Sir Nizamat Jung's impressions of old Hyderabad as may give my readers some idea of the conditions and causes that serve to explain the contrast between the old and the new order of things, and the change in men's mentality and outlook. The opinions and the language are entirely Nizamat Jung's own. He has his own point of view, with which one may not agree, but he has the advantage of having seen what many of us have not, and of having lived and moved amongst men and amid thoughts and feelings and modes of life of which we have no direct knowledge.

“As a loiterer in the past,” says he, “I delight in the reminiscences of the last years of that grand old man, Sir Salar Jung, in the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign. The sixth Nizam, Mir Mahboob Ali Khan, the 'Beloved of Ali,' was then the beloved of all hearts in Hyderabad, a boy prince who was to become a right royal figure, an embodiment of stateliness and grace. He has now become a legend; but

so long as he lived, he was Hyderabad. That Hyderabad, alas ! no longer exists—except in the hearts of those who have survived it."

" The Nizam as a child was under the special care of his grandmother, who was a jealous guardian of his prerogatives and strict in exacting from all persons the reverence and homage due to the sovereign. None could have access to him except some trusted servants of the household and on ceremonial occasions recourse was had to certain symbolical observances on the part of the *Dewan* and the higher nobility. On the anniversary of the Nizam's birthday and on the *Eid* days traditional custom demanded that *nazars* should be presented by the *Dewan* and the chief nobles at a formal *durbar*. But as the child Nizam could not hold a *durbar*, the *Dewan* proceeded to the Royal palace to pay his homage. Mounted on a majestic elephant richly adorned with silver ornaments and surrounded with armed retainers (Arab, Afghan and others) forming a long procession, he arrived at the palace in *juloos* (state). Etiquette forbade entry into the courtyard of the palace except on foot, so he had to alight at the outer gate and stand respectfully with his face turned towards the *Mahal* where his royal master was supposed to be. There he made his *salaams*—his right hand touching the ground as he bent low and then touching his forehead as he rose each time. This was repeated at the entrance to the next courtyard, and so on until he arrived at the spot beyond which none was

allowed to pass. No court dignitary, no Chamberlain or Master of Ceremonies was there in attendance, but some privileged female servant (called *mama*) had to convey his humble *nazar* to his august master with his *adab* (respects). The message was received, not by the child Nizam, but by his grandmother, who acknowledged it by sending to the *Dewan* her blessings in return. On his departure the *Dewan* repeated the *salaam* ceremony at each of the gates exactly as before until he reached the main entrance on the road. From there, having made his final salute to the palace, he rode back in state as he had come.

“ Modern scoffers may laugh at all this if they like ; but would they venture to say that such pompous ceremonial was out of place or out of time then, as it would be now? When we take such things out of their proper setting and criticise them, we commit a sad anachronism in thought and a solecism in taste.

“ Personally I give great praise to Sir Salar Jung for having in this manner taught Hyderabad the honour and reverence due to the Ruler who was a precious relic of the Moghal supremacy in India—a king in miniature. What I have related here I heard more than once from the lips of the late Hakeem Shafai Khan, physician to the Nizam. The young Nizam’s education was an object of much solicitude to the Government of India, as may be seen from the following extract from a letter dated March, 1869 :

“ It is a matter of the greatest importance that His Highness should receive every advantage in this respect that can be afforded to him and that every effort should be made by extending to him the blessings of a sound and liberal education, to fit him, as far as possible, for the high and important duties of his future life.

“ His Excellency is therefore of opinion that this question should, as far as possible, be settled now and that a guarantee should be given that, at an early period, as soon as His Highness' years will permit, an English gentleman of learning and ability should be received into His Highness' service and entrusted with the important duties of superintending his education.”

“ An English gentleman, Captain Clark, was employed in pursuance of this advice and remained with His Highness long enough to become a familiar figure in Hyderabad. It is also worth mentioning that young Hugh Gough, son of Major Percy Gough, Military Secretary to the Minister, was one of the young Nizam's companions for a period. Thus a contact with English people was established from his tender years, which must have helped to predispose his mind in favour of the advantages to be derived from friendship with the British as their 'Faithful Ally.'

“ Early impressions of the right kind are of great value, and this was proved by the course followed by the Nizam throughout his life. His sagacity in appointing Mr. (afterwards Sir) Brian Egerton as tutor and companion to his son, the Prince Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur, was an instance of it. Mr. Egerton had earned the gratitude of Indians by the finish he had given to the education of the Maharaja of Bikanir by evoking and bringing into activity the best traits of his character.

“ Hyderabad, the city of the Nizam, seemed in those days to be scenes grouped and assembled round his personality. With its crumbling ramparts and narrow crowded streets charmingly eastern, it consisted of patches of squalor and daubs of bright colour in happy union. Untidy and insanitary, may be, but quaintly picturesque in its remnants of ‘barbaric’ splendour. The breath of sixty years has passed over its face and changed it.”

\* \* \*

“ Life too was picturesque in those days, and colourful. Street scenes in the city might have been copied to illustrate the Arabian Nights ! It was a common sight to see the nobility mounted on gorgeously caparisoned elephants and horses with rich housings, which were the usual means of conveyance. They went surrounded by armed Arabs and Rohillas and proceeded slowly along the narrow streets as proud liegemen of their sovereign.

“ It is amusing to think that elephants were also used as mounts by boys going to school. And there had been a time, years before that, when the British Resident used to travel from Bolarum to Hyderabad on an elephant with a suitable escort !

\* \* \*

“ Passing through the city streets and lanes could be seen palanquins and *raths*—bullock carriages on four wheels surmounted by a tapering canopied roof. These were peculiar to Hyderabad and were kept only by the nobility for the use of

women and servants. The bullocks yoked to them were of the best Gujerat breed—white and stately with fine horns curved into beautiful crescents at the tips of which were shining ferrules of brass.

\* \* \*

“ The streets were always full of bustle and resounded with a mingled din of human voices tuned by the jingle-jangle of horse and bullock neck-ornaments, and the tinkling of elephant and camel bells, and the monotonous sing-song refrain of palanquin bearers as they ambled along joyously with their burdens. All sights and sounds had a family resemblance, and a native harmony in them. Nothing seen or heard suggested any discord or disharmony, none of that unhappy jar between diverse modes of which we have such unpleasant experience now. Hyderabad was still a part of the ‘Gorgeous East, that with richest hand showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold.’ ”

\* \* \*

“ When the cinema of life was displaying such pictures in the streets, the little Nizam was hidden away in his Purani Havaili, amusing himself in his own way, and his Prime Minister, the great man whose fame was ringing throughout India (and England), was maturing his schemes in his palace close by. Boy prince and elderly Minister, symbols of royalty and loyalty, and champions of greater Hyderabad ! Strange that

these two alone should fill the whole canvas on which our mental picture of the past is painted !

\* \* \*

“ *Old Hyderabad*.—Some years ago a European visitor saw in the remnants of its past beauty a character that has lost its meaning for most of us now. The famous French statesman, M. Clemenceau, was here in 1924, and I happened to ask him what his impression was. “ Hyderabad is an Oriental City,” he exclaimed with enthusiasm, “ unlike Bombay which is English.” He evidently saw the past and the present side by side with the eye of critical imagination. What would he say to ‘modern’ Hyderabad which stands unabashed and rejoicing in its ugly pseudo-German accretions ? Old cities suffer if they are denuded of their old-time glamour and inimitable grace !

\* \* \*

“ Our indigenous styles had been invaded by imitations of the Greco-Roman long ago, when some of the higher nobility were attracted by the beauty of the latter, but the few buildings then erected remained as interesting reminders of the influence of the West upon the tastes of the East under the shadow of the East India Company.

“ The grand Residency building and the triumphal arch at the main entrance, crowned with the Royal Escutcheon came into existence

in 1800 under the personal care of the romantic Captain Kirkpatrick, (Hashmat Jung).

“ Its magnificent Corinthian porch (originally flanked by sphinxes replaced later by lions) must have struck the imagination of the wealthy nobles of Hyderabad ; for in the city palaces of the Shams-ul-Umara family we can still trace its influence, and also at Jahan Numa which belongs to them. At a later period portions of the Chow Mahalla Palaces were built in a similar style. All this showed a gradual advance towards a foreign style which was in recognised good taste, but Hyderabad still managed to preserve its Eastern character within its walls. And this was amply safeguarded by the great architectural monuments which have stamped that character upon it for all time : The Char Minar and the stately arches on the four sides of it, and the grand Mecca Masjid flanked by the long lines of the outer courts of the Nizam’s Panch Mahalla Palace. They symbolise and give life to past grandeur ; they picture history ! The unique Char Minar occupies the centre and dominates the city, and from it radiate roads and streets and lanes in various directions, in which there is something that takes the eye by surprise : an undesigned, jumbled picturesqueness—contributed mainly by tiny shops displaying much gaudy colour and glitter on their fronts. Passing through some of the more important streets, where the palaces of the older nobility are still standing in a state of pathetic dilapidation, the observer is struck with

the prevalence of the cusped arch peculiar to the Indo-Saracenic style. It has come down from the times of the Qutb Shahi kings and has not yet ceased to be a favourite. Even in bungalow fronts it has found accommodation by the good taste and ingenuity of some of our modern architects who did not pride themselves on a cheap scorn of the antique.

“ Many improvements were carried out under Sir Salar Jung I and architecture was one of them. The Hyderabad railway station and the walls and gates of the Public Gardens presented an elegant well-thought-out style—the chief features of which were arches with deeply curved sides resting on massive square or hexagonal pillars and supporting turrets surmounted by cupolas. The railway station building was grand and unique ; there was nothing like it so far as I know, in all India. The engineer-architect who designed it (said to have been a Mr. Wilkinson) must have possessed great talent, for the style he created bears the stamp of a superior mind. The picture of the old Hyderabad railway station had a place in my affections and I am ashamed to say that it has given place before my eyes to a shapeless modern block !

“ Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen  
I now can see no more.”

\*

\*

\*

“ External forms are symbolical of sentiments and tastes, and the adopted cult of ugliness which has now become an obsession with those who claim to be progressive is only the result of senseless imitation. Imitative modernism, to my mind, is sadly subversive judging from its ravages in some directions.

“ I have not forgotten, and can never forget, the scenes in which Hyderabad displayed periodically its pomp and grandeur as part of its normal life—the Langar procession,\* the Moula Ali Urs, the Malakpet Races and the durbars of the Nizam. Once a year, when the Nizam went to the races at Malakpet, he drove in a magnificent yellow state carriage drawn by four horses. The postillions riding them were clad in gorgeous yellow livery heavily embroidered in silver. The

---

\* “ The Langar took place on the 5th of Moharrum in commemoration of an event which is said to have happened some centuries ago in Qutb Shahi times. The origin is that on the fifteenth of the month of Zilhaj 1003 H./1594 A.D. Prince Abdulla, whose father Sultan Quli Qutb was then reigning, left Hyderabad for Golconda with a large body of nobles and attendants. He was mounted on an elephant and shortly after leaving the Purana Pul Gate the animal became *mast* and charged amongst the nobles and attendants, compelling them to flee for their lives. After this the elephant moved off towards the jungle still having the unfortunate prince on his back. His mother Hayat Baksh Begum when she heard what had occurred became much alarmed for her son’s safety. She ordered food to be placed in various places around Hyderabad for both the elephant and her son. She vowed that if he returned safely, she would make a chain of gold similar in thickness and weight to that used for fastening up elephants. Her son returned safely on the same elephant after an absence of six days and his mother in conformity with her vow collected all the goldsmiths of the city together and set them at work to make a gold chain. When it was finished, her son, carrying the chain and followed by an immense procession of all the nobles and troops of the State went to the shrine of a Shia saint in the city to offer up thanks for his preservation from the elephant. At the conclusion of the ceremony the gold chain was broken into pieces and distributed among Fakirs and other religious beggars. And from that date the procession became an annual custom the Nizams, although not Shias, following the custom of their predecessors, the Qutb Shahis, in allowing it.

escort consisted of about fifty men of the African Cavalry who carried drawn sabres. Their uniforms of sky-blue with silver embroidery seemed to blend well with the bright yellow of the equipage. The roads along which the *savari* passed were crowded with eager spectators who had admiration in their eyes and love in their hearts. The road was kept clear and loyal subjects lining it on either side stood respectfully silent and with lowered heads as the cortege swept by.

\* \* \*

“ At about midday on the 5th of Moharrum a grand procession was formed consisting of the State troops, Regulars and Irregulars, and the retainers of Arab *jamedars* and *jagirdars* and other nobles for the purpose of celebrating the event mentioned, and for marching past through some of the main streets of the city. The most impressive figure in the whole procession was that of the *Kotwal* seated in a *howda* on a stately elephant. He was the cynosure of all eyes as being virtually the leader of the procession which passed in front of the Prime Minister’s Palace for inspection and on to the Royal Palace to salute the Nizam. It was picturesque in all its details, and typically oriental. The only portion of it which seemed to belong to modern times was that where the Regular troops were seen in uniforms of Western style, and also perhaps the police force somewhat modernised in appearance, both as to costume and equipment. As for the Irregulars—Arabs,

Afghans, Sikhs, Rajputs and Rathors—it was they who imparted to the scene its gaudy picturesqueness. They were in their national costumes and their movements and gestures and slogans were all in character. The most noticeable thing about the Arabs and Siddis (Africans) was the rhythmic regularity of their irregular bodily motion. They seemed to be running and hopping and whirling perpetually in a kind of war-dance as they marched along. Their wild hallooing and whistling, timed by firing off their carbines in the air, arrested the attention of the least observant. But perhaps to horse-lovers the most attractive feature of the whole procession was the long line of horses of the royal stables led by grooms clad in bright yellow livery trimmed with silver braid. The rich housings and trappings of the horses and the heavy silver ornaments round their necks and on their headstalls, seemed to jewel the scene. From the smallest Pegu pony to the largest sized Australian horse was there, and in between marched proudly, with arching necks and measured high steps, some of the finest of the Arab breed. The splendid scene with its endless variety and many-coloured brilliance was a kaleidoscopic picture then and is a dream now.

\* \* \*

“ The *Moula Ali Urs* was another annual celebration of the picturesque kind. It was held in connection with a shrine on the top of a hill, a few miles to the north-east of the city, which

had somehow become associated with the name of Hazrat Ali, and could thus claim homage and reverence. On the second day of the *Urs*, while people returned from the hill in disorderly groups, a pell-mell procession was formed along the long road in their progress towards the city. A part of the road between Moula Ali and the Hyderabad Residency was crowded with men and horses, elephants and carriages and horse and bullock conveyances of all descriptions from early morning till late in the evening, and formed the most striking part of the picture. Small booths and stalls were seen dotting the sides of the road—especially in the vicinity of the Residency—and exhibiting articles and toys of all sorts to attract the passers-by. It was an improvised fair.

“The *Mela*, as it was called, was a tempting occasion for the display of armed retainers by the nobility. And the Nizam’s beautiful horses also took part in the procession.

\* \* \*

“The *durbars* held by the late Nizam on his birthday and on the *Eid* days were in themselves pictures of Eastern pomp and splendour. They were usually held late in the evening. The *durbar* hall was brilliantly illuminated by beautiful crystal chandeliers and a side of it was occupied by musicians, who, on the first appearance of the Nizam, began their tuneful overtures in the traditional fashion. The high notes of their music as

it swelled up were softened by being mingled with the muffled sounds caused by the imperceptible movements of the people who crowded the hall. All this had an enchanting effect upon the senses.

“ As soon as the Nizam’s figure was seen at the other end of the hall advancing towards the *musnad*, the assembled people—dressed in robes of Kashmir shawls and gold brocade and girt with rich *kamarbands* and belts, carrying gold-hilted swords under their arms—rose and stood in their places. When the Nizam seated himself on his gold embroidered *musnad* in the middle of the hall on a raised platform between two arches, the musicians began strains of joyous felicitation appropriate to that part of the ceremonial. The Nizam’s retinue sat behind him in a semicircle, that is, those who were allowed the privilege of being seated in his presence, and in front of his *musnad* were ranged his principal nobles robed in *neemajama*, after the style of the old Moghal court, each in his appointed place. At a sign from the Nizam, the *Dewan* approached him respectfully and presented his *nazar* which consisted of eleven *ashrafees*; then followed other nobles in their order of precedence. And after them came the State officials and the rest of those who had the honour of attending the *durbar*. They presented their *nazars* in succession, but no order of precedence could be observed—the rush was so great. Several persons attempting to approach the *musnad* at the same time caused, as was natural, a great confusion. This was unavoidable and the

general movement became almost a *melee*. There was hurry and bustle and elbowing and pushing about for some time. This lasted till the *nazars* were over and the Nizam stood up to go back into the Mahal.

“ The *durbar* was held in the hall or pavilion called the *Khiliwat*, but outside in the open yard could be seen crowds of retainers and servants and military guards scattered all round—besides the Maisaram Guard of Honour placed in front. Crowds of people were seen in the great courtyard, scattered in groups here and there, and one of the chief features of the scene that lent a fairy charm to it, was the great number of flambeaux that starred the gloom.

“ The Nizam fully realised the importance of pomp and grandeur as assets of state for a ruler ; but kept them in the background as a foil to his own dignified simplicity. He had a wonderful eye for scenic effect, and so long as he lived, the ceremonial occasions which called for display of pomp in a becoming style were punctiliously observed.

\* \* \*

“ The personality of a ruler has a marked influence upon the conditions of life in his State and gives a style and colour to his surroundings, and dominates even those changes which time gradually brings about. I cannot think of our old Hyderabad without thinking of the late Nizam and the halo of magnificence surrounding him.

His whole life was grandeur without ostentation and dignity without assumption of state. But such grandeur and dignity only set off the inborn simplicity of his nature. Just as men saw him in his plain dress and felt awed in his presence, so were they forced to forget the almost primitive simplicity of his surroundings in his old-fashioned palace : Purani Havaili.

\* \* \*

“ There was an indescribable air about him, possibly because by heredity, by temperament and by habit he was a repository of the great traditions of Moghal grandeur. His mind moved in that atmosphere and his nature was impregnated with all the ennobling sentiments associated with it. He seemed actually to breathe forth what was in him—and had the mysterious faculty of conveying it to others. I still remember how on a public occasion he avowed his willingness to give all that he possessed—his very life, if need be, for the welfare of his beloved subjects. This was the magic link of sympathy which made him dearer to his subjects than life itself.

\* \* \*

“ Every inch a king is still the impression of those who look at his portrait in robes of state. And those who had the good fortune to see him in life may still retain the image of his handsome face and stately pose in their hearts.

\* \* \*

“ He had a heart that felt for others. It was said that when on the day following the great flood of 1908 he rode out to see the scene of desolation in the city, his eyes were streaming and he could not speak. This incident has been described by his ardent admirer, Sarojini Naidu in a fine poem, ‘ *The Tears of Asif*. ’

\* \* \*

“ All men knew how his own keen sensibility made him careful regarding the feelings of others. He shrank from hurting anyone’s self-respect ; and whenever he had occasion to dismiss an official for some serious fault, he did it with secrecy and made it appear a matter of grace by granting him full pay or pension. He seldom allowed his displeasure to be publicly known, and never did his displeasure deprive anyone of his just rights.

\* \* \*

“ His heart was so tender that he felt even for his dumb pets as though they were human beings. There was a time when he had a large kennel of English dogs, and they were kept in one of his gardens outside the city in great comfort while they remained in Hyderabad ; but during the hot-weather they were sent to his house, Snowdon, at Ootacamund, Nilgiri Hills, for a change !

\* \* \*

“ It used to be said that valuable jewellery lying in the palace was sometimes stealthily

carried away by retainers and servants, and that though he knew or suspected it, he never allowed a sign or a word to escape him that might hurt anyone. If at any time such a matter was brought to his notice, he remarked carelessly, ' Yes, such things do happen in a palace.'

\* \* \*

" He never wore any jewels on his own person except on rare occasions. His native dignity seemed to regard such baubles as unbecoming. His manner of living was, in some ways, like that of a poor man. He lived at the Purani Havaili in a small unfurnished room overspread with a white floor-cloth and he usually slept on a simple white linen sheet with a small pillow under his head. His dress indoors used to be fine white muslin, and he changed it every day and never wore the same clothes twice because they were to be given away to servants.

\* \* \*

" I have heard on good authority that at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi in 1902, the austere simplicity of his costume and absence of jewels on his person attracted attention. Some Raja said to him that it was surprising to see him unadorned when so many of his order were beladen with jewels. The Nizam in his quiet manner observed, pointing to some of his great nobles who were present, " These are the Hyderabad jewels I have around me." It was a pointedly significant remark considering that his *Paigah* nobles

were the equals in wealth and grandeur of some of the minor Indian Rulers. He knew that his portrait had a jewelled frame.

\* \* \*

“ His munificence was like his magnificence ; and he never became wealthy because he was always giving away. Whenever a commercial traveller sought his patronage with raised expectations, he did not go back disappointed—the order ran into thousands, sometimes into lakhs. The Nizam did not buy things for himself but to give them away to others. Generosity was an impulse with him, and I once heard the most interesting anecdote as an illustration of it. Out of the hundreds of petitions for pecuniary aid which were lying on his table he happened one day to pick up one in which a man living at Calcutta begged for a loan of one thousand rupees for the payment of a debt and for his daughter’s wedding. The idea of a loan from the Nizam instead of a gift was amazing and the Nizam’s heart was strangely moved by it. He ordered six thousand rupees to be sent to the man—adding five thousand as a reward to the one thousand asked for. The happy recipient, evidently an uncommonly conscientious man, returned the extra five thousand rupees saying that the amount must have been sent by mistake. This surprised and delighted the Nizam still more and he ordered another five thousand to be added and ten thousand to be sent to the man who was capable of behaving in this way !!

“ As a ruler he was jealous of the honour of his hereditary station, though he knew that its prerogatives could no longer be guarded by power, but would have to be preserved by tactful compliance with the increasing demands of the age. He was fully conscious that he stood at the parting of the ways, but he could scarcely be expected to realise that the onrush of opposing forces in the guise of reforms, true or false, might ultimately deprive rulers of some of their traditional prerogatives. It must be said to his credit, however, that he was determined to remain true to himself in maintaining the elevation of his position while admitting the need of such beneficial reforms as would take his State along the line of progress and facilitate the adjustment of its relations with all the powers that it might have to deal with.

\* \* \*

“ Reserve and dignity go together, and he was always on his dignity, and always reserved. All Hyderabad knew that he never allowed a word relating to State affairs to escape his lips even in free and intimate talk with his trusted courtiers. None was ever able to guess his intentions. The most momentous affairs were settled by him and orders issued without any stir ; and it was generally admitted that his commands were well-considered and just. Though his natural reserve prevented him from consulting his ministers personally, yet they had the fullest opportunity of representing their views when

submitting a case for orders. The departmental Secretary, the departmental Minister and the Prime Minister were the responsible officers whose opinions were laid before him in the form of an *Arzdasht* or petition, and thus he had knowledge of all pertinent facts. His mind was always clear and penetrating, and it sometimes happened that his quick eye detected the weak points in a case which had not received sufficient attention below ; and in this way he was able to rectify defects.

\* \* \*

“ He was particularly cautious in dealing with those affairs in which the Government of India were interested. He was willing to meet their wishes as far as possible when they did not conflict with any principle he had at heart. He was too careful to discuss any matter with the British Resident in person ; his Minister was the medium for such negotiations ; and it was only in the most important cases that the Minister was allowed to interview the Resident. The usual method was to depute the Political Secretary to ascertain the Resident’s views informally before submitting the matter to His Highness. Was he unnecessarily cautious, or was it timidity that induced him to remain behind the curtain ? Such a suspicion would be unjust and untrue. Those who believe it to be a sound principle that responsibility should lie on ministers—and this is the principle of the English Constitution—would at once see the wisdom of the course followed by

him. The constitutional king of Great Britain does not negotiate state affairs except through his ministers. It was the doctrine of ministerial responsibility which gave birth in England to the constitutional formula : "The king can do no wrong.

\* \* \*

" Apart from the cautious temperament of His Highness there had been present to the minds of Hyderabad statesmen the desirability of having a body of advisers in the form of a Council of State or a Cabinet Council. And the Government of India had thought fit to suggest the employment of Colonel Marshall as Chief Adviser for a short period in 1886-87. And later, there was a Cabinet Council in the nineties and its constitution was embodied in a state paper called "*Qanooncha-é-Mubarak*," which briefly indicated the powers and functions of the Prime Minister and the Departmental Ministers (*Moin-ul-Mohams*) and the duties of the Secretaries. The most significant provision in it was that the Cabinet should be the medium for submitting all matters of unusual importance to His Highness for orders. Thus it acquired a status and authority higher than that of the Prime Minister. This may be regarded as the beginning of an important constitutional change ; for, under the Salar Jung regime, the *Dewan* or Prime Minister had been the sole authority for dealing with all state affairs and as regent his power and prestige had risen still higher. After Salar Jung's death there was an obscure interregnum under the acting

Minister, Raja Nirandhar Pershad, for a year or so. Then followed the formal installation of the Nizam in 1884 and assumption of power by him: and he selected as his Dewan the eldest son of Sir Salar Jung—Nawab Mir Laik Ali Khan (afterwards Salar Jung, Imad-us-Saltanat). The choice proved ill-omened; for, there soon arose serious misunderstandings between Master and Minister, and in 1887 the latter had to resign.

“ He knew that the door was being opened by English education for the admission of new ideas and new models of progress, but there was an important reservation in his heart, that whatever was necessary or convenient to adopt must be made to work in harmony with the character of our people. He was liberal so far as advancement for the good of his people was concerned, but suspicious of such innovations as were likely to affect the admitted prerogative of Hyderabad ‘to do the best in its own way.’

“ His long-sighted mind enabled him to foresee more easily than others the danger of imitation being carried too far. It was a mind capable of examining and selecting and adopting all that was beneficial in such a way as to give it a distinction of its own, and the colour of Hyderabad.

\* \* \*

“ The pressure of circumstances from within and without increased the difficulties of his position from year to year towards the end, and

he had to rely on his natural capacity of intellect for deciding many a vexatious question. This he did after careful deliberation, and with a clearness of vision that was astonishing. He somehow made the State officers feel that his eye would at once detect any weak point in the presentation of a case. I had once heard from Sir David Barr about the Nizam's wonderful 'perspicacity.' Such a mind as his, nurtured in traditions of the regal grandeur of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and standing alone and relying on its own inherent strength was just the one to guard against indiscriminate modernism. He kept a proper watch and ward on rash innovations, and what right-minded man would blame him for this ?

"It is well-known how he stood alone. His isolation, resulting partly from his lofty position, was partly temperamental. Some inherited proclivities too may have led him to it, and the circumstances in which he had been brought up may have helped to confirm his natural reserve and delicate sensibility and shyness, and this may have increased his reticence. But whatever his shortcomings, he was a magnificent symbol of power and dignity.

"It must be regarded as a misfortune that at the very time when proper instruction and judicious guidance were most needed by him, the one man from whose sagacity and experience they could have been expected died suddenly. If Sir Salar Jung had lived another ten years—he died at the age of 54—what a difference it would have

made to the young prince and to Hyderabad ! A few years of initiation into affairs and practical training would have brought the great natural talent of the Nizam into full play and given him the self-confidence and assurance which he needed as Ruler. As it was, he was left to his own resources and had to get light as best he could ; and by looking into himself he had to discover the natural sources of strength. This habit grew on him and made him meditative and he became a deep thinker in a way, because his mind had to wrestle with problems in secrecy and silence in a dim chamber, as it were, till it saw light. It might take a few days, or a few weeks or a few months ; but he never let the question drop till he had mastered it and come to a clear decision. It is said that he actually shut himself up in his room on such occasions without food and rest. This process naturally entailed delay and made him seem dilatory. A masterful self-reliant mind almost deprived of extraneous facilities and aids—such he had become, possibly because his experience with three of his Ministers between 1884 and 1899 had not been of the happiest.

\* \* \*

“ His life seemed to have an element of mystery in it. He remained absorbed in meditation for days together and did not leave his room. He had no regular meal hours ; the meals were prepared and the *dastarkhan* laid out, but he allowed hours to pass without having a proper meal. It

was well-known how he turned day into night and night into day. Such a life was sure to tell upon his health in the end—and it did. Even his iron constitution could not hold out for many years. Though he was strong—so strong that he could stand for hours in one place without moving ; and though he had been a hardy horseman, an untiring sportsman and a wonderful shot capable of enduring fatigue such as few men could have borne—the time came at last when some spring within him seemed to snap and he collapsed. That woeful day in September, 1911, on which he was laid to rest with his forefathers within the precincts of the Mecca Masjid was indeed a black day for Hyderabad and seemed to portend misfortune. It was in this year that the plague which had been kept at bay, as it were, for many years found its way into Hyderabad at last. Some suspicious cases were heard of within a week of the Nizam's death. There is always an element of superstition in the human mind, and people felt a mysterious connection between the two events.”

\* \* \*

### **Sir Salar Jung I and the men who worked under him**

If ever a man was born great in Hyderabad, it was the First Salar Jung,\* who was great in soul, great in thought and great in deed. Fashioned by nature's own hand and endowed with qualities

---

\* “....His name has been inscribed on the roll of India's great men. Of this illustrious man the whole country is a tomb....” (The Resident at Hyderabad in his letter to the Government of India).

of a very high order, he was able to perform the most onerous functions with patience, serenity and unerring judgment. He possessed the power to remain unperturbed amidst the appalling difficulties which he had to face. Suddenly called to the highest office in the State—at the age of 23—he did not for a moment lose his self-possession. His natural modesty may have made him feel a little diffident at first, but when he had once assumed the responsibilities of the *Dewanship* of the First State in India, he proceeded on his course with the cool courage and assurance of an old experienced statesman. Out of his study into the audience chamber—a sudden and startling transition, which would have thrown an ordinary man off his balance ; but this young man of Persian features and steadfast gaze had that in the depths of his eyes which revealed the master-mind that could triumph over opposition of every kind.

When I wish to see Salar Jung's mind as it was in repose, I have no need to consult records of his deeds to see him in the history of India—and of the British Empire ; I only look at his portrait and read history in his eyes.

A friend once asked me—and he was an eminent 'imported' man—"Was Salar Jung really so great as people think ?" My first feeling was that of surprise—and annoyance. The question may have been quite innocent, but my suspicion detected a slight tone of envious irony in it, and it seemed like an insult to Hyderabad ; which I felt

personally. But I had to look untroubled and unhurt ; and my reply was : “ He was so great that it is difficult for ordinary minds nowadays to understand his greatness.” I am not sure whether this Parthian dart touched the questioner below the skin, but I had relieved my feelings by discharging it.

Salar Jung’s greatness lay in his penetration and his foresight, in his unerring judgment and his calm decision. This was followed up by appropriate and adequate action carefully planned and unfalteringly pursued. The period between the 24th and 29th years of his age was filled with the gravest concerns. He had first to save Hyderabad from self-destruction, and then to save India from the horrors of civil war. Hyderabad was on the verge of bankruptcy when he became *Dewan*, and many of the districts were in the hands of the Arab Chiefs and other depredators who had lent the State money and were thus repaying themselves. They had become farmers of revenue and their own paymasters, and often defied higher authority. The young Minister, though a novice in public affairs, was yet able to manage them with his fine tact and firmness, so as to pay them off and get back the districts to be administered under his own direction. He then proceeded to settle the system under which Revenue administration was to be carried on in future, and at a later stage facilitated control by the distribution of the whole country into Divisions and Districts. Another and greater achievement

of his was the taming of the unruly Arabs and Rohillas, who had become a menace, and winning over their powerful chiefs to be his adherents and friends. This masterly expedient proved to be of incalculable value to the State when the Mutiny broke out in India in 1857. He was about 29 years old at that time, but in intellect and spirit he was already a mature statesman. The hold of the British on India had nearly gone when Delhi fell into the hands of the rebels and the Governor of Bombay telegraphed to the British Resident at Hyderabad, "If Hyderabad goes all is lost." When the Resident informed the Minister of the fate of Delhi, the reply was that he had known of it two or three days ago. Marvellous vigilance ! What must have been his sources of information ? He knew that traitors from British India would certainly find their way into Hyderabad to incite the people against the British and indeed, some were already active at Aurangabad, and information reached him that some of them were on their way to Hyderabad. Prompt and firm action was needed and he ordered the Arab Chiefs on whom he could rely to guard the gates, to stop all suspicious strangers from entering the city and to shoot without hesitation all who disobeyed. Here we see the full stature of the military commander that occasion had made him.

He must have established reliable means for obtaining accurate intelligence ; but imagination, foresight in devising plans, calm and quick judgment, cool nerve and steady hand—these were

nature's gifts to the man of genius. However short the time for preparation, he was never found unprepared—another characteristic of greatness. As in outward aspect, so in mental poise he remained ever true to type—a great man.

After his untimely death in February, 1883, there was an interregnum until the Nizam's installation and the appointment of Sir Salar Jung's son, Laik Ali Khan as Prime Minister. During that period Maharaja Nirandhar Pershad, the Peshkar, acted as *Dewan*. It was a period of uncertainty and the record of it lies in obscurity. I used to hear as a boy that the Maharaja received the State officials and went through Government work at night, and that people seemed to be dissatisfied with the way in which the State machinery was working in those days. The contrast with the perfect management of the great Salar Jung was too marked to remain unnoticed. Maharaja Nirandhar Pershad belonged to Raja Chandu Lal's family and was the maternal grandfather of Maharaja Kishen Pershad, who became Peshkar after him, and subsequently Prime Minister in 1901.

The death of the great Minister, Sir Salar Jung in 1883, brought to a close that period of Hyderabad history during which there had been a steady movement forward towards newer ideals. His well-balanced mind with its great foresight and deliberate judgment and readiness to accept the conditions of beneficial progress foreshadowed by

the signs of the times, made it easier for Hyderabad to pass out of the old into the new order without any apparent break with the traditions of its ancient pre-eminence as a princely State which still reflected the fading lustre of the Moghal name. His family prestige as a great nobleman, his wealth and magnificence to support his dignity as regent during a long minority, his reverential loyalty to his young Sovereign, the secret jealousy of some of the higher nobility, the turbulence of a heterogeneous armed population, the vigilance of the British Representative, and his desire to accommodate, in a reasonable manner, his statesmanship to the demands of the Supreme Government while endeavouring to preserve the prestige of his own State—all this must have made his position extremely difficult. But his freedom from self-interest, his sincerity, and loyalty to the nobler principles of human conduct, and his fixed resolve to be just and upright and beneficent in all his dealings added strength to his inherent ability to rule. And he never forgot that he was ruling on behalf of his Sovereign as the chief representative of his power. The talent and capacity, and the loyalty and responsibility were his own while the halo of outward magnificence was his master's.

The Government of Sir Salar Jung the First was strongly centralised, the reins of all the departments of administration being held in his firm grasp. His secretaries had no powers vested in them ; he decided every matter by his direct

order, and his day was fully occupied with work. Papers from the various departments of Government were placed before him in succession and were immediately attended to and orders passed on them. Thus time was saved and a vast amount of work was easily disposed of. In all matters of importance he granted interviews to those who desired to represent their claims in person, such as Sahukars (bankers) who had money claims against the State, and Arab Jamadars and feudal chiefs who had vested interests and could be exceedingly troublesome. By his sympathetic treatment of all those who approached him, by his fair-mindedness and regard for justice and promptness in punishing officials guilty of corruption he won the confidence and esteem and respect of all ; and by this means he exercised an extraordinary personal influence over men of all ranks. He was the ' Nawab Saheb ' whose word was law and justice. Such is the impression I received in my childhood from what I used to hear from my father and uncle who were serving under him and whom he had selected for offices of trust when they were barely 20 years old, because they had distinguished themselves in their educational career at the *Dar-ul-Uloom*. It was my good fortune to see him a year or so before he died and his face lives in my memory—one of the most precious relics of the past.

**Moulvi Syed Hussain Bilgrami**

Foremost amongst those brilliant men who came to Hyderabad from Northern India to serve the

State under the great Minister, stood Moulvi Syed Hussain Bilgrami (afterwards Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk). He was quite a new type in this country—a tall, handsome man of fair complexion with long brown moustaches—a fine combination of eastern and western learning and refinement, a learned *moulvi* and an English scholar, to whom literature was a pleasant recreation in the midst of less congenial labour. Approximating to the western social type, he was well received in English society. He was one of the Minister's secretaries, and at a later period in the Second Salar Jung's regime he was made Secretary to the Council of State. Besides this he occupied a more honoured place as tutor to the young Nizam, and as his Secretary. Not being a man of enterprise in a worldly sense, he remained contented wherever he was placed and took life easy, and the literary and social man in him was always trying to escape from the official. He had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria when Sir Salar Jung visited London. He was a man of character (a fact that was noticed by the Resident Sir David Barr years afterwards). He was found incapable of plotting and intriguing —when intriguing came to be looked upon as a necessary qualification for rising to eminence ! This was during the short period of darkness through which Hyderabad had to pass in the first half of the last decade of the last century. It was the period in which some aspiring men attempted to climb higher but missed their footing and

fell one after another in rapid succession and had to leave the State. Peace to their shades ! Syed Hussain, the unperturbed man of character, remained an honoured personality in Hyderabad till his death in 1926.

From the year 1910, he had the honour of being a member of the India Council for some years and worked with Lord Morley, the Secretary of State for India. For many years he served as Director of Public Instruction owing to his love of the work, though the office was below the rank in which he had previously served. His book, 'Hyderabad under Sir Salar Jung,' is an official compilation of value, and time is sure to enhance its worth. But Hyderabad will soon have lost sight of his English poems if they are not brought more prominently before them. And to do this is the duty of his family. They have a merit of their own and ought to be preserved with care in the State library of which he was President for many years.

His English translation of the Holy Qur'an which he did not live to complete has been almost forgotten by the present generation. It has to be rescued from oblivion by being published and distributed among enlightened Muslims throughout India.

#### **Moulvi Mehdi Ali Khan**

Moulvi Mehdi Ali Khan was another of those men whose personality lent some distinction to the administration towards the close of Sir Salar Jung's regime. He was an able man of dignified bearing

and engaging manners, learned (according to the standard of the times) in Arabic and Persian, quick-witted and with a sparkle of arch humour in his eyes, and a persuasive speaker. As a writer he had attracted some attention by his *Ayat-e-Baiyyanat*, a treatise in refutation of the Shia doctrine, based upon Quranic texts. He seemed to be well qualified by his talents to take a prominent place and shine in any society, both in private and public life.

It was said of him, that by his fine 'promising manner' of listening to peoples' requests he always sent them away satisfied! There is an amusing anecdote about his peculiar humour. Some man from the North once came to seek employment and was received by Moulvi Saheb with his usual courtesy and asked to take a seat. After a few minutes he was introduced to those present with the remark: 'This gentleman is one before whose ancestors mine have sometimes bowed their heads.' It became known afterwards that the person referred to was descended from a barber! Men seeking employment were coming in increasing numbers in those days—and this was beginning to be resented by the people of Hyderabad. The *Mulki Non-Mulki* question was formulating itself.

Moulvi Mehdi Ali Khan became Political and Financial Secretary under the Second Sir Salar Jung and was given the title, Nawab Munir Nawaz Jung and some years later he became Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, "benefactor of the country." He continued in this office when Sir Asman Jah became

Prime Minister in 1887. From 1891 political intrigue by means of concealed agencies became rife in Hyderabad, and lasted for four or five years. It brought about a change of Ministers—Sir Viqar-ul-Umara succeeding Sir Asman Jah—and then followed the downfall of several persons and Moulvi Mehdi Ali was one of them.

After his departure from Hyderabad, he busied himself with the affairs of the Aligarh College and the cause of Muslim education in India as a disciple of the great Sir Syed Ahmed Khan to whom the Muslims of India owed a new lease of life. He had come to Hyderabad at the recommendation of Sir Syed and was one of his chosen men ; it was therefore natural for him to go back to the seat of his chief and spend the rest of his life in serving his community. He thus atoned for whatever errors he may have committed during his official career in this State ; and whatever his faults, we cannot believe him to have been a vicious man. With his sharp intellect he may have allowed considerations of expediency to outweigh all others on some occasions—as men of the world generally do—and he may thus have fallen ultimately into the trap laid for him ; but let us remember only the brighter side of his nature when more than half a century has gone by and friends and enemies rest in peace.

### **Moulvi Mushtaq Hussain**

The third man of outstanding personality who possessed solid worth was Moulvi Mushtaq Hussain. He too had been one of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan's

chosen men, and he too, after his departure from Hyderabad, returned to his old haunt to serve the old cause, devoted the remainder of his life to it and died at his post. Amongst those who came from Northern India he was respected for his strong sense of duty and devotion to honest work and was credited with the desire to do his best in whatever position he happened to be. Early in his career in Hyderabad he had been attached to the Department of Justice of which Nawab Bashir-ud-Dowlah (afterwards Sir Asman Jah) was Assistant Minister (Sadr-ul-Moham). Some incident at that period brought him under suspicion and he had to leave Hyderabad. He went back straight to Aligarh to the post of duty and honour, and served his old chief in some subordinate capacity in the same devoted and self-denying manner as before.

When the Second Salar Jung (Imad-us-Saltanat) became Prime Minister in 1884, Moulvi Mushtaq Hussain was recalled to Hyderabad and made Subedar (Commissioner) of the Warangal Division and was given the title, Nawab Intisar Jung. Some years later he became Nawab Viqar-ul-Mulk and when Sir Asman Jah became Prime Minister, he was made his Secretary, and such was the confidence placed in him by the Minister that he was Assistant Minister in fact though not in name.

As to personal appearance, he was by no means a handsome man, and there was something rugged about him. His manner of receiving people was

simple and evidently sincere, but not particularly marked by cordiality or even geniality. His gravity bordering on the stern well became his pock-marked face which was surrounded with a broad beard. He was a typical, strong, hard-worked man of power. Such is my mental picture of him.

In 1891 there were some suspicious symptoms of underground activities, the purpose of which was not then known. One of them was the publication of a defamatory pamphlet traducing the character of some eminent officials. It was a cowardly attack by some vile person or persons unknown ; but it was well-timed and hit the mark. Some of the persons defamed had recourse to the law, but while the case was dragging on, the intrigue reached its climax and the crisis (carefully prepared behind the scenes) occurred—the downfall of Moulvi Mushtaq Hussain, Moulvi Mehdi Ali and Moulvi Mehdi Hussain (Fateh Nawaz Jung) who had been Chief Justice and was then Home Secretary. The Prime Minister Sir Asman Jah retired and Nawab Viqar-ul-Umara was appointed Prime Minister. The plot had succeeded.

### **Moulvi Chiragh Ali**

Among the group of men who came with high credentials from Syed Ahmed Khan of Aligarh not the least noteworthy was Moulvi Chiragh Ali (afterwards Nawab Azam Yar Jung). His bulky rotund figure, his large head, massive brow, and protruding wide-open eyes at once arrested attention. There was something in the brain behind

that mask. The man seemed stolid, immovable ; his gestures were slow, and his manner seemed painfully deliberate. I like to think that he had something of Socrates in him besides the frontal resemblance, and that his meditative gaze was perhaps a quest, his mind being on the trail to discover some truth. This might be thought exaggerated praise ; but it is an inference based upon some known facts. He has left a considerable amount of literary work behind, such as able essays on some Islamic subjects about which misunderstanding has been (and is still) rife—the *Jehad* or religious war is one. He has shown the conditions and limitations restricting the resort to it ; and in this his service to Muslims and non-Muslims alike is inestimable. This treatise deserves to be made widely known in this age of suspicion and unrest.

It may be mentioned in passing that a certain frequenter of the Hyderabad State Library fished it out from somewhere and had copies of it printed. He was a book-lover, and his reprint of Chiragh Ali's book was his most valuable offering to the State.

### **Sir Salar Jung II**

Nawab Mir Laik Ali Khan (Sir Salar Jung Imad-us-Saltanat), the eldest son of Sir Salar Jung, was a great favourite with the late Nizam in the beginning, and was made Prime Minister soon after his installation in 1884, but unfortunately some misunderstandings occurred, which caused a change of feeling, and the Nizam at last decided to

remove him from office. The nature of the disagreement between the two remains unknown to this day ; there have been many conjectures, but the secret was so well kept by the Nizam that no one ever knew the real cause of his displeasure with the man who had been such a favourite. His administration 'launched with some eclat' went on smoothly for a short time. Master and Minister alike in age and eager to get the best out of life, made it a season of new hopes and pleasures, of sunshine and smiles. New modes of enjoying life, new forms of grandeur and magnificence, new fashions in costume and stately equipages and gorgeous uniforms—cheerfully supplied by English traders—gave splendour to the scene. I am reminded of Gray's lines when I think of it.

' Fair smiles the morn and soft the breezes blow  
 As gliding smoothly o'er the azure realm,  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
 Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,  
 Unmindful of the rising whirlwind's sway  
 That hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'

For soon the air darkened, clouds appeared on the horizon and ominous rumours were heard and the son of Salar Jung the Great vanished into darkness. After his retirement in 1887, he went to Europe and travelled in different countries for some months and was in England during the summer, shortly after Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. The house occupied by Sir Asman Jah in London during the Jubilee, 19 Rutland Gate, was taken for him and he stayed there with his

suite. I lunched with him two or three times and it made me sad to see his solemn, immovable, cheerless face which looked like a mask ; there was no life in it and no expression, and he hardly spoke a word. After sitting in the drawing room for a few minutes in complete silence, patting his pug dogs, he used to go into the dining room accompanied by his guests, and there at the lunch table he would sit silent as before. When the meal was over, the company would walk back to the drawing room, sit there for a few minutes and then break up. He was overwhelmed by some great sorrow, as all could see ; and I, who knew a little of his previous history, could guess that it must be remorse or regret at having incurred the lasting displeasure of his master. After his return to India he spent some months at Poona, and at last when he returned to Hyderabad, he did not live in the city, but at Bolarum. His health had broken down and he was eagerly awaiting his death ; and died at the early age of 27 or 28.

His career had been full of promise, because he had a brilliant intellect and a prodigious memory, and was an eloquent speaker. I have heard from Sir Faridoon Mulk, who had been his Private and Political Secretary at one time, that the young Salar Jung once on a railway journey borrowed the poems of Byron from him and began to read “*The Prisoner of Chillon.*” After an hour or so he gave him back the book and repeated nearly a whole canto !

... I once heard him make an after-dinner speech ;

it was at a banquet given in honour of Lord Randolph Churchill, who visited Hyderabad in 1886. A very tall, square-shouldered, overgrown boy with a broad unbearded face, he towered above the audience. He had the ease and self-confidence of a practised speaker and filled the large crowded hall with his clear, resonant voice. His manner was cool, dignified and impressive ; and his fine delivery showed that he possessed the natural talent of an orator.

During his short term of office it was said that he went through his ministerial work with a keenness, diligence and capacity not expected in one so young, and made his secretaries feel that he was master of the situation. With his intellect and capacity, and with the great natural qualifications he possessed, he might have become in due time a worthy successor of his great father, but fate had marked his short life for a tragedy !

But for the timely birth of his son, Nawab Yusuf Ali Khan, in 1889—the sole relic left of the great Salar Jung family, the very name 'Salar Jung' would have been lost.

Salar Jung's younger brother, Nawab Munir-ul-Mulk also died very young. He was a thin, frail-looking young man with a beautiful expression on his face, indicating fine sensibility and delicacy of sentiment. He too was a man of great promise, in whom the hopes of all well-wishers of the family and of all old servants of the State were centred, and his death was a cruel shock to all.

It seemed to forebode at the time the extinction of Sir Salar Jung's family.

The Third Salar Jung, Mir Yusuf Ali Khan, is the son of Nawab Mir Laik Ali Khan Imad-us-Saltanat. He was born in 1889 and during his minority his estate was managed by Mr. Dunlop and other high officials under the Nizam's personal direction. He received as good an education as was possible under the existing conditions, and the Nizam always treated him with particular regard and affection and showed a paternal solicitude in all his affairs. He was educated at the Nizam College and his English teacher, Mr. Cooney, had been at one time Headmaster of the St. George's Grammar School and was said to be one of the best English teachers in Hyderabad. He was a friend of mine and from him I used to hear good accounts of his pupil. Mr. Cooney was also teaching Nawab Moinuddin Khan, son of Sir Asman Jah, and at that time both the pupils were profiting by their education and showed fair promise.

Nawab Salar Jung was made Prime Minister in 1912 when Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad vacated that office rather unexpectedly. The British Resident, Colonel (afterwards Sir) Alexander Pinhey, strongly supported the selection, for the name of Salar Jung, as he said, was a name to conjure with! The new Prime Minister being young and inexperienced, was given two special Advisers to help him in his responsible work. One of them was Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk, a man

respected by all Hyderabad; an able and trustworthy official of long standing who had enjoyed the confidence of the late Nizam and was treated with much consideration by His Exalted Highness the present Nizam. The other was Sir Faridoon Mulk, another veteran, who had served as Private and Political Secretary since the time of the Second Salar Jung, Nawab Imad-us-Saltanat, and who by his sagacity had been able to maintain his position and personal influence under four Prime Ministers.

The work of administration under the young Minister was carried on in this way for about two years,\* when His Exalted Highness considered it more expedient to take it directly under his own supervision. The Nizam thus became his own Prime Minister, and Sir Faridoon Mulk, the medium for ministerial work. The arrangement lasted till the year 1918 when the idea of having an Executive Council matured and steps were taken to select a suitable person of sufficiently high status and experience—in consultation with the Government of India—to be its President. This brought Sir Ali Imam to Hyderabad, who immediately after his arrival, drew up the constitution of the Executive Council and had it inaugurated in November, 1919.

Nawab Salar Jung is perhaps the only one amongst the nobles of Hyderabad who has shown marked ability for managing his great ancestral

---

\* 1912-1914.

estates with practical efficiency in all details. And it redounds to his credit that he is the only nobleman whose estate is not encumbered with debt. Equally remarkable is his proclivity for business. He is interested in companies and is one of the directors in some important ones. To have freed himself from the restraint of the old "dignified" prejudices of his class so far as to have become a practical man of business, shows uncommon adaptability.

### **Sir Asman Jah**

When Nawab Sir Salar Jung, Imad-us-Saltanat, was made to retire in the early part of 1887, His Highness the Nizam appointed Nawab Bashir-ud-Dowlah, Sir Asman Jah, to succeed him as Prime Minister. He was the head of the elder branch of the Shams-ul-Umara family, and the Nizam's brother-in-law. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, tall and dignified in his bearing, courteous like all the old nobility of Hyderabad, and possessed of wealth which made him richer, as people thought, than the richest *sahukar* (banker) in Hyderabad. He had not the advantage of being highly educated, but the oriental education he had received was sufficient to enable him to perform the duties of his high office satisfactorily with the help of able secretaries. It may be mentioned in his praise that he refused to take the honorarium of the Prime Minister, which was Rs. 10,000 a month. He was a man of mild and amiable disposition, conciliatory in his ways and loyal to his master; but some

of the high officials around him began to intrigue in their own interest and this led to his downfall. The Jacob diamond case in which the Nizam himself had to give evidence, perhaps hastened the catastrophe. The Minister lost his popularity and came to incur the easily aroused suspicion of his sensitive Master. A web of intrigue was woven round him by designing people and he had to vacate office in favour of his cousin, Nawab Iqbal-ud-Dowlah, Sir Viqar-ul-Umara, in 1893 or 1894. He died in 1898, leaving an only son, Nawab Moinuddin Khan, afterwards Nawab Moin-ud-Dowlah.

#### **Sir Viqar-ul-Umara**

Sir Viqar-ul-Umara, the younger brother of Nawab Khurshid Jah Shams-ul-Umara, was a nobleman who represented a new type among the nobility. A lover of things European, he preferred to live after their style—in externals. A sportsman by inclination and habit, he was fond of big game shooting and sports and built for himself a shooting box on the Ananthagiri Hill beyond Gangawaram, which is now known as 'Vikarabad.' He was surrounded by a number of sporting men who had once been connected with the Hyderabad Contingent, and he kept a fine stud of horses and had a polo team of his own. In the eighties of the last century he began to build on the top of a hill beyond Jahan Numa palatial villa which came to be known as 'Falaknuma.' He loved 'the grand style' and was heedless of expense. With such tastes,

it was not difficult for him to become popular and to run into debt !

As regards mind and ability and experience of work, it cannot be said that he achieved anything like distinction as Prime Minister. He too, like his predecessor, had to depend largely upon his secretaries, and some of them were men who were inclined to serve their own interests with greater zeal than his. By their insinuating manner and flattering subservience they could keep him in good humour, and so control his confidence. I remember some of these tacticians and their doings, but it is needless to dig out such trifles from beneath the dust of half a century.

Sir Viqar, to his misfortune, soon became a centre of intrigue owing to his weak but good nature ; and of this His Highness the Nizam became aware through secret reports which reached him from time to time. One of the sources of information, and perhaps the most reliable, was Nawab Akbar Jung, Akbar-ul-Mulk, C.S.I., the lynx-eyed, lion-hearted *Kotwal*. The Nizam's suspicions increased from day to day, until a sort of bitterness entered into their mutual relations, and he decided to change the Minister. An order was passed suddenly in 1901 removing Sir Viqar from office and appointing Maharaja Kishen Pershad, the Peshkar, in his place.

Sir Viqar died soon after this while he was out on a shooting expedition in one of his jagirs.

I remember his personal appearance; his dignified manner and his 'awe-commanding' presence to this day. He was a man of few words, and spoke in a grave, impressive tone. One could not forget in his presence that he belonged to the highest nobility and was related to the Nizam. His figure and his broad whiskered face reminded me of the poet Gray's lines: "Lion port and awe-commanding face." He left two sons, Nawab Sultan-ul-Mulk and Waliuddin Khan, Nawab Wali-ud-Dowlah.\*

The latter, after having been educated at Eton for sometime, returned to Hyderabad, joined the Imperial Cadet Corps, and in course of time was made Military Minister by His Exalted Highness the Nizam, and later, a Member of the Executive Council where he was one of my colleagues for many years. He acted as President of the Council more than once, and with his good nature and pleasing manner was liked by all of us. In 1935, by a sudden impulse he made up his mind to go on pilgrimage to Mecca and started a few days before I did. When I reached Karachi, I was informed that a radio message had been received at Hyderabad informing the Nizam of his sudden death at Medina. I am mentioning these facts to show how the great family of Shams-ul-Umara was rapidly reaching a stage at which its prestige would be lost and its importance diminished—perhaps for ever.

---

\* See p. 230.

In this connection I should like to mention also the fate of Sir Viqar's eldest son, Nawab Sultan-ul-Mulk, a very handsome young man with graceful manners, uncommonly gentle and refined and possessing a fine intellect and great capacity for business. He was just the type that would have adorned the office of Prime Minister or President of the Council. But fate was determined to interfere in Hyderabad affairs. In 1909 or 1910 his mind suddenly gave way, and he had to be sent to England for treatment under the charge of Dr. Lawrie, who had been Residency Surgeon at Hyderabad. But he did not recover completely and was brought back to Hyderabad some 22 years ago, and has remained in obscurity since. He has a number of sons and grandsons ; but will they ever occupy the same high position among the nobility of Hyderabad as he did ?

A similar fate has overtaken the other branches of the *Paigah* family. Sir Asman Jah, left only one son who became Nawab Moin-ud-Dowlah. He was Member of the Council (Military Department) for some time and lived as a private gentleman after his retirement. He was an excellent horseman and a fine shot, but his health was undermined and he died at the early age of 50.

He has left some sons, of whom the eldest is Nawab Zahiruddin Khan Bahadur, Zahir Yar Jung, a young nobleman of good education—a graduate of the Osmania University. His

graceful manners distinguish him from the majority of our young nobility of the present day, and he shows some promise. He is a young man who may prove useful in the service of the State and enhance its prestige by bringing once more before the public eye some of the nobler qualities of his ancestors, the great *Paigah* nobles.

### **Nawab Sir Khurshid Jah**

Nawab Sir Khurshid Jah Shams-ul-Umara Amir-e-Kabir was the second of three brothers : the eldest, Sir Asman Jah was his half-brother, and Sir Viqar-ul-Umara was his own brother, but younger. Sir Khurshid Jah did not hold any office but was regarded by people generally as the typical representative of the great Shams-ul-Umara family on account of his conservative style of living which was quite *Moghlai*. And he was favoured by the late Nizam's personal attention more than any of his brothers ; possibly because he seemed more anxious to preserve the traditional prestige of his family. His ways and habits and style of living, all combined to keep him aloof from State affairs.

Nawab Sir Khurshid Jah and his brothers, Sir Asman Jah and Sir Viqar-ul-Umara were allied to the Nizam's family by marriage, each of them having married a daughter of the Nizam, Afzal-ud-Dowlah ; and this gave the family a very high status. So it was natural for him to think that the office of *Dewan* could not enhance his dignity.

Nawab Sir Khurshid Jah had two sons: the elder was Nawab Imam Jung, Khurshid-ul-Mulk, and the younger, Nawab Zafar Jung, Shams-ul-Mulk, who together with Sir Asman Jah had the honour of representing His Highness the Nizam at the Queen's Golden Jubilee in 1887.

Nawab Zafar Jung was the son of Nawab Afzal-ud-Dowlah's daughter and therefore nearer in kinship to the ruling family. Nawab Sir Khurshid Jah died in 1902 and Nawab Zafar Jung did not survive him many years. He died in 1907. Like the other branches of the *Paigah* family, Sir Khurshid Jah's family has also been unfortunate. After his death his son, Nawab Zafar Jung, Shams-ul-Mulk, a first cousin of the late Nizam, succeeded his father nominally as head of the *Paigah* but was not vested with full powers. The estate was placed under the supervision of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Brian Egerton by the order of the Nizam. Nawab Zafar Jung died young and his eldest son Nawab Lutfuddin Khan, who became Nawab Lutf-ud-Dowlah afterwards, succeeded him as head of his branch of the family; but the estate continued to be managed by Sir Brian Egerton until the final settlement (based upon the Reilly Commission Report) was made by His Exalted Highness in the year 1928. The three *Paigahs* were then restored to their rightful claimants, but their prestige had declined. Special committees were appointed by His Exalted Highness to assist the *Paigah Amirs* in the work of administration.

Nawab Lutf-ud-Dowlah, a remarkably able man of high principles and strong character, served on the Council from its inauguration in 1919 till his death in 1937. I had great admiration for him on account of his sincerity, unswerving rectitude, independence of judgment and ardent loyalty to his Master and the State. I looked upon him as the one man among the nobles of Hyderabad well qualified to be President of the Council. But suddenly he developed symptoms of cancer and had to go to Vienna for expert treatment and died near Aden on his way back. This showed that fate was again at work ; and his death was an irreparable loss to the State. He has left children, but it does not seem likely that any of his sons will ever attain the same elevation and fill the same place in the public eye. They will be fortunate if they have inherited any of his qualities.

The great *Paigah* family—the barons of Hyderabad—liege vassals of the Nizam, connected with the ruling family by ties of intermarriage, enjoying high, almost regal prerogatives and privileges and an annual revenue of about £400,000—were an estate of the realm. But time and fate have put them into the background of Hyderabad history ; and their disappearance will leave unimpeded the levelling movements of the times. And then will be gone for ever the pomp and splendour of regal Hyderabad of which they were the reflectors.

### Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad

Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad was appointed Minister by the late Nizam after the retirement of Sir Viqar-ul-Umara in 1901. He was a special favourite ; for, with his polished manners and respectful behaviour towards his master, he could not fail to please. And his learning and taste for the fine arts, and the spirit of Muslim culture which he had imbibed from the Qur'an, made him deservedly popular with all sections of the public.

I first had the honour of meeting him soon after his appointment as Minister, and it was by his order that I was appointed Under-Secretary in the Legislative Department, of which my uncle, the late Nawab Emad Jung, was then Secretary. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him whenever I officiated for my uncle, who was Home Secretary, or for Mr. Faridoonji who was Private and Political Secretary. He was always affable and courteous ; and his unaffected politeness, which became all the more attractive by his sympathetic manner, made him in my eyes a type that was not common even in those days when the standard of good breeding was much higher than it is now. Apart from Government work, we used to talk about various matters of general interest and, occasionally, of English literature. Thus in course of time our official relations changed imperceptibly into friendship and mutual regard.

In those early days, before he had fully grasped the details of the administration, he had as advisers

some able and experienced secretaries. The chief among them was my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, who had been alternately Judge of the High Court, Chief Justice and Home Secretary under four successive Ministers. His complete knowledge of the working of all the Departments was useful to the new Minister whom he tactfully and judiciously guided till 1904.\* The late Nizam, who knew the worth of Nawab Emad Jung's services, used to ascertain his opinion through the Maharaja in matters of special importance.

The Maharaja received the high title of Yamin-us-Saltanat (the right hand of the State) from his gracious master, and some time after that, the honour of G.C.I.E. from His Majesty the King Emperor. Such a distinction had not been conferred on any Prime Minister of Hyderabad since Salar Jung I, who was a G.C.S.I.

The most praiseworthy feature of the Maharaja's long period of service was that he never caused the least displeasure to His Highness in any way. Always obedient and loyal to him, he succeeded in making the relations between master and servant personal and cordial. They were based upon affection and esteem.

It is pleasant to recall how solicitous of his Minister's health the Nizam was during a period of illness, when he graciously allowed him the use of the Falaknuma Palace for a change—an uncommon honour.

---

\* See Chapter V.

All went peacefully and prosperously till the unexpected and untimely death of the Nizam in September 1911. It was a dismal day for Hyderabad. Almost everyone of his subjects felt his lamentable death as a personal loss, and it can easily be imagined what his favourite, the Maharaja, must have felt. It proved ominous for him.

After the installation of the present Nizam it seemed as though the Minister was losing ground, rapidly and unaccountably, so far as relations with his new master were concerned. In 1912 it became evident that he would not be able to retain office long. I happened to be officiating for Sir Faridoon as Political Secretary in those days and used to see the Minister twice a week, and I could gather from his conversation that he thought a change imminent. Not many days had passed when the change did occur, and so suddenly and so quietly that it seemed to have been planned beforehand. One morning when I went to see the Minister at Saroornagar, I found his palace almost deserted—silence everywhere, no visitors in the anterooms and no 'chobdars' or servants to be seen anywhere. And when I was announced at last, and the Maharaja himself came down to see me, the very first words he uttered were that he had sent in his papers !

A few days before his fall he had shown me an anonymous letter received by him, in which it was said that some people were secretly preparing a forged document in order to make him suspected

by the Nizam as disloyal. The names of some of the plotters were mentioned, and also the place of their meetings. The Minister had given the letter to me to have enquiries made through the District police. But before any information could be had from that quarter, he fell.

There had been many plots in the previous regime, but none of them had ever been so heinous and so daringly criminal as this. Fortunately it was the first and last of its kind. The immediate steps taken, as suggested by the British Resident, to get to the bottom of it was a careful examination of the forged signatures on the memorial by a well-known handwriting expert from Calcutta, Mr. Hardless. It showed that all except two or three were forgeries. The author of the crime was removed from his post but the Nizam's mercy saved him from punishment.\*

After his retirement from service, Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad occupied himself with his favourite pursuits: literary and artistic. Occasionally he used to send his Private Secretary to me to know how things were going on and, possibly, to find out how he stood with the Nizam on the one hand, and with the Resident on the other. My advice always was that he should remain unperturbed and go on quietly pursuing his usual avocations, giving special attention and care to the improvement of his great estate, so that he might soon be out of debt. Generous to a fault, he was constantly reduced to the necessity of

---

\* See Chapter V.

borrowing, and his Private Secretary had to find the money. As time went on, the Maharaja's affairs, instead of being straightened out, became more and more involved. He had not the strength of mind to make a firm decision and adhere to it. His generous heart was always in the way, and his amiable qualities only served to make him weak. Years as they passed taught him to live the unostentatious life of an ordinary gentleman—but his expenditure was not reduced and his debt remained unpaid.

In 1926 when certain changes, with a view to reform in the administration, became necessary, it was a matter of primary importance to change the personnel of the Executive Council. This meant the selection of a suitable person as President, but the matter was a somewhat difficult one. The alternatives were: either to import a man from British India or to choose one from amongst the nobles of Hyderabad. Besides bearing in mind the risk involved in having an outsider whose principles and political sympathies could not be known beforehand, we had to recall the Viceroy's advice, that it would be well to select one of the nobles of Hyderabad, if possible. The names that suggested themselves, chiefly on the ground of previous service as Prime Minister, were those of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad and Nawab Salar Jung Bahadur. But His Exalted Highness was not disposed to nominate Nawab Salar Jung. So the claim of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad could not well be overlooked, and I

ventured to submit to His Exalted Highness my own views in the matter. The Maharaja, I explained, had filled the office of Prime Minister for over 10 years with credit ; that he had been a careful and loyal servant ; that his behaviour on the whole had been so praiseworthy that he had earned the good opinion and esteem of the British Government. And I laid particular stress on his fidelity to the Nizam, which seemed to me above suspicion. His Exalted Highness hesitated for some days, and as I had to use stronger arguments, I insisted on the great risk involved in taking an unknown man from outside. And as it was thought prudent to ascertain the views of the Resident first, I spoke to Sir William Barton about it. He did not know the Maharaja personally, but had evidently heard of his declining age and uncertain health and growing infirmities. These he mentioned as possible objections, but I succeeded in convincing him that they were not so serious as to make us overlook the greater danger in choosing an outsider, on account of the disturbed political conditions prevailing in India.

Sir Kishen Pershad was appointed President of the Executive Council in 1927 and continued as such for a period of ten years. It was gratifying to the people of Hyderabad to see once more at the head of affairs one who was so highly thought of by all, and who could bring back with him some of the grace and dignity of the old regime and lend to the Presidentship some of the lustre of the *Dewanship*.

I served under him as a member of the Council till I retired towards the end of 1929 ; and I found him as gentle, affable and courteous as he had always been. One of his noble characteristics was that he was willing to work in concert and friendly accord with his colleagues. Self-assertion was unknown to him, for he had the refined gentleman's inborn tact of guiding by silent suggestion. He proved to be an excellent President, and people regretted his retirement when the time came for it in 1937. Sir William Barton who had at first hesitated to agree to his selection, came to acknowledge after three years' knowledge of him and his ways that the selection had been more than justified. In his speech at the farewell banquet given to him by the Maharaja, he referred to him and his pre-eminence among the Hyderabad nobility by calling him " the last of the Moghuls." This was perhaps on the ground of his being one of the last few noblemen in Hyderabad who remained conscious of the fact that Hyderabad was a princely State still reflecting, though faintly, the glory of the Moghal name.

The Maharaja did not live very long after his retirement. He died in 1940 at the age of 76. His life had been saddened towards the end by some family troubles and anxiety as to the future.

As a man of high thoughts and liberal views and broad sympathies, he was very tolerant in religious and social matters. Indeed so much so that he made people think that he belonged to

all religions and to none in particular ! Though his marriage with a Mohammedan lady proved him to have been a Muslim, the burning of his body after death restored it to Hinduism. He called himself a *sufi* and a *fakir*. *Sufism*, as he understood it, was perhaps no more than a quest of the abstract spirit of religion beyond any denominational form of it. So far as I could judge, he did not reveal any of the peculiar characteristics of mysticism, and I never heard of any absorption or emotional contemplation leading him towards spiritual ecstasy. The habit of his mind seemed to be eclectic, rather than intuitive. And though he liked to call himself a *fakir*, the stern self-abnegation which is the essential quality of a *fakir*, seemed to be beyond him.

He had always been anxious to obtain a *Firman* from His Exalted Highness regarding the devolution of his estate after him ; and his desire was that his son by his Rani, Khwaja Pershad, should be his successor. He asked me to use my influence to persuade the Nizam to issue a *Firman* to that effect ; and upon my submitting the matter to His Exalted Highness I was told there was no need for hurry. And time showed that His Exalted Highness was right.

The unfortunate Khwaja Pershad had been brought up with great expectations as he was the sole survivor of the many sons by the Maharaja's Hindu wives. His name, Khwaja Pershad, had been suggested by the Maharaja's faith in the

mysterious powers of the great saint of Ajmer, to whom probably repeated supplications had been made by him for the birth of a son and heir. But the boy was ill-fated and did not choose to follow the ways of his father; nor did he reveal any qualities that could entitle him to be thought a worthy son. After the Maharaja's death, His Exalted Highness was pleased to issue a *Firman* in 1943, naming him successor to the estate, but on that very day he left for Bombay—to meet his doom. Thus was another great family of Hyderabad nobles, which had had a long and distinguished career in the State, brought to its end.

Of the other great nobles of Hyderabad, below the Prime Ministers, who held high official positions and remained long at their posts as grand figure-heads, ornamental as well as useful, I should like to mention some of those whom I knew personally and under whom I served as a judicial officer.

#### **Nawab Fakhr-ul-Mulk**

Nawab Fakhr-ul-Mulk was Assistant Minister for the Judicial Department for over 30 years. He belonged to a side branch of the Salar Jung family, became Moin-ul-Moham under Salar Jung II and continued in that office till his retirement in 1918. He was a man who liked to live like an aristocrat. He built for himself a palace on one of the hills beyond Khairatabad and furnished it gorgeously and lived in it surrounded by his large family with something of baronial pomp and

as one who had entertained hopes of becoming Prime Minister. His lavish expenditure led to extravagance—and debt. With all his weaknesses, he had the noble qualities of his race, and was a perfect gentleman, kind-hearted and courteous. His politeness was of the lofty style and bore the hall-mark of aristocracy.

It was a pleasure to me to be received by him, not as an official on business, but as a friend, and to be treated by him with marked consideration. He had a special regard for me because he had known and respected my father and uncle since the time of Salar Jung I, as men who had been selected on account of their high merits. He knew me from the time I returned from England and was appointed as a District Judge in 1897, and I served under him until I reached the highest post in the Judicial Department, that of Chief Justice. After my appointment as Political Secretary, we did not meet often, but mutual esteem continued as before.

He knew my character and tastes and habits, and whenever an occasion presented itself, he suggested that my services should be utilised. And it was he who got me nominated to the Honorary Secretaryship of the City Improvement Board when it was formed in 1913 at the suggestion of the Resident, Sir Alexander Pinhey. He was its President and his recommendation was approved by the Cabinet Council and sanctioned by the Nizam. I served on the Board till 1937.

As Home Secretary under him I put up a scheme for founding a Poor House in Hyderabad, which was sanctioned by His Highness.

**Nawab Shihab Jung, Iftikhar-ul-Mulk**

Another man who held a very high and unique position among the nobility was Nawab Shihab Jung Iftikhar-ul-Mulk. He was the Moin-ul-Moham in charge of the Police Department from the time of Salar Jung II. He was a nephew of the great Sir Salar Jung, and naturally took pride in the relationship. He was fair of complexion and good-looking, with a face that seemed at times a little haughty and proud, and his manner also seemed to partake of these qualities. But on getting to know him better one found that these were only appearances, and that his heart was good. His figure was short and stout and some spinal defect had made him hunch-backed, so that he was not able to hold himself up straight, and in his walk there was something shambling and awkward. But he managed to hold his head high, and could inspire in people not only respect, but awe. His life was one of strict privacy ; he did not go out much and he did not receive visitors, and even his Secretaries seldom saw him. Their papers had to be submitted in boxes and orders were passed on them in his own handwriting, and without delay. He was in the habit of keeping awake nearly the whole night, doing office work during the quiet hours when there was nothing to disturb him. Interest in

work was a trait of his character, and his night vigils left no trace upon his face, which was always fresh and ruddy. He was known to be oversensitive, and was easily annoyed with those who failed to show the respect due to him. I had not much to do with him officially except once in 1902 when he acted as Prime Minister at the time of the Delhi Durbar during the absence of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad, who had accompanied H.H. the Nizam to Delhi. As officiating Minister Nawab Shihab Jung used to receive Government Secretaries on fixed days, not at his own house but at the Aftab Mahal in the Chow Mahal Palace, by special permission of His Highness. I was officiating for Mr. Faridoonji as Private and Political Secretary and so had the opportunity of seeing and getting to know Shihab Jung Bahadur from week to week for over a month. Under his grand and pompous exterior I discovered kindly and gracious qualities ; and when the time came for us to part, he had the goodness to assure me that all the time I had worked with him he had been very pleased with me. After some years I again had the opportunity of working under him. It was in 1909-10 when I was Home Secretary, and from the Home Secretariat papers relating to the Police Branch had to be submitted to him as Police Minister. In 1910 a rumour was heard that a change was likely to take place in the Home Secretariat, and I received from him a letter in his own handwriting expressing anxiety and concern on account of the impending change.

He felt the matter rather keenly, he said, because of his esteem for the memory of my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, and his personal regard for me. I have preserved the letter as one of the most precious things in my possession.

\* \* \*

It is a consolation and a pleasure to me to recall these names from amongst the representatives of the old Hyderabad nobility—true patriots with whom ended the patrician regime.

#### **Rajas Rai Rayan and Sheoraj**

No picture of Hyderabad would be complete unless sufficient prominence was given in it to eminent members of the Hindu community to whom the Nizams have invariably shown marked consideration and favour. The Nizams' rule has been distinguished throughout its history by a benevolent spirit of toleration and all religions have been treated by them with the justice and impartiality befitting Islamic rulers. They have never made any distinction between Hindus and Muslims so far as their rights as subjects were concerned. Their Hindu subjects have never had any cause for complaint in this respect, and whatever may have been said of late years by detractors and malcontents for political purposes may safely be set down as 'propaganda.' I say this without hesitation because I have known Hyderabad immune from such sinister activities —before it began to receive its inspiration from British Indian politics. What I wish, therefore,

to bring into proper perspective in my picture of Hyderabad is the position of the Hindus and their admitted status.

A fact that must never be overlooked is the traditional practice of giving the highest or next highest place in the administration to a Hindu nobleman. This has made the Peshkar's or Assistant Prime Minister's office hereditary in the family of Raja Chandulal, of which Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad was a scion. Besides this, hereditary offices of the highest importance and trust have been held by successive generations of some of the more prominent among the Hindu families such as Raja Rai Rayan Amanatwant and Raja Sheoraj Dharamwant. State Records—which were the very foundation of the State administration—were entrusted to their custody and care and jagir lands were granted to them in perpetuity to maintain them in affluence and suitable dignity. I have personally known these two Rajas and regarded them as models of refinement and high-bred courtesy. They were devotedly loyal to their Master, the Nizam, and sincerely attached to their Muslim fellow-subjects. My friendship with them was ancestral ; the relations between them and my father, Nawab Rifat Yar Jung, and my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, were always cordial and in my own time the family sentiment remained unaltered. With Raja Sheoraj in particular, it almost became an affectionate regard combined with the respect due to an elder member of the family ; for even

in his old age when totally blind, he used occasionally to invite me to have tea with him either in his City Palace or in one of his gardens, Inder Bagh or Karan Bagh. Such incidents remain engraven on the heart and cannot be erased or effaced by any device that can be made use of by 'propaganda!' And in this, I think, lies the true force of the claim of Hyderabad that it is perhaps the only place in all India where there has been true, that is, unsimulated cordiality between Hindus and Muslims. May it last for ever!

Another important fact worth mentioning is the high rank and status, fully recognised by Hyderabad, of the Rajas of Samasthans—such as Wanparthy, Gadwal and others, whose domains were like small principalities, self-governing and self-contained—but owing fealty and allegiance to the Nizam as their liege-lord. The ruling Nizam, solicitous of their welfare, always safeguarded their rights and privileges.

I consider it a privilege to have been on terms of friendship for a long period with the two Rajas I have mentioned, and also with that gallant sportsman, the Raja of Jatpole, who always brought me latest photographs of the tigers he shot! Gadwal was a friendly young man, somewhat corpulent but not ungainly, and had a face that always wore a kindly smile. He died young much to the regret of all his friends—mostly Muslims.

Wanparthy was tall and slim with regular well-chiselled features. I often recall his simple but stately manner which became truly graceful by his innate modesty and courtesy. He never failed to call on me whenever he visited Hyderabad and I think of him as a friend whose departure from this world was premature. He died in the prime of life and his place has not been filled. Jatpole, whose manliness always impressed me, was a fine type, unassuming and gracefully respectful, with a spontaneous engaging manner and a refreshing country-simplicity in his ways. I have a pleasant recollection of our meeting at Ooty in 1917 when we went to the Governor's garden party together. After that I did not see him so often in Hyderabad as in former times, and in a few years his health declined fast and he departed this life, while still comparatively young. I have not yet ceased to regret his disappearance, and hope that his place will be filled with the same grace and dignity by his successor whom I have known since his childhood.

I have known other Rajas but they need not be mentioned specifically except Anagundi, the last sad relic of the great historic *raj* of Vizianagaram. He used to call on me when he came to Hyderabad, and I could read the history of his family in his eyes full of a sad expectancy. He was a picture of forlorn hope and I could imagine him as a ghost haunting the ruins of his ancestral Humpi. Another remarkable personage whom I had the pleasure of knowing was the Rani

of Sirnapalli—a lady well-known for her ability to rule. I saw her once at the birthday *durbar* of His Highness the late Nizam ; and once she did me the honour of coming to see me. These are enlightening memories.

I hope I have not treated these fine specimens of the Hindu community in any thing like an official manner, or in a spirit other than that of amity which makes no communal distinctions whatever. And this I take to be the true Hyderabad spirit coming down to us from our ancestors. Old Hyderabad was the only place in India where, I believe, such perfect concord between Hindus and Muslims was possible. Will the modern progressive politician allow us to preserve it so as to give India a much needed lesson ?

Besides the great nobles,—courtiers *par excellence*—whose names have been mentioned, there were some other men who had earned distinction by their merits and who were specially favoured by the Nizam and were either included in his entourage or were in close touch with him. They were :— (1) Moulvi Ahmed Hussain, Chief Secretary, (2) Nawab Sir Afsur-ul-Mulk, A.D.C., and (3) Nawab Akbar-ul-Mulk, *Kotwal*.

### **Sir Amin Jung**

Sir Ahmed Hussain—Nawab Amin Jung—was also a member of the Executive Council for a time. An interesting personality—a compound of amiable simplicity and practical shrewdness. He came from Madras in 1895 and was appointed

Assistant Secretary in the Nizam's *Peshi* Office at the recommendation, it is said, of Mr. Eardley Norton, with whom he had been working as a legal practitioner.

A man of humble origin, as he himself told his friends with admirable candour, he found himself suddenly brought face to face with the Nizam of Hyderabad. He was a favourite of Fortune, who created a convenient vacancy for him when Nawab Survar-ul-Mulk, *Peshi* Secretary, had to retire suddenly in 1896. The Assistant thus became Secretary and was known later as Chief Secretary to His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. In course of time he was made C.S.I. and K.C.I.E.

He was an important person in the entourage. Confined for the greater part of his life within the four walls of a room, over-busy transcribing royal *Firmans*, he had not much opportunity for developing originality. And as he had no mischievous tendencies in him, he managed to keep the noiseless tenor of his way to hoary old age, winning the esteem of his fellow-beings by his meekness.

Love of books distinguished him from the majority of our officials and induced him to collect a good library and house it in a suitable building erected for the purpose. This, a monument in itself, helped to draw an atmosphere of erudition around him and may possibly have afforded the consolation of a student which he needed in later years to alleviate the sorrows of life, such

as the premature deaths of several grown-up sons.

At the Council Meetings, which he attended as officiating Finance Member, I learned to appreciate some of his estimable qualities. His ingenuous and unassuming disposition was in no way affected by his venerable beard which 'swept his aged breast'—without which I could almost have imagined him a child! We became friends and had a genuine affection for each other, and I have felt deeply for him in his misfortunes which crowded on him in his declining years and made unhappy his prolonged sojourn in an empty world. But as he is a man who has studied the Qur'an and meditated over its lessons with occasional side glances at Sufism, I hope he will find the bitterness of some of his recollections mitigated by its never-failing message.

#### **Mirza Mohammed Ali Baig**

Sir Afsar Jung, Afsar-ud-Dowlah, Afsar-ul-Mulk—Mirza Mohammed Ali Baig—came to Hyderabad (from Aurangabad) in 1883 as A.D.C. to His Highness the late Nizam on the death of Agha Nasir Shah who had been nominated for the post at first. A slim, handsome, young man, fair in complexion and whiskered after the fashion of the day, it was a fine sight to see Ali Baig driving his tandem along the Bund Road.

As time passed, Ali Baig became a favourite with his master on account of his soldierly bearing,

courtly manners and easy adaptability. A first-rate horseman, a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, he could not fail to win the good-will of one who had the same qualities latent in him, and who was to give them full play till he was looked upon as an expert himself. Ali Baig's silent accommodating manner which anticipated his master's wishes, did not fail to have its full reward; and in course of time he became Nawab Afsar Jung and a man of consequence. He was raised to the rank of a colonel in the British army after the Chitral expedition, and received the honour of K.C.I.E.

He continued to rise in favour with the Nizam and benefited more and more by his munificence; and on the death of Col. Neville he was made commander of the Nizam's Regular Forces. The selection was a good one, for the reforms effected by him in equipment and efficiency from time to time, made our troops more or less up-to-date. It was a happy inspiration that suggested to him the extension of the military lines towards the ancient fortress of Golconda. With resourcefulness, careful attention and unremitting energy he succeeded in a few years in giving to Hyderabad a picturesque, well-planned, military cantonment extending from the outskirts of Saifabad right up to historic Golconda, prolific of memories.

His ability was duly recognised by the British Government; he served on the staffs of some generals during the Great War of 1914, was

appointed A.D.C. to His Majesty the King Emperor, and was made a Member of the Victorian Order. His gracious master, the Nizam, also conferred on him the titles of Afsar-ud-Dowlah, Afsar-ul-Mulk and raised him to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of his forces.

These were his worldly honours, but higher honours were in store for him. He went on pilgrimage to Mecca in 1923, and spent months at Medina, during which he is said to have rehearsed a scene out of the old patriarchal page of life—a shepherd pasturing a flock ! I heard this from people at Medina who still remembered and spoke of him with affection and admiration. He had the privilege of visiting the Holy cities twice and returned with a deeper sense of the vanity of worldly honours. But he continued to be active as before so far as his duties were concerned ; though his inner renunciation of worldly vanities was becoming confirmed into habit. Thus by degrees his character rose higher in the eyes of those who watched its evolution. The capable self-made man of the world—soldier and courtier—had gradually grown to be a sanctified spirit. People who had regarded him as being too much Europeanised, were surprised to see the change, except the more thoughtful amongst us who could understand the silent working of the hidden propensities of the human soul.

It is not without pride that I think of Sir Afsar as a man belonging to Hyderabad. His ancestors

had served with the Hyderabad Contingent, in which some of mine had also served, had long settled at Aurangabad and had no home elsewhere. He was one of those able and estimable men whom Aurangabad presented to Hyderabad as an indigenous type quite capable of holding its own against the claim of any outsider.

In March, 1930, the news of his death suddenly reached me one morning at Vikarabad. My first feeling, after that of momentary surprise, was that he must have realised that beatitude for which he seemed to have been longing.

He used to tell me how sudden his wife's departure had been to enter upon a happier phase of life, and I could guess that he wished for a similar end. Whenever he and I talked of death, it was with a sense of serene satisfaction, remembering that every human being has to be ready for the journey. He sometimes asked me, though I was a much younger man, to pray for him ; and often did I pray for him for that Peace which is everlasting !

Strange that on the morning of his death my Qur'an should have opened at this verse : "O Soul satisfied ! return unto thy Lord, pleasing and pleased." Could any message be more reassuring ?

#### **Nawab Akbar-ul-Mulk**

Nawab Akbar-ul-Mulk (Mir Akbar Ali Khan), *Kotwal* of Hyderabad, was one of

the most notable men that Hyderabad has produced. He began life as a private soldier in the Hyderabad Contingent, but he belonged to a respectable Syed family and soon proved himself to be a man above the common standard. He first distinguished himself as a soldier during the Indian Mutiny when he saved the life of his superior officer, an English Major, and in doing so received a sabre cut on his own back down to the waist. This brought him into notice and he was recognised as being not only a brave soldier but possessed of such intellect as might make him a useful officer in the Intelligence Department. Some time afterwards, when the Commander-in-Chief of India, Sir Robert Napier, proceeded on the Abyssinian campaign, he took Mir Akbar Ali Khan with him and employed him in collecting such secret intelligence as might be useful; Mir Akbar Ali Khan was worthy of the trust reposed in him, and it was not long before he was able to get a plan of the fort of Magdala which he submitted to his chief. This valuable service made the taking of the fort easy and was duly acknowledged by his name being mentioned in the special despatches sent to London by Sir Robert and, later, by his being made C.S.I. Probably he was the first Indian Muslim who received such an honour.

The Government of India informed the Nizam's Government of Mir Akbar Ali Khan's valuable services and thought that the Nizam, whose subject he was, might be pleased to show his appreciation

by granting him a *munsab* and a *jagir*. Sir Salar Jung who was Prime Minister and Regent, granted him a *munsab* of Rs. 1,000 a month and a *jagir* near Amba (Mominabad). Besides this, he was promised a suitable appointment under the Nizam's Government, but had to wait till the time of Salar Jung II, who appointed him *Kotwal* in 1884 and got him the title, Nawab Akbar Jung. His appointment was a boon to Hyderabad because he soon made the police efficient and in course of time as good as the British Indian police, if not better. His name was a terror to evil-doers and it was said that his police seldom failed to detect any crime committed within its jurisdiction. The public felt confident that in cases of theft and robbery the stolen property, or the bulk of it, would be recovered. His secret service was so vigilant that almost every movement of a questionable nature in Hyderabad became known to them in proper time, and every suspicious person arriving at Hyderabad from British India was 'shadowed' and kept under observation while he remained here.

The *Kotwal* enjoyed the special confidence of the sovereign and had to submit a daily report of important events such as might be of interest to the Nizam. This duty which he had to discharge conscientiously made him disliked by certain officials who were constantly involved in intrigues. He also became unpopular with the Prime Minister, Sir Viqar-ul-Umara, for similar reasons, but the Nizam continued to extend his support to him

till his death in 1905. He was given the titles of 'Dowlah,' and 'Mulk' and his gracious master did him the honour of being his guest at Saifabad for a day or two in the year 1898.

I recall an intrigue that was set up against him in 1899 or thereabouts by a clique which had managed to obtain the ear of Sir Viqar-ul-Umara, the Prime Minister, known to be hostile to him. They hoped to be able to misrepresent him and his motives to the new Resident on his arrival. Akbar-ul-Mulk hearing of their intention determined to forestall them by placing before the incoming Resident an account of his services to the British Government. Colonel Barr recognised in him an old soldier-friend whom he had known in his youth, and the intrigue was quashed.

I had the opportunity of looking over Mir Akbar Ali Khan's papers when he was having an account of his services written, and I could see how useful he had been to the British as a soldier and to the Nizam's Government, afterwards, in a civil capacity. His record was an extraordinary one and made him in my estimation only second to the great Sir Salar Jung in courage, capacity, perseverance and achievement. An account of his career was written at the time to which I refer by his Assistant, Captain Boardman. He presented me with a copy but, unfortunately, it was lost.

Akbar Jung, Akbar-ul-Mulk is one of the most eminent Hyderabidis whom we cannot afford

to forget. In the early days of his Kotwalship an incident occurred which caused great terror in Hyderabad and completely upset all law and order for a few days. On the 10th Moharrum in the year 1885-86 there was a quarrel between some Arabs and policemen near the Purana Pul (Old Bridge) which gradually became a riot. It was said that some children belonging to the family of the great Arab Chief, Sultan Nawaz Jung, who were going on an elephant towards the river to see the *alam*s were stopped by the police. The Arabs accompanying them at once made this a quarrel with the police, and as soon as the news reached Sultan Nawaz Jung, he is said to have given orders to his Arabs to attack the police wherever they could find them. The result was that in a few hours the Arabs were in possession of a number of police stations and the police were powerless against them. It was like an open revolt against constituted authority, and the disturbance was so serious and so widespread that special and strong measures had to be taken. The military were called in, but order was not restored until two or three days had passed. Whatever the causes of the Arabs' excitement may have been, their actions were certainly criminal and disloyal.

The Prime Minister, Nawab Salar Jung Imad-us-Sultanath, ordered an enquiry to be made into the affair by appointing a commission and Sultan Nawaz Jung being held responsible for his Arabs' misconduct was ordered to leave Hyderabad for

a time. He remained at Poona until he was permitted to return, but he had to pay a heavy penalty.

The manner in which Sultan Nawaz Jung was dealt with had a sobering effect upon the Arabs. It made them know that the *Sarcar* was more powerful than their Chiefs.

Nawab Akbar-ul-Mulk's devotion to His Highness was extraordinary ; and he had the instinct of a blood-hound to trace down intrigue whether high or low. Many were his enemies on this account, but he went on his way till his death. It is said that towards the end of his career some men about the palace had succeeded in some measure in instilling poison into the Nizam's mind to bring him under suspicion as one who supplied false information, but he did not live long enough to see any outward signs of the Nizam's displeasure.

Among the last great services he rendered was his successful attempt to evoke the enthusiasm of the Nizam's subjects by birthday celebrations on a magnificent scale. He was a man of imagination and uncommonly resourceful ; his methods were simple but far-reaching in effects. He used his influence with the chief *sahukars* of Hyderabad and they co-operated with him in a grand spectacular display. They not only provided large sums of money but also vied with one another in doing every thing that was likely to contribute to the special significance of the fête

The *Jalsa* took place at night in the Public Gardens which became a fairy scene—a ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream.’ I remember the bursting enthusiasm of the thousands of people of all ranks who were waiting for the arrival of His Highness since the evening. It is not possible to describe the rich costumes which seemed to reflect in all directions the light that fell on them from the hundreds of lamps along the garden paths.

A picturesque pavilion had been erected to serve as an Address Hall on the site of the present Jubilee Hall. It was a quaint structure composed of wood and iron, but very attractive; its plan was well-thought out and the access from all parts of it to the high platform where seats were placed for the Nizam prevented overcrowding in any one place. Though only a temporary structure, it had all the appearance of permanence, as indeed it actually remained in its place for the annual celebrations till the reign of the present Nizam when it was replaced by the modern building.

The late Nizam’s 40 years Jubilee which took place in the year 1905 calls for special remark. Though the public celebrations took place after the death of the great *Kotwal*, yet it would not be far from the truth to say that he had helped to pave the way for them. It was well-known to those who were in the secret, that his chief aim was to stimulate the loyalty of the Nizam’s people so that it might become a power to be

reckoned with when self-seeking men and intriguers round the Minister were busy devising means to make the Nizam unpopular. This gave him a high place in the esteem of the people of Hyderabad.

### **Major Neville**

Major Neville, Commander of the Nizam's Regular Forces from the time of Sir Salar Jung I down to the year 1897, was said to be distantly connected with the great family of the Nevilles—the Earls of Warwick. He represented a distinct type: somewhat reserved and aloof—perhaps with a natural English aloofness, but he was in sympathy with the people and the place where his work lay. An elderly person with whitish Dundreary whiskers, he was seen of an evening with Mrs. Neville by his side, driving his phæton from his house near Fateh Maidan towards the Bund. The picture is still in my mind, of the pair in the phæton and of the tall, large limbed white-spotted chestnut horse drawing it. It was a sight we were sorry to miss when the Nevilles died (husband and wife within a week or so of each other) in 1897. Mrs. Neville was a daughter of no less famous a person than Charles Lever, the novelist. Hers was a tall, broad, heavy figure which almost eclipsed her husband's and she impressed people as being remarkably masculine in her ways. It was whispered that she was fond of a cigar! I never saw her with one—but I often saw her striding along a raised platform adjoining one

of the walls of her compound—as described in the old ballad of Hardicanute :

Stately stepped he east the Wa  
And stately stepped he west....

When the sad end came in June, 1897, the husband followed her to the grave after a week. Meanwhile he had shot the old chestnut, their aged companion. Was there not the sad solemn grandeur of a classical tragedy in all this ?

### **Major Gough**

The liberal and far-sighted policy of Sir Salar Jung I included in its programme the employment of carefully selected English officers of good social position for important posts. He knew that besides introducing efficiency in the work of their departments, they would serve as models, in more ways than one, for our local officials. And he had the fine tact to make them feel that they were personally associated with him in his work. He made Major Percy Gough, who was connected with the family of the famous General Sir Hugh Gough, his Military Secretary. A fine imposing figure, dignified and reserved, but courteous, polite and sympathetic. I remember him quite well, because he lived in Hyderabad as one of its old inhabitants for a great many years. He was a friend of my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, and lived not far from his house in the vicinity of the Rumboldt Kothi. The great thing with him and with the other English gentlemen who served Hyderabad in those days was that they seemed to belong to it, and had no

desire to go away from it. They had a strong domiciliary feeling for the place; and this naturally evoked in Hyderabadi a responsive feeling of fellow-citizenship. It was a great gain for the State of the ' Faithful Ally.' Mr. Hugh Gough, the son of Major Percy Gough, was a complete Hyderabadi. From childhood he was in the late Nizam's entourage as an English child-companion. In later life he served the State in the Police Department and closed his career in it in 1911. After having been in England for some years subsequent to his retirement, he was called back to Hyderabad by His Exalted Highness, the present Nizam, to be with his sons, the *Sahibzadas*, as Controller. This showed the feeling that existed on either side, born of old associations. Mr. Hugh Gough finally returned home to England in 1938 and carried the affectionate regrets of Hyderabad people with him.

#### **Sir George Casson Walker**

Chief among the British Officers who helped to raise the prestige of the Hyderabad State Service was Sir George Casson Walker.\* He, as Finance Minister, may be said to have saved the State from something like bankruptcy. Sir George remained with us from 1904 to 1911, and during all these years he was busy making plans for improving the financial situation in Hyderabad and placing it on a firm basis for the future. He had found the treasury almost empty on his

---

\* K.C.I.E., I.C.S

arrival, but he contrived to leave behind a large reserve on his departure. The work done by him was so solidly compacted in its details that it has lasted till now.

Sir George Casson Walker, a conscientious, hard-working man was a chronic dyspeptic with a somewhat unhappy look. His manner seemed cold and uninviting at first. He was a man of few words, but on further acquaintance he seemed to expand and then came into full light his genuine and cordial manner.

As the most important official in the State below the Minister, he wielded great authority, and Hyderabad people, whose self-regarding instinct made them fully aware of this, did not fail to make approaches by various routes, hoping to win favours. There used to be crowds of people at his house on Tuesday morning soon after 9 o'clock, the time he had fixed for receiving visitors, many officials, big and small, and a mixed lot of people. As I did not wish to be one of them, I purposely delayed calling on Mr. Walker until a month or so after his arrival. When I saw him, I explained why I had waited so long : it was to allow him sufficient time to understand the ways of our people. I found him a little dry, as he usually was, but polite like an English gentleman. Afterwards I met him occasionally in a social way, and in time we became more intimate. I was then in the Legislative Department as Under-Secretary and sometimes officiated

for Mr. Faridoonji as Private and Political Secretary and for my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, as Home Secretary. I was also Honorary Secretary to the Victoria Memorial Fund of which the Resident was the President. All this may have helped to give Mr. Walker a correct notion of my status among officials ; and I found that he was willing to place me on important committees and commissions from time to time. In 1904 there was an important commission appointed to enquire into certain charges brought against some of the *Samasthans* for having unlawfully withheld the amounts periodically due to the State. I presided over this commission, went through all the cases one after another, and wrote a report that may have helped him and the Government to come to the right decision. I have reason to believe that Mr. Walker appreciated my assistance in this and other matters.

A proposal had been made to introduce legislation regarding our currency and coinage, and bills were to be submitted to the Legislative Council for the purpose. While they were under examination by Mr. Walker, the Prime Minister suggested to him that it might be helpful if he availed himself of the legal advice of certain officials, amongst whom I was one. Mr. Walker may or may not have liked the idea, but he did not wish to go against the Minister's wishes, so it came about that I had the opportunity of meeting him frequently for consultation. Sometimes he would send me a note asking me to have

a talk with him relating to some sections under consideration ; at other times he would send me a question for my opinion on some point involved. Thus I found his natural reserve wearing off from a genuine desire to get to know others' views, which might be helpful in giving proper shape to the bills. After the work was finished, he had the goodness to send me from his office an extract from the report which he had forwarded to the Minister, stating that of all the officers he had consulted he had found my suggestions the most helpful.

During Sir George's tenure of office I rose to be a High Court Judge in 1907 and officiated as Home Secretary in 1909 and 1910. Sir George used to ask my opinion now and then regarding matters in connection with the judiciary in a private way ; and I have some of his letters with me still. This showed how desirous he was of obtaining correct information before he made up his own mind on them.

I should like to mention, in connection with Sir George, that he had some confidence in me as he used to have in those who tried to be fair-minded and just in their views like himself. He once said to me that, as I knew Hyderabad and its people and their connections and antecedents from personal knowledge, it would be useful if I served on committees empowered to select candidates for English scholarships and for the Civil Service Class. And he actually obtained permission from His Highness to have me on such

committees when I could not sit on them as an ex-officio member. This rule was observed by him and by Mr. Glancy till the latter left Hyderabad. Another matter of great significance in which he approved of my suggestion was that due regard should be paid to gentility when selecting men for the service—instead of going merely by examination results. In the selection of nominees for the Civil Service Class I suggested that particular care in ascertaining family connections was advisable, so that we might admit only gentlemen. This, I said, would avoid much serious trouble of the nature that was becoming so rife in British India. I was glad to find that he fell in with my views.

#### Mr. A. J. Dunlop

Among the eminent British lent officers of the old regime who served Hyderabad for a long period and with distinction, Mr. A.J. Dunlop\* is more intimately associated with this place and its people than others who succeeded him. He came from the Berar service in the middle of the eighties and served the State for more than a quarter of a century. To his vast knowledge and experience of revenue matters, he added sympathy with the people and regard for their interests and friendly feelings towards those officials with whom he was associated in his work. In this way, he came to be loved and esteemed by all and was looked upon as a man belonging to Hyderabad.

---

\* C. I. E.

He was a personal friend of my father and uncle and I am glad to say that in my early official career I had the opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance when I was serving as Under-Secretary in the Legislative Department. We met frequently at committee meetings to discuss drafts of bills and he came to have in course of time an opinion of me that induced him to offer me the Revenue Secretaryship. It was a great compliment to a junior officer, as I then was, and I felt flattered by it, but I excused myself on the ground that my career lay in the Judicial Department.

I once took the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Dunlop the desirability, not to say the urgent need, of having the multifarious revenue *gashtis* which were in a state of confusion, reduced to an orderly and compendious form. And I further pointed out to him how necessary it was to have a definite procedure followed in revenue cases and to have some finality in the decisions. I remember that he got a committee appointed to go into these matters and I can even recall the name of one of them, Moulvi Abdul Qader (afterwards Qader Nawaz Jung), but what the committee actually achieved and what the result of its recommendations was, I do not know.

His Highness the late Nizam was pleased to put Mr. Dunlop in charge of the management of the Salar Jung estate during the minority of the present Nawab Salar Jung. It is said that the estate was managed well under his control and

to the entire satisfaction of the ruler. This service of Mr. A. J. Dunlop is in no way inferior to the services rendered by him to the State in the Revenue Department at the head of which he remained as Director-General till his retirement in 1911. He was succeeded by Mr. G.E.C. Wakefield, C.I.E., O.B.E., another fine officer and a man of great practical ability. He too, like Mr. Dunlop, spoke Urdu fluently with a correct accent, and had a courteous and pleasing manner which made him popular.

#### Mr. A. C. Hankin

Soon after my final return from England in 1896, I was staying with my father at the Warangal Subedari and there I met Mr. Hankin\* one day at lunch. He had been appointed Inspector-General of the District Police a short time before that, and was on his inspection tour in the Warangal Suba. I was favourably impressed with what I saw of him and felt that we should be friends in future ; and so it actually was, all the years that he remained with us. Our friendship not only continued, but increased. We did not meet very often, but whenever we did meet, it was as old friends between whom there was no barrier of formality.

Mr. Hankin's service to the State can never be forgotten or overestimated. From the wretched condition of inefficiency in which the District Police had remained for years, since the departure

---

\*. C. I. E. ; 1896-1920.

of Colonel Ludlow, he raised it until it came to be looked upon as in no way inferior to the British Indian Police. The great thing under his able control of it was, that not a single event of importance that happened outside the Dominions, and in any way likely to affect the conditions within the State and cause disquiet or disturbance, remained unknown to him. Similarly, the coming-in and going-out of suspicious characters who might be agents of mischief, did not escape his vigilance. Being an Englishman and a lent officer from the Government of India, he had facilities in obtaining information of secret movements in British India from the Heads of Police there. In the years, 1909 and 1910, there was a good deal of unrest in British India and some alarming symptoms of disloyalty had come under observation in the Bombay Presidency, not far from our frontier. The dastardly murder of the Collector of Nasik was the first serious political crime by an Indian, which foreboded evils to follow. Mr. Hankin was daily receiving confidential information from British India and was able to put his police on its guard. He kept me in touch as officiating Home Secretary with all that was of importance. After his departure from Hyderabad in 1920, this source of information from British India ceased, for the officer who succeeded him as Inspector-General of Police was an Indian, and could not command the same resources as had been available to Mr. Hankin. The result was, that our police lost touch with the police

beyond the border, and remained ignorant of much that was brewing in India, and still more regrettably, of the evils that were actually filtering in through our outlying districts. I look upon that gloomy period as the one in which many doors were thrown open for the free admission into the State territory of those infectious conditions which have brought about an alarming change in the disposition and outlook of the people of Hyderabad.

Mr. Hankin was invited to come to Hyderabad at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1921 and was put in charge of some of the arrangements at the Falaknuma Palace. I had the pleasure of meeting him then, and once again afterwards when he came to Hyderabad on a short visit. Shall we ever have a man like him again?

Since the departure of Mr. Hankin and Mr. Goad from the District Police, a certain laxity had crept into the administration of that important branch of the service.

And when Mr. Wakefield left us in 1921, we lost another energetic British officer whose vigilance and first-hand knowledge of the conditions prevailing in the districts had helped to maintain order.

It also happened, unfortunately, that Mr. Glancy's long connection with Hyderabad came to an end at about the same time.

Then followed, towards the end of 1922, the sudden and unexpected departure of Sir Ali

Imam and Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali—two more untoward events. All this had the effect of diminishing in an appreciable measure, that salutary fear in the minds of the lower officials which superior personalities seldom fail to inspire. Hence during two or three years that followed, there was a perceptible decline in the sense of responsibility on the part of our district officials, and the weaker minds began to succumb to temptations.

## PART THREE

### CHAPTER IV.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW REGIME

There are two pictures of Hyderabad in my mind : the old regime and the new. I have described some scenes typical of old Hyderabad as it was under the late Nizam, and I have also written in my reminiscences an incomplete account of the period which commenced at the accession of the present ruler. In the latter, there are still many details to be filled in, to complete the picture of Hyderabad as it is now. But some of my notes relating to the Executive Council and its original members may help to throw some light on the picture of the new regime. Thoughts and events had long been tending in the direction of improved methods and improved administrative machinery, since the time of Salar Jung the First, and even at the beginning of the late Nizam's rule experiments were made for this purpose by means of a Council of State and, at a later date, by establishing a Cabinet Council in the nineties of the last century. They may be said to have foreshadowed the present Council form of Government in Hyderabad.

\*

\*

\*

The inauguration of the Executive Council under the Presidentship of Sir Ali Imam in November, 1919, was an event of great constitutional importance in the history of Hyderabad. It was a step towards setting our house in order, as the Resident had said to me ; but it was for time to show the nature and extent of our success in the attempt. The Council was no more than the old Prime Minister thrown into commission. It raised the question whether the substitution of several wise or unwise heads for one of indifferent quality, was going to prove beneficial. It was obvious that success would depend upon the careful selection of those heads.

The original members of the Council were :

Sir Ali Imam : *President*

Sir Faridoon Mulk : (*without portfolio*)

Sir Reginald Glancy : *Finance Department*

(Sir Amin Jung, acting)

Nawab Wilayat Jung (Wali-ud-Dowlah) : *Judicial Department*

\*Nawab Latafat Jung (Lutf-ud-Dowlah) : *Army Department*

Nawab Tilawat Jung : *Public Works Department*

Nawab Aqeel Jung : *Commerce and Industries Department*

Rai Murlidhar, Raja Fateh Nawazwant (later Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali) : *Revenue Department* and Nizamat Jung : *Political Department*.

I sat on the Council for ten years from its inception and at the time of leaving it I wondered

if I had the satisfaction of feeling that we had really achieved much. And since my retirement, there have been some occasional changes in its personnel, but I am not in a position to say, for want of authentic information, what advance has been made towards higher standards of administrative efficiency, and what measures of permanent value have been adopted.

As regards the morale of the service throughout the State, I should be glad to hear that it had risen higher or, at least, that it had not fallen lower.

The Council has been in existence for more than twenty years and ought to be able to place before the public, a satisfactory record of its achievements. But our poverty in men, and our indifference to character, may keep it down at the level of mediocrity for some time to come.

#### **Sir Ali Imam**

Sir Ali Imam came to Hyderabad surrounded with a halo. Not that he was not a fine figure of a man, but the borrowed lustre which he brought with him from the Government of India, as an ex-Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council made him peculiarly interesting in our eyes. It was like a magic robe.

The noticeable thing about him was his easy, affable manner which sat gracefully on his dignified bearing. He had the air of a man who thought nothing difficult, and he went about his work—whatever it was, airily and with a cheerful confidence in himself, thus inspiring confidence in

others. A perpetual 'Oh, Yes, I'll do it' kind of look about him, set in a smile, was more than half his success in high quarters. He had, moreover, a readiness of comment, which implied quick decision and raised in people's minds a presumption of infallible judgment. And a certain good-natured pompousness completed the pleasing picture.

His schemes were brought forward as being above discussion—just ready to be set afloat.

1. The Retrocession of Berar.
2. The Reclamation of uncultivable lands for colonization.
3. Franchise.

All these momentous projects were soon shaped in his mind, hastily drafted and placed before His Exalted Highness to be issued as *Firmans*. None of them, so far as I remember, was ever discussed in Council; but that was not a serious objection in those days when the infant Council was still uncertain as to its own prerogatives and the procedure of the new Constitution had not had time to stiffen in its mould. Sir Ali was a super-optimist; he meant well, but could not always foresee what ulterior consequences would ensue from the grandiose proposals so confidently put forward by him. His mind was alert and imaginative, but seemed to be lacking in foresight.

The Berar letter was hurried over by him in a somewhat quixotic manner, and unfortunately

he carried the Nizam with him. The draft prepared by his brother, Mr. Hasan Imam, was a lengthy chain of lawyer's arguments and did not sound overpolite. I was obliged to suggest to His Exalted Highness that the greater part of it might, with advantage, be sent in the form of a legal note enclosed in a friendly letter to the Viceroy. But Sir Ali objected to this on the ground that the demand would lose its force. The Nizam hesitated for a while, but the 'prestige' of Sir Ali carried the day—with what consequences we know. The publication of that letter in newspapers was senseless bravado.

The Reclamation Scheme was passed by the Nizam when I was away ill at Coonoor in 1922, and Sir Faridoon also was away. On my return to Hyderabad I heard with amazement that vast areas containing valuable timber were being 'exploited' by our good officials by the simple expedient of pronouncing them 'inferior' in the interests of their friends. Sir Ali never got to know what was actually happening, and as he left Hyderabad towards the end of 1922 suddenly and in a pique, he never had the chance of remedying the evil.

At the suggestion of Sir Faridoon, who did not like to appear on the scene in his own proper person, the task of making His Exalted Highness understand the real situation fell on me. I told him briefly that our forests were being destroyed, and my remarks were borne out by the statements of the Inspector-General of Forests, Nawab Hamid

Yar Jung, who had come in purpose to inform me of the fact. His Exalted Highness was at last persuaded to issue a *Firman* ordering re-examination and re-valuation of some of the areas already allotted to people. A Commission was appointed to enquire, but its report was not satisfactory; so another enquiry was ordered, and again the report was that no valuable forest area had been given away. I had my own opinion of the Commissioners, and time made its own comment on their report. We continued to hear for a long time afterwards that timber worth lakhs of rupees was being sent away quietly from those parts. Such was the anti-climax of the Reclamation Scheme.

The somewhat impulsive offer of Franchise which His Exalted Highness had been induced by Sir Ali to make prematurely, seemed to me a little rash. Prudence would have suggested that the object aimed at, should be approached by gradual stages and that something substantial should be granted by instalments as conditions improved, instead of hastily promising what sounded grand and raised immoderate expectations in the minds of clamorous reformers. I ventured to advise that the draft submitted by Sir Ali be re-considered, pointing out to His Exalted Highness that the word 'franchise' had an ominous import, that its history had not run smooth in other countries, and that it was not consistent with caution to make such a large promise before we were able to decide how far

we could actually go in the existing circumstances and what should be the first steps to take. His Exalted Highness whose mind is clear, kept the matter under consideration for some days, but Sir Ali's power of persuasion again led him to say: "Well, since he insists on it, let it go." And it went forth. Expectations were raised, but nothing could be done because Sir Ali did not remain here long enough to satisfy them, or even to sketch out a working programme. Years went by, indistinct sounds of dissatisfaction began to be heard in the country, and there appeared signs of discontent and excitement among self-constituted leaders of 'political' opinion; and here and there some active forms of mischief manifested themselves.

The Council knew very little of what was going on in some of the frontier districts, and whenever it asked for information, the head of the police cheerfully replied, "All's well." It was not, and I told His Exalted Highness and the Council that our District Police was blind. He commanded me to send for the Director-General and speak to him, and I did so, but things did not improve. The Director-General thought it quite sufficient to submit to His Exalted Highness, newspaper cuttings in which undutiful sentiments were overboldly expressed by some petty demagogue. When some years had thus gone by, I reminded His Exalted Highness that the promise of franchise had not been carried out and that it was time something was done to avoid the imputation, that

his word was not intended to be kept. By his command I placed the matter before the Council, and a Committee was appointed to draw up a working proposal as an intermediate stage in the progress of the scheme. After the usual inevitable delays caused by incidental hitches, our report was ready ; but it was fated to be delayed once more owing to certain changes that took place in the personnel of the Council in 1927.

My own idea about such reforms has always been that they should be made by gradual instalments in a calm atmosphere of mutual good-will, and in the traditional gracious and dignified manner of Princely Hyderabad. To recognise the just rights of the people and to enable them to take part (as they became fit to do so) in the management of public affairs under the beneficent guidance of a Ruler whom they love and revere, is what we all desire. And this was the spirit in which the last Ruler of Hyderabad usually viewed the relationship between himself and his subjects. He was recognised as a generous loving father by his people while he was also a conservative guardian of the wiser traditions of his State. "Hyderabad must do things in its own way, and not adopt alien methods unguardedly." This was his wise policy.

Sir Ali Imam and I had a brotherly regard for each other and I was really sorry when he decided, too hastily as I thought, to leave Hyderabad before his term expired. It was offended dignity that compelled him to take that step ;

and in my opinion the provocation was too slight to have been allowed to produce such a serious result. A letter was handed to him by some officious gentleman who had returned from North India, and its contents caused him serious annoyance. It had been addressed to the editor of some petty newspaper by one of the members of the Executive Council, as an explanation regarding some financial matter in a tone of apologetical self-justification. It might be surmised that some blame was intended to be thrown by implication on the Council, of which Sir Ali was President ; but he took the insult to heart, and was over-powered by its effect. It did not seem to occur to him that the insult (if such it really was) could easily be 'snubbed ;' a little contempt would have done it or a mild reprimand. But Sir Ali exaggerated its importance and told His Exalted Highness with some warmth that it was a question of honour with him, and that either 'X' must leave the Council, or he himself. This attitude was hardly reasonable and the Nizam could not understand it ; and though I had several talks with Sir Ali by command of His Exalted Highness, it was all to no purpose ; he had taken the trifles too much to heart. So, instead of remaining on to put Council members in their proper places—as a cooler man of power would have done—he decided to resign. Finding him determined—I will not say obstinate—His Exalted Highness asked me what I thought of the situation. Much as he and I would have liked

Sir Ali to stay, we both felt that it would hardly be just to accept his condition, namely that the member in question should be removed from office, which would have meant dismissal. I submitted that the offence was not so serious as to call for such a severe punishment, and His Exalted Highness agreed. I had occasion to explain the matter to the Resident also in the same way.

Sir Ali Imam's arrival had raised great expectations and his untimely departure changed the course of events in Hyderabad, and much which could not then be foreseen, has come out of it. His presence, suggestive of power wholesomely exercised, would have kept unscrupulous officials in awe.

Though he was a little impulsive and hasty and self-conscious, his nature was not ungenerous, and he was not self-seeking. If he had remained on, he could have done much valuable work—cleansing and constructive. His great scheme for bringing under cultivation and populating vast areas of fallow land in the Dominions, when completed, would have meant increased prosperity. He could have rendered useful service to Hyderabad by recasting the whole system of departmental work, cutting out unnecessary accretions and rooting out that despicable form of selfishness, corruption. He could have helped to maintain a higher standard of public conduct, but it was not to be.

### Nawab Sir Faridoon Mulk\*

Mr. Eardley Norton, a well-known barrister practising at Madras and a successful man of the world, is said to have celebrated Mr. Faridoonji in verse as “the cheeriest humbug in all Hyderabad.” It was a comic label which stuck to poor Mr. Faridoonji for a long time and made me curious to look into the interior of the man to find out the truth about him. As I got to know him and had more than one glimpse of his heart, I began to think that it was the goodness of it and no trickery that prompted the ceaseless desire to please. Genuine good nature was father to his unchanging “all-hail” manner which had become a mannerism.

I found Mr. Faridoonji an interesting study. His neatly-trimmed peaked beard and carefully waxed moustache so Frenchified him as to raise in men’s minds a suspicion of insincerity. I resolved to carry my investigation beyond the outward appearance and watch him from year to year till I saw the mask crumbling away. At last I found, that his over-polished sociality of manner could no longer conceal from me what was natural and lovable in him.

I had seen Mr. Faridoonji for the first time in 1884, and met him as an acquaintance in 1891 on my first return from England, and again in 1896 after my second return ; and this time as a

friend. It was not long before we felt drawn towards each other, and his affection for me was genuine—strengthened, possibly, by the fact that my uncle, Nawab Emad Jung, was an old friend whom he respected.

My estimate of his character, tested by time, is this: a cheerful nature with a ceaseless desire to please as a means to being pleased. He reminded me of Goldsmith's lines:

"They please, are pleased ; they give to give esteem,  
Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

A haunting fear of disobliging anyone by word or by manner, and an almost feminine softness and inability to say 'no' made him what he seemed. But with all this, he had a practical shrewdness which enabled him to keep out of intrigue, though he must have been perilously near it at times. His happy disposition and irrepressible sociability were of great help to him in keeping on the best of terms with Europeans and Indians alike. His effusive gush and beaming smile were very useful personal assistants.

His popularity with the British was bound to increase his influence with the Prime Ministers under whom he served, and this made his position as a "Liaison Officer" unassailable. Not only the Ministers but the Nizam himself looked upon him for a long time as almost indispensable. He served under four Ministers down to the time of the third Salar Jung and uniformly maintained

his position and influence by keeping on the straight path with his unfailing courtesy.

He was always good company—full of gay talk and sparkling anecdotes, ready gossip and repartee, from the smallest talk to Byron's Childe Harold. There was a perpetual play of sunshine about him, and he gave it to all free of cost.

As he had once been a contributor of articles to the *Pioneer*, he could be looked upon as a penman, and this too was an advantage. It was easy for him with all his uncommon gifts and qualifications to please the Ministers and the officials, and to make the entertainment of English people by them the more cordial. By his fortnightly 'At Homes' he brought Hyderabad and Secunderabad still closer together, and the officers of the British garrison, meeting some of the higher officials of Hyderabad on these occasions, found the distance between the East and the West considerably shortened. This, I think, was one of Sir Faridoon's most valuable 'Liaison' services to the State, and we realise it more fully now that he is gone and has left no replica behind.

Though he was made Prime Minister 'de facto' from time to time, and His Exalted Highness graciously conferred on him the titles of 'Dowlah' and 'Mulk,' the natural man in him remained unchanged while these favours were being showered upon him by his gracious Master in rapid succession. He was like a delighted child whenever

some fresh favour was shown. I had the privilege of sharing his joy with him on some of these occasions. He had my sincere sympathy in his troubles in later years, of which very few people knew anything.

The time came in 1918 when he and I had to work together. I found him reasonable and patient and willing to accept advice. From time to time I discovered qualities in him which deserved praise, though he did not put them out on show. Self-knowledge and that of the world made him more humble as he advanced in life; the vain glitter of rank and power receded from his sight; and the inherent nobility of his nature asserted itself more and more.

From his original post as Private Secretary to Salar Jung the Second he had gradually risen to be Political Secretary and then Political Minister to the Nizam's Government. He was a trusted counsellor of His Exalted Highness, but there was never seen in him the slightest trace of self-importance—to say nothing of the self-assertion or arrogance of office.

He was neither selfish nor ambitious in the usual sense of the words. Free from envy and jealousy, he was in nobody's way and found nobody in his. He was a large-hearted man and rather liked to pull people up than to thrust them down, and though he liked to be liked, he was not a patron of toadies !

He was almost like a child in genuine feeling  
15\*

towards those who had won his regard; even when he was at the height of influence and power, his head remained humbly bent, "even as a fruit-laden bough." according to an Oriental poet. When trial came—such as might have wrung another man's heart or filled it with gall, Sir Faridoon's heart remained clean and calm; he stood self-poised and self-comforted.

His sincere loyalty to His Exalted Highness the Nizam and his great respect for him added lustre to his other good qualities. Another man in his position, intoxicated by prosperity, might not have behaved quite in this manner. Sir Faridoon remained a true Hyderabadi at heart and a devoted servant of the Nizam to the very last.

This is the highest praise I have to offer as a tribute to the memory of one who had won my affection and esteem by the goodness of his nature.

Having spent his whole life amongst Muslims, he had a leaning towards Muslim ways, and lies buried in an enclosure at the back of the house in which he had lived—a significant token.

### **Sir Reginald Glancy**

I met Mr. Glancy as First Assistant Resident in 1910 when Sir Charles Bayley was Resident, and we soon became friends. In 1911, on the departure of Sir George Casson Walker, Mr. Glancy came over to us as Finance Minister in his place,

and Hyderabad was fortunate in this. The presence of an English gentleman like him in our midst after Sir George Casson Walker's departure, had a steadyng effect on all affairs and helped to preserve the dignity and refinement we were accustomed to associate with the higher spheres of administration.

Though less inflexible than Sir George, Mr. Glancy was yet able to guard the finances with the conscientious care of a good steward. He occasionally yielded to pressure and sanctioned allowances besides pay to persistent claimants, but he was not lavish, and he never seemed to relish the sweet uses of patronage. He held a position which was very high in those days, that of Moin-ul-Moham, next to the Prime Minister in rank, but he did not forget that he was an English gentleman. He gave himself no airs, nor did he parade his power. It was a lesson in official courtesy to see him taking counsel with elders like Sir Faridoon Mulk in important affairs.

In 1919, under the New Constitution, he became Sadr-ul-Moham of Finance and Member of the Executive Council, and I had the pleasure of working with him as a colleague. We sat on the Salaries Commission together and it was an education to me to follow his modest method of offering helpful suggestions tentatively. There was no self-assertion in anything he did.

In 1921 he had to leave Hyderabad owing to some urgent matter at home. When His

Exalted Highness heard of his intention, he commanded me to tell him that if he could make it convenient to remain on for some time longer, the Nizam would greatly appreciate it. Mr. Glancy expressed his gratitude for the gracious message, but regretted that urgent private affairs called for his immediate presence at home. His Exalted Highness was sorry to hear this and wondered who the most suitable person would be to take his place. I ventured to suggest Mr. Hydari's name who had reverted to the British service. His Exalted Highness ordered me to consult Mr. Glancy, who agreed that Mr. Hydari would be suitable. His Exalted Highness approved and Sir Ali Imam did not demur, so Mr. Hydari was sent for and became Finance Member.

Musing over these events and what followed, I have come to realise the importance of unexpected incidents in the unseen chain of cause and effect in human affairs. Accident had thrown Mr. Hydari on to the path of ambition.

Sir Reginald became the Governor-General's Agent in Rajputana after his return from England and served in that capacity for a number of years. After his retirement from service he was made a member of the India Council and remained there till his death. When I sent him a copy of my *In Memoriam* verses on His Majesty King George V, he did me the honour (without informing me of his intention) of having them brought to the notice of Her Majesty Queen Mary whose appreciation he conveyed to me some time after. This was

a further proof of his true and lasting friendship. We continued to correspond and his letters seldom failed to convince me of his serious concern about the welfare of the world. The highly inflammatory conditions existing in Europe and threatening the peace of the world, made him almost despondent, for the impending danger was ever present to his mind. Occasionally he seemed very depressed and on one of these occasions I reminded him (quoting another English friend's words) that God was not going to 'abdicate.' This, I believe, put heart into him and I was glad. The explosion he had dreaded came at last in September, 1939, but he had already gone to his Maker. Noble in mind and handsome in person, he had the easy manner and graceful courtesy of an English gentleman of the old school. His tall figure and dignified bearing not only attracted attention, but claimed admiration. He has a prominent place among my memory-pictures and his letters are treasured mementos. May he rest in peace !

#### **Nawab Wali-ud-Dowlah**

Nawab Waliuddin Khan, Wali-ud-Dowlah, the second son of Nawab Sir Viqar-ul-Umara (once Prime Minister), was a half-English boy in his upbringing, having been sent to England at the early age of nine to be prepared for Eton. After spending some time at a small school at Cheam (Surrey), he joined Eton and remained there for some years, hoping to proceed to Oxford or Cambridge after that; but, unfortunately, this did not

come to pass. Some time after his return to Hyderabad, he joined the Imperial Cadet Corps and received military training in the company of India's young Rajahs and Nawabs—a beneficial experience on the whole. Later on he was appointed by His Exalted Highness as Moin-ul-Moham (Minister) of the Military Department. When the Executive Council came into being, he was made a Member as Sadr-ul-Moham of the same Department, and was one of the foundation members. Besides many amiable qualities, he had the easy good nature and polished manners of his family. He cannot be described as a man of firm purpose because he was pliable by nature and obliging; but he had both the good sense and the willingness to follow good counsel. He always sided with what he believed to be right. Without showing any marked originality himself in his conception of the real needs (and the duties) of the administration, he could always be led in the right direction. He was loyal to his master and loyal in friendship. Towards the end of his career, some of the religious currents which had remained in his nature as subterranean springs, became more active and forced him to decide almost impetuously to go on pilgrimage to Mecca. In 1935 I heard of this shortly before his departure and intended to see him to say good-bye, but he anticipated me by coming to my place one day without notice to tell me that he was leaving Hyderabad that very afternoon. I saw him off at the Railway

station and that was the last sight I had of him in life. He died at Medina and was buried in the "Jannat-ul-Baqee"—not far from the relics of the Prophet's family—a marvellous promotion, as I thought when I stood by his grave some days afterwards.

### Nawab Tilawat Jung

Nawab Tilawat Jung, another of my colleagues, was a foundation Member of the Council and took rank next to the *Paigah* nobles, the Nawabs Wali-ud-Dowlah and Lutf-ud-Dowlah. He belonged to a side branch of the Nizam's family, was a graduate of Madras University and a well-educated man of active intellect. His mind possessed a subtle power which enabled him to pursue devious ways of thought to arrive at desired conclusions.

His service experience was considerable. At the outset of his career he had been in the Education Department for some years, and after the accession of the present Nizam, he had been selected for the high and important office of Moin-ul-Moham of the Public Works Department.

He was not without a taste for literature and there was a time when his reading even extended to such out-of-the-way books as Machiavelli's *Prince*. He seemed to have made a study of it—a fact so remarkable that it has remained in my memory.

He remained on the Council till the end of 1926. I have another reason for recalling his memory.

He had been educated at the Madrasa-i-Aizza, my school, and was the first Morshadzada (a member of the Nizam's family) who had graduated.

### Nawab Sir Aqeel Jung

Nawab Aqeel Jung, another foundation member, claimed the distinction of having sat on the Council longest—1919-1945—an unprecedented record. Probably he will remain unrivalled in this. He was originally a revenue officer, but had been selected by His Exalted Highness to be in charge of the *Paigahs* under Sir Brian Egerton. His knowledge of affairs was extensive and varied, and his mind was well-balanced. He was always patient and tactful and could remain calm and unperturbed. His equable disposition and good-will towards all, made him popular with the officials—especially when they realised that there was very little iron in his composition.

As senior member, he was made acting President on several occasions, but did not lose his head on that account, or even when he was knighted in 1937. He was a true son of his father, Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk—in goodness of heart and amiability, and like him, a true friend mindful of old associations.

His father had been a great friend of my father, and when the latter was Subedar (Revenue Commissioner) of the Warangal Division, Syed Aqeel had been entrusted to his care for being trained in revenue work. This was another link between us, and he never failed to come round to

see me occasionally after my retirement. The day before his death, he called, as had been his custom of old, and seemed to be in his usual indifferent health; but there was nothing in his appearance to cause any alarm. The next morning he died of heart-failure; and I lost a good friend; Hyderabad, a good official.

### **Raja Fateh Nawazwant**

Rai Murlidhar, Raja Fateh Nawazwant, who was a Member of the Council for a period, was another esteemed friend. He was a naturalised Hyderabadi; his father, Rai Mannoolal, had been employed by Sir Salar Jung as engineer in the seventies and Rai Murlidhar, first appointed as 3rd Taluqdar at Aurangabad, had gradually risen successively to the rank of First Taluqdar, Deputy Commissioner of the Inam Department and a member of the Revenue Board and Subedar; and finally, Sadar-ul-Moham of Revenue. He also served as Sadar-ul-Moham of the Sarf-e-Khas for a period.

He was a B.A., had a good knowledge of English and Persian, and was a man of noble character—modest, courteous and sympathetic and kind to all. He had no pride and was not only prompt and careful in discharging his duties, but just and scrupulous regarding the rights of others. This made him popular and respected by all.

It is a pleasure to me to recall that my father and uncle had shown regard for him and that I, in my turn, respected him for his high character and

looked upon him as a friend to be proud of. There was the stamp of old Hyderabad on him, and though an orthodox Hindu, he looked like a Moulvi of the earlier regime—his well-kempt beard completed the illusion! In him, Hyderabad lost a memorable type of Hindu gentleman, a type that had helped to bring about a brotherly feeling between the two communities.

**Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali**

There came to Hyderabad in 1921-22, at Sir Ali Imam's recommendation, some men who are still remembered on account of their distinctive merits. For Mr. Abdullah Yusuf Ali I have always had a very high regard. He is well-known in England as an Indian of exceptional literary ability ; and in India he is still better known as having presented to the world a very helpful rendering of the Qur'an, with just the kind of clear suggestive commentary that is appreciated by the modern reader. It was unfortunate that he could not remain long with us ; his duties called him back to England which was his permanent residence, in 1922-23, though he returned periodically to India to lecture at the Islamia College, Lahore.

Official life in Hyderabad had less attraction for him than the duties of a servant of Islam, and the literary man in him was above the official. He was a type quite out of the common, with an independence and elevation of spirit not easily understood or appreciated by the man in the street. We were members of the Executive

Council in the Ali Imam regime. We saw a good deal of each other and got an insight into much that could not be reached from the office table ; while our literary tastes and meditative propensities brought us still closer together. It was a wrench when we parted towards the end of 1922, on his deciding to go back to the place of his domicile and the post of higher duty.

I had the pleasure of meeting him again after some years in 1935 at Mecca during the Haj, and afterwards at Jeddah. At Mecca I was able to look farther along the avenues of his mind which in spite of his English habits, had led him to the home of faith ; and I found that his heart was kept constantly open to receive inspiring suggestions from the historic associations of the Sacred City. In this way the commentary on the Qur'an which he was shaping in his mind, was gradually gathering beams of the pristine light emanating from the Kaaba.

Knowledge of his inner nature convinced me that a man like him, if lost to the country as an official, is regained as a far more useful worker in a higher sphere, where the nature of the service is purer and more exalted and its effects more lasting and more beneficial. If he had remained on with us as Revenue Minister, could he have done anything of equal value ? But I regret his absence from Hyderabad for a different reason ; a mind like his would have exerted on our young men a wholesome influence on the educational and cultural side. And, further, he would have served as

a good model to students in these unsettled times when some of the vagaries of undigested modern knowledge are not unlikely to carry young men off their feet. His example would have served as a light to guide those who were seeking to make their education a straight and smooth path to nobler manhood. He who could resign the pomp and circumstance of office without any regret so that he might discharge the duties of a professor of a college and earn the higher distinction of coming before the world as a helpful interpreter of the Quranic message, would have been a fine example. And as an eminent scholar of repute, he would have been just the man to restrain, by precept and by suggestion, the unseemly arrogance of immature knowledge with which we are threatened on every side. We have been witnessing so many alarming symptoms of recalcitrance and revolt among college students of late years that their education may be regarded as mis-education and misguidance pointing towards mischief.

#### **Sir Richard Chenevix Trench**

A general survey of the unsatisfactory conditions that prevailed in the Dominions induced His Exalted Highness in 1926 to adopt certain remedial measures. One of them was to appoint a British lent officer as Director-General of the District Police, as had been the custom before. And another was the placing of the Revenue Department under the control of a British officer, as had been the practice since the time of Mr. A. J:

Dunlop. Besides this, it was deemed expedient to have a British lent officer as a Member of the Executive Council with the Revenue and the Police portfolios. Among the officers nominated by the Government of India for the posts mentioned above, one was Colonel Richard Chenevix Trench. He came towards the end of 1926 and was a welcome accession to the Council. Besides the dash of a gallant Colonel, there was something engaging in his manner and his advent promised a needed change from the humdrum ways and unaccountable delays traditionally associated with the Revenue Department, and it was expected that his presence would make wavering officials apprehensive and cautious.

My relations with Colonel Trench were not only across the Council table; they extended far beyond—to friendship confirmed by esteem. Several things brought us into closer touch, helping to reveal ourselves to each other. There was a time when we sat together as a final court of appeal in Revenue cases, and I had the opportunity of knowing and appreciating his capacity for separating the relevant from the irrelevant matter with which Revenue cases were generally overladen. The directness and lucidity of his judgments I also found admirable. When I retired at the end of 1929, our meetings became rare; but we continued to be in touch with each other off and on till his departure from Hyderabad. And since then there has been a spasmodic correspondence between us, which has served to keep

alive the old feelings. I have several reasons for wishing he had continued longer in the Hyderabad service and thrown in his English weight to balance affairs. It was unfortunate that he left just when he had begun to discriminate between the lights and shadows in the Council administration and was able to see into the motives of some of those who were directing its affairs. I still regret our loss. He had prophesied that my tastes and habits would save me from boredom when out of office and I sincerely wish him the same composure and satisfaction amidst congenial activities.

### **The Rt. Hon'ble Sir Akbar Hydari**

Mr. (afterwards Sir Akbar) Hydari, came to Hyderabad as Accountant-General in 1905 in the time of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Casson Walker. He was a well-educated 'cultured' man with pleasing manners, and we soon came to have a liking for each other. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship and it was gratifying to find in him one who appreciated the feeble attempts of my Muse to become vocal.

When some two or three years had passed, the Accountant-General found his way to the Home Secretaryship in 1910. It was said that the chief reason for this change was that Mr. Casson Walker's successor as Finance Minister was going to be one who had been Mr. Hydari's junior in the British Indian service. On this account the latter had scruples in serving under Mr. Glancy, as Accountant-General, and had succeeded in persuading

Mr. Walker to arrange his transfer. To me it mattered little where I worked—whether as Home Secretary or as a Judge of the High Court, which was my proper place. Hearing of the impending change, the late Nawab Shihab Jung, Police Moin-ul-Moham—an old friend of my uncle, wrote to me a very kind letter to enquire whether there was any truth in the rumour. He expressed his deep concern on my account, as the successor of Nawab Emad Jung, for whom he had a personal regard.

Before giving over charge to Mr. Hydari I wrote to him in Shakespeare's words : " for this relief much thanks." Another man with less true conception of the dignity of the High Court might have thought of the higher prestige of the Home Secretaryship in the eyes of Hyderabad, but I had been trained after English traditions and thought differently. I was therefore glad to get back to the hard but more intellectual and less harassing work of a Judge. The calmer atmosphere of the High Court was more congenial to my temperament, and freedom regained was doubly welcome.

Mr. Hydari remained at the Home Office for many years and did good work. He took great interest in educational matters—the Department of Education being under the Secretariat—and at a later stage helped to mature the scheme of the Osmania University, which had been under contemplation for a long time.

He retired from the State service, but in 1921 when he was acting as Controller-General of

Accounts at Bombay, an unforeseen event led to his recall to Hyderabad. Mr. Glancy, the Finance Member of the Executive Council, was obliged to go home on urgent private business. The Nizam seemed at a loss regarding the selection of a suitable person for the important Department of Finance, and I ventured to suggest Mr. Hydari's name on the ground that he had gained valuable experience of our finances as Accountant-General. It is well-known how he worked as Finance Member of the Executive Council for a number of years, how his restless energy pushed on the scheme of the Osmania University to completion, what he achieved in the Railway Department and how he gradually rose to prominence as a British Indian statesman till his death in 1941.

He was a man of great capacity for laborious work and had uncommon pertinacity in carrying out his aims. Though sometimes differing from him in opinion while we were colleagues in the Council, I never failed to appreciate his solid and noble qualities, for which he had my admiration, and hoped to discover in him some distinct sign of greatness of soul. But his pursuit of expediency in quest of popularity and his adroitness in adjusting practical means to desired ends, seemed to prevent him from rising to greater heights, a fact I always regretted.

Though not a literary man himself, he had a feeling for literature, as he also had for a certain kind of art. And it is to his credit, that, with all his engrossing official work and far-reaching

schemes, he found time to read books and talk about literature, and came before the public as a man of culture. He liked to extend liberal Government patronage to compilers of books supposed to be useful, and the role of Mæcenas pleased him—and perhaps the control of the State finances made it the more easily practicable.

Ambition of worldly pre-eminence was an instinct with him and spurred him on to his aims. His consistency in pursuing them, his self-control and patience under provocation amounting to insult, I have known and admired. I remember an occasion when a rude rejoinder was made by a Departmental Secretary to some comment of his. We were all shocked, but Hydari said not a word by way of protest, and we respected him for it.

In 1930 Sir Akbar Hydari with two others was sent to the Round Table Conference. His ambition had got on to the highway of success.

Hydari was one of those who might truly say: “The world is too much with us.” The world, we know, teaches us its own ways, and overlays some of its own qualities upon our innate desires. It never left him alone and never gave him breathing time. It was indeed unfortunate that “enthusiasms of mere earth,” as he confessed in one of his letters to me, should have prevailed with him oftener than higher and more impersonal aims of which he was not unconscious. Unfortunate, too, that his untiring energy gave people the impression that he was goaded on to constant

endeavour by his desire to rise above others in the world's estimation. Appearances were sometimes against him, and in spite of his leaning towards the more refined amenities of life, his activities seemed to remain confined within narrow bounds. He once wrote to me that he regarded prayers as the key of life—but these words may be variously interpreted.

It seemed as though he could not remove his gaze from the worldly ideal of life. Hence it was suspected that his obsequious reverence of religious men and priests was not altogether unconnected with personal hopes.

Now that he has gone to his rest, it makes me sad to think of all this. I pray that he may rest in peace.

When time at last brought the golden prize within his reach—he was appointed Sadr-e-Azam in 1937—who could say whether he was really happy? Who could say whether the prayers of his well-wishers had done this, or whether it was the attention of the mundane authorities which he had gained by the conspicuous part he had played as the Nizam's representative at the Round Table Conference? This naturally had the effect of weakening whatever hesitation the Nizam might have felt in selecting him for the Presidentship of the Executive Council. As for joining the Federation, neither could the Nizam nor could Hyderabad be easy in mind until all the consequences of joining it could be clearly known.

A warning had come from an eminent English lawyer consulted by some of the Ruling Princes, to the effect that they would inevitably lose some of their powers and prestige if they joined. This increased the anxiety of the Hyderabad public, and must have made Hydari uneasy in mind.

It was in such circumstances that the *Firman* of His Exalted Highness announced the appointment of the Rt. Hon'ble Sir Akbar Hydari, Nawab Hydar Nawaz Jung, P.C., D.C.L., as Sadr-e-Azam for a period of five years. It did not cause much rejoicing in Hyderabad—the clouds were gathering.

All this was disquieting to me ; and as an old friend of Hydari, I wrote to him that though I congratulated him on attaining his object, I hardly thought the prize worth winning. And I went even so far as to say that I could see black clouds rising above the horizon, and advised him to pray to be guided aright. This was his reply :

“.....Knowing how you are finding it more and more irksome to keep in touch with the ‘mere enthusiasms of earth,’ I appreciate your having troubled to write at all to congratulate me on the appointment. I deeply value the good wishes of old friends like you and am grateful for the blessings you invoke on my behalf.....Thank you very much also for your advice. I have long believed that ‘prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night’ and never shall my soul be empty of it, *Insha-allah*, though my lips be silenced when I die.....”(April 3rd, 1937).

In my mental vision of him I seemed to see him enveloped in ominous shadows. After that

followed some untoward events : the accident in which his arm was broken—the first signal of calamity, and then Lady Hydari's prolonged decline which nothing could arrest. I saw her sometimes at His Exalted Highness's dinner parties in one of the places of honour, but her face had no light in it ; it was a pathetic protest against cumbersome dignity ; a sad comment on the fleeting vanities of life.

Lady Hydari's illness and Hydari's nervous breakdown under strain, and his high blood pressure which resulted in his collapse at Delhi are sad events still fresh in my memory. And that last solemn scene—the saddest and most impressive of all,—his remains being borne up the steps of the Khairatabad mosque through a crowd of well-wishers and ill-wishers, bestowers of loud praise and of whispered blame,—what a lurid light it throws upon the path he had been so eager to pursue—that of glory which led to the grave !

“ Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death ? ”

Bitter to me was the thought of the utter vanity of all that glitter which had lured him on to this end. He was one of my old and esteemed friends whose career in Hyderabad I had watched for over thirty years, and I had lived to see the climax of it as a mournful elegy :

“ *Sic transit gloria mundi !* ”

## PART FOUR

### CHAPTER V.—THOUGHTS ON MEN AND MATTERS

In this chapter the reader will find Sir Nizamat comparing the unsophisticated past of Hyderabad with its “modern” and “progressive” present. He speaks of a change in our mental habits and in our mode of living, of the loss of that tone and colour which belongs to the days that are no more. He tells us of the pestilential qualities inherent in modern progress which, in his view, are tending to become an epidemic wherever they go. Speaking generally, there is perhaps no denying of a growing irreverence towards the sanctities of life and an increasing tendency to mistake mere change for real progress. One may or may not agree with all that Sir Nizamat has to say about the prevalence of noxious ideas, the confusion of thoughts and of the unmindfulness of some of the best traditions of the past, but I would again say that Sir Nizamat speaks for himself !

I have thought fit to begin this chapter with Sir Nizamat’s estimate of two very striking personalities whom Hyderabad has prematurely lost—Sir Ross Masood and Nawab Bahadur Khan—both of whom I personally knew and admired for their many lovable qualities.

#### Sir Ross Masood

Aligarh and Hyderabad have been in the habit of exchanging benefits since the foundation of the M. A. O. College by Syed Ahmed Khan (one of India’s truly great men) in the seventies of the last century. Of the presents we received from

Aligarh not the least precious was the grandson of its founder—Ross Masood. It was good to have such blood infused into the veins of the Hyderabad Service for its health. Birth, inherited qualities, family traditions, English associations and social contact with people of consequence in several places made Masood's fine figure the more impressive, and his character the better worth study.

Our first meeting was dramatic ; and it was at a social gathering. In the midst of a crowd, I saw a tall well-built man whose head towered above all, and whose large oval face, with its fair palish complexion and thick black moustache upturned at the ends, was a picture of gravity and self-possession. As soon as my eyes rested on him, "who is that man ?" was the question that rose from the depths ; and it was instinctively answered by some good friend who adroitly managed to draw us together. Is there not a free-masonry between sincere hearts, which is the best introducer ? It made us old friends at once ! Experience had taught me that the chief characteristic of genuine friendship is that it knows no such process as prolonged cultivation, and so this new friendship was born full grown. Years passed like months and the feeling remained in my heart that Masood belonged to Hyderabad for ever ; for the fear of the parting, that was " a coming event," never cast its shadow before. Our friendship had entered upon its eternity and did not admit of any misgiving.

Masood was a constant visitor at my place and many were the delightful evening drives we had together, during one of which we selected the present site of the Osmania University. Our conversation usually took us out of the stale and unprofitable Hyderabad ways of thought. It was sometimes about English poetry and sometimes about Persian; and though Iqbal seemed for a long time to lord it over Masood's mind, I did not fail to draw his gaze away towards higher luminaries, such as Firdausi and Omar Khayyam and Hafiz; and he was prompt to own allegiance to them. He once brought me a valuable book relating to Firdausi which had once graced his father's library; and at another time (1925) a copy of Nizami's "خیز اسرار" printed in London in 1844. Once he presented me with a pocket edition of Omar Khayyam and, in 1921, he gave me a magnificent parchment-bound edition 'de luxe' of Montaigne's Essays. This came to me with the remembered charm of old friendship.

Ross Masood visited Japan in 1925 and returned full of it; and what he had to say about Japan and the Japanese was addressed to a select audience at Poona, and is to be found in the form of an interesting little book—more interesting now in the light of the recent catastrophe which has destroyed Japan.

It seemed likely at one time that Nawab Masood Jung (as he had become by the Nizam's favour) would be transferred to the Political Department, but it was not to be. He was called away

by the Muslim University, Aligarh (his grandfather's "magnum opus"), to be Vice-Chancellor; and that was a sacred call. He left us, and I never saw him again. He used occasionally to invite me to Aligarh and later on to Bhopal when he was there, but fate was against it.

I can only think of him in these words of Shakespeare :—

" He was a man, take him for all in all ; I shall not look upon his like again ! "

### **Mohammad Bahadur Khan**

A prodigy born into an age which apparently had little right to expect the advent of such a soaring spirit. He was a reformer in the best sense of the word—a regenerator whose work was with the higher tendencies of the soul. He seemed to be an out-of-date pattern which had drifted down to our generation from our magnificent past : the glorious youth of Islam. He was a man whom men of faith might regard as having moved in spirit somewhere near the outer circle of the "Companions of the Prophet"—that noble brotherhood from which had emerged men capable of leading armies and administering conquered kingdoms. They were unschooled, but had received their training in that best of schools—the purifying and elevating atmosphere of the Prophet's holy presence.

It was more than fortunate—indeed it was a blessing for Hyderabad to have received after

thirteen hundred years, in a decadent age like this, one who was thrilled by the thought of it—  
Mohammad Bahadur Khan !

This Bahadur Khan, a soldier of God, though apparently at times he might have been mistaken by the thoughtless for a political demagogue and a platform orator in these days of perverted notions, was, in fact and at heart, an ardent and sincere lover of the peace and harmony prefigured in the Quranic ideal of good life. My personal knowledge of his cherished beliefs is sufficient to assure me that there never was a moment's hesitation in his mind in accepting whole-heartedly, the benign commandment (لَا تُنْسِدُوا فِي الْأَرْضِ).<sup>\*</sup> He was a peace-maker—as was proved by the part he once played in allaying a serious communal riot.

With all his bursting enthusiasm and torrential eloquence, he could manage to keep his heart attuned to faith and love and concord ; and in this he showed his real greatness. As a true Muslim he was, of course, a good fighter in a good cause, but it was not fighting that he was after. He had to fight for peace and righteousness as essential to the moral, social and political well-being of the community. Primarily, he was not a man of politics, but when he mounted the rostrum to face a multifarious public obsessed with politics, he could not always avoid using their favourite mode of speech.

---

\* Do not cause disorder in the land.

It seemed to me as though his spirit was in eager and constant pursuit of some alluring vision on which fell the light of a far-off age of glory. And to me he himself was a fleeting vision of it : so suddenly brought into light and so suddenly snatched away !

His personality was a revelation in more ways than one. Besides his uncommon worth, there is the no less memorable fact that he was an indigenous product and a pure Hyderabadi. He came to prove to all India that the soil of Hyderabad contained such precious ore within its depths.

I had seen his grandfather and known his father and I knew him as a boy. He was educated chiefly at home ; and his school career was by no means remarkable. He remained in complete obscurity in his chrysalis state till he came out to dazzle all beholders. What was his college ? And what was his university ? Nature and life, the only academy in which genius is fostered and nurtured and taught to grow towards the highest !

My estimate of him, his work and his worth may be found in these lines which I wrote soon after his death :—

A brave and righteous leader sent  
By Providence men's hearts to guide—  
Not his the voice of power and pride,  
But of great deeds and high intent.

In every uttered word his breath  
Flashed forth a pure heart's truth as light ;  
He saw the dawn beyond the night,  
— *— the way that conquers death !*

and in the following Persian lines which came to me one day immediately after prayers :—

نور ایمان کرد روشن راه دل  
 جذبہ دل موجزن شد در سخن  
 شد ز اعمالش که آورد از ازل  
 حریت جوشان در آواز دکن\*

### Past and Present

“ From the time of the late Nizam to the present day there has been a transition period of not less than 33 years which has brought about many important changes affecting personal and communal life. And what is surprising is not so much the change of outward appearances as the change of mental habits. This affects the power of choosing the proper course in life. People now seem to be guided in their choice more by imitation than by judgment.

“ It was inevitable that with the changing conditions of life around us we should change our mode of living. But was there any need to abandon those habits which served to uphold our self-respect merely because they belonged to the past ? The tone and colour which they had given to old Hyderabad life we miss more and more every day. This is owing largely to the influx of ‘ modern ’ ideas from outside ; but I feel that if we had been

---

\* The light of faith illuminated the way of the heart  
 And the heart’s emotion surged up in speech  
 He brought with him from the Eternal those powers which  
 Imparted to the voice of the Deccan the fervent tone of liberty.

mindful of some of our best traditions—especially those enshrining wholesome and noble principles of conduct—and our old regard and reverence for the sanctities of life, we should have been better off than we are now.

“It seems to me that our boasted modernism only means

Freedom from decent self-restraint ;  
 Claim of all knowledge divine and human ;  
 A consciousness of infallibility ;  
 Contempt for religion and scorn of morality.

To this may be added as serviceable auxiliaries, falsehood, deceit, mutual distrust, suspicion, malice and rapacity under various disguises.

“But Hyderabad is a progressive State,” we hear, by way of justification or apology. Let us hope Hyderabad is so, and be it so in the best sense of the word ! If modernised it must be, let it be modernised decently.

“To some of us, however, there seems to be a pestilential quality in modern progress, and a tendency to become an epidemic wherever it goes. As an idea it was born of confusion of thoughts, wishes and hopes that followed in the wake of the Great War of 1914, and then it was well-meaning. Repudiation of evil, reformation and reconstruction of the social system, readjustment and settlement of human needs—all this was included in the idea, making it optimistic as a hope and ameliorative as an aim. But the vision soon became overclouded by the dust raised by

hasty pioneers who began to pull down the past to clear the ground for the future. They had no patience and no discrimination, and proceeded on the false assumption that the past had bred nothing but evil, and that religion and morality, decency and moderation were only so many clogs on progress. To remove them they thought it expedient to encourage opposite tendencies, irreverence towards the sanctities of life, disrespect towards superiors, disregard of truth and honesty ; and above all, presumption, arrogance and immodesty verging upon shamelessness. These seemed to them the most efficacious means of breaking with the past to advance towards progress. It was perhaps natural for Europe, semi-brutalised by the War, to think in this way and to mistake perversity for progress ; but was the self-respecting East bound to adopt the same creed ? Was it forgetful of its own purer principles and saner methods ? I have been watching with alarm the prevalence of noxious ideas in Hyderabad—where the soil, I should have thought, was not congenial for their rapid growth.

“ A false age naturally draws to itself all things false, and loves catchwords and delusive ideas. Then falsehood broadcasts them ; nature’s radio circulates them ; the unoriginal mind readily makes itself a receiver to welcome them. All this seems to have become a mass movement and commends itself on that ground. When all do the same thing, it must be right !

And all began to do it and continue to do it, because, they believe, it came from Europe, the Academy of Civilization! But do they understand what Europe really was at its greatest height, what it is even now, and what it can show us in spite of its degeneracy? We are beggars in soul if we only pick up what it casts aside. And if, sometimes, it seems to be adopting what is mean, selfish or vicious, let us reflect that it is for its own purposes, with which we need have little to do."

\* \* \*

"Hyderabad, it seems, has made considerable progress in business during the past 25 years. Its cement-concrete roads are studded with shops which have crowded out dwelling-houses. Some may regard this as a welcome feature of progress, but it causes an apprehension of some irreparable loss in the minds of people who view life in other aspects as well. They are likely to feel that Hyderabad has lost the simple dignity of its former unpretentious life and some of the amenities of its easy social intercourse by becoming too business-like."

\* \* \*

"When I compare the scenes I now see, as I pass along the streets, with what I had seen some thirty years ago, my impression is that new covers have been put hastily upon old things; and that men have put on clothes which do not

fit them ! This newly rigged-out Hyderabad may think itself a modern offspring of Bombay ; but it is no longer the oriental city admired once by M. Clemenceau."

\*

\*

\*

" If one went in former days from the Residency as far as Secunderabad to the North, Golconda to the West, or Saroornagar to the East, the general impression one received was that of charming suburban rural scenes. The few houses (and bungalows) sparsely located along the route were usually surrounded with tall shady trees which partially concealed them. There was an air of serene antiquity about them, and even the signs of neglect, visible here and there, only enhanced the charm. One misses them now ! "

#### **Mulkis and Non-Mulkis**

" The magic word, Mulki, seems to have a strange fascination for people here. Literally, it means one belonging to the country, but technically, it means a person who alleges that he belongs to the country in order to acquire the rights and privileges of citizenship. His chief desire is to be considered 'eligible for government service.' The person who puts forward such a claim with great volubility is generally an alien by birth, whom a patronising rule of domicile has furnished with a 12 years' Free Pass ! This benevolent rule enacts that a man who has lived

in the Hyderabad State for 12 years, or who has served the government for 12 years (however long ago) shall be a Mulki in perpetuity !

“ It is, of course, a great satisfaction to all concerned that the right grounded upon so slender a basis becomes an indefeasible heritable right. Inconsiderate philanthropy has seldom assumed a more amiable form. A son or a grandson of the first favoured person may, even after the lapse of a century, come from some far-off country to claim this birthright. There is romance in the idea ! I do not believe there is any other State in the world that can compete with ours in such thoughtless generosity. It is possible that the framers of our law may not have known the essential condition of domicile, namely, the absence of intention to revert to the land of birth, or they may have regarded it as unduly obstructive to the spirit of adventure.” The influx of outsiders (a few good and many bad, and many more of an indifferent type) has brought about as great a change in social as in official morals. And one of its results is the complete disappearance of the quiet, respectable and self-respecting middle class official of the past—a survival of the times of the First Salar Jung. Under him a superior class of aliens was imported, much care and discretion being exercised in the selection, and the result was that we occasionally got a really superior type of man.”

\* \* \*

“ The gradual disappearance of that indigenous type, which represented the old school of

thought and morality, and conformed to the old high standard of decency and respectability in all essential matters, is to be regretted. The nobility and gentry of Hyderabad towards the close of the last century, though not quite the same in these respects as their predecessors of the seventies, were yet of a higher type than is seen nowadays. This gradual decay of the best local product, together with the gradual growth and spread of a hybrid type, has undoubtedly lowered the standard, not of mere mechanical efficiency, perhaps, but of true worth and refinement. ”

\* \* \*

“ I base the distinction between ‘ Mulki ’ and ‘ non-Mulki ’ on grounds very different from those generally accepted. It is not the accident of birth alone that makes a man Mulki in the best sense of the word ; it is the Mulki heart to give that does it. It implies devotion, self-sacrifice, absence of a mercenary spirit, willingness to give to the country of one’s best without any thought of recognition, remuneration or reward, and to work for the country as one does for one’s self or for one’s own family. Let a person work with this feeling in his heart for Hyderabad, and I would honour him as a Mulki whether he be a Christian, a Jew, or a Muslim, a Hindu or a Parsi ; and whether he came from Bombay or Madras ; or from Delhi or Lucknow. ”

\* \* \*

“ To the honourable men of the past the term, ‘Mulki,’ connoted, above everything else, a sense of sincere devotion to the country which they felt to be their own ; and an inchoate patriotism lay deep in every heart. Their impulse always was to give something of their own to their country—talent, labour and good-will, as the general tendency, nowadays, is to take something from the country—official promotion, money, lands, etc. People’s common feeling then was that the country was their home, and that its chest contained their own savings which ought to be used with care and kept for the benefit of coming generations. Men’s common feeling now is that the country, the *Sirkar*, the public chest—all belong to them as property ! The result is that every man’s hand seems to be advancing towards the public chest, and innumerable are the pretexts by which the dexterous approach is justified. Even learning is exploited (to use their favourite phrase) as a means to this end.’

#### **Intrigue and Influence**

“ What usually gives rise to intrigue in Indian States is perhaps the easy credulity of those in authority, worked on by the designing selfishness of low-minded but sharp-witted persons.

“ There have been seen various types of intriguers in Hyderabad in the past : (1) the learned, able, apparently refined, suave and dignified personage whose dreams were of higher position and more influence ; (2) the clever, unscrupulous, resourceful adventurer who reached out for

pre-eminence and power, missed his aim and fell ; and (3) the selfish, low-minded, restless prowler and tale-bearer. These were a few prominent types known in Hyderabad in the early nineties of the last century. It would not be untrue to say that low intrigue was almost unknown in Hyderabad before the inferior type of alien came to find board and lodging here and began to multiply. ”

\* \* \*

“ But though conditions have changed, there is still a possibility of adventurers seeking advancement by improper means, such as flattering superiors ‘ to get into their good books.’ ‘ I am your man,’ is still a good admission ticket. The changing conditions, let us hope, will prevent, or at least, not encourage intrigue of any type, old or new. As education of the right kind begins to cleanse the minds of the younger generation, furnishing them with purer and nobler ideals of conduct and inspiring self-respect, the nimble-witted adventurer will find it less and less easy to insert himself into office through the front or back door. But degrees ought not to be allowed to become travelling tickets ! ”

\* \* \*

“ The energies of ambitious minds have to be diverted from intrigue for self-advancement into newer and healthier channels of activity for public good. Eradicating the instinct of self-aggrandisement and nepotism, high moral standards are to be maintained.

“Sir David Barr (Resident, 1901-1905) was once heard to say that what they called intrigue in Hyderabad was not intrigue in the European sense (which supposed intellect and finesse), but ‘badmashi’ pure and simple. Far be it from us.”

\* \* \*

“The last case of ‘badmashi,’ of which I came to have personal knowledge, occurred in 1912.

“Soon after the accession of the present Nizam (H.E.H. Nawab Sir Mir Osman Ali Khan) a diabolical plot came to light, and strangely enough, the author of it was a high officer of the City police. His object evidently was to rise over the heads of senior officers by winning the favour of the Ruler for having discovered a treasonable document against him—a memorial which was intended to be sent to H.E. the Viceroy. It bore the signatures, he alleged, of Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad and other noblemen and high officials, and its purport was that the Nizam was not worthy of the place he occupied. It happened, opportunely for his purpose, that I had been acting as Political Secretary during Sir Faridoon’s absence for some time, so it was a plausible supposition that I had been one of the Minister’s accomplices, and my name accordingly found a prominent place amongst the signatories.

“For strengthening his case he thought my testimony as the Maharaja’s Secretary would be of value, and as a ‘well-wisher,’ he sent me a

friendly message by one of his special agents, expressing great solicitude for my safety and suggesting that if I presented myself at the palace in the evening and threw myself on the Nizam's mercy by confessing that I had signed the memorial under duress, I might hope to be pardoned. The Nizam, he added, was in a very angry mood and might pass any order against me, at any moment, if I did not do so. I recognised the arch-fiend's tone in this and made up my mind to defy him, and my answer was that I was not the person to gild lies for him ! The next day the unholy messenger returned with his best professional smile and brought me further assurances of sincerity and good-will from his chief, who, he added, wished to convey his sense of obligation to my family for past favours—which had naturally increased his anxiety in my behalf !

“ I decided to report the matter to Sir Faridoon, who, in those days, had daily access to His Exalted Highness ; and when he asked me, later, under orders from His Exalted Highness the name of the man who had brought the message to me, I gave it with little compunction. Not many days had passed before we heard that the obliging gentleman had received orders to quit the Dominions at short notice. This was soon followed by another event. A few days later, an enquiry was started at the suggestion of the British Resident (Sir Alexander Pinhey) and a well-known handwriting expert, Mr. Hardless of Calcutta was sent for to examine the signatures on the memorial. After some weeks

spent in careful examination, his report was that they were all forgeries except two or three which seemed doubtful. I was not deported and lived to hear, when some years had passed, that the wretched author of the plot had died a horrible death caused by cancer in the mouth. It reminded me of some lines of Horace read at Cambridge in 1887: "Rarely has the halting foot of Retribution failed to overtake the criminal."

## CHAPTER VI.—AS OTHERS SEE HIM

As with all literary men, papers consisting of old letters and memoranda had collected in the side rooms of Sir Nizamat Jung's library. It was with modest diffidence that he gave me permission to examine their contents and the trouble I took over the search has been by no means in vain.

The quotations given in this Chapter are extracts from various letters ranging from 1911 to the present day. Some specifically deal with one or two of his books; others are tributes to his works in general or to his philosophy and personality. But each and every one of them expresses the unfailing sense of elevation which people experience when coming in contact with Sir Nizamat or his writings.

### *Extracts from Letters*

#### SAROJINI NAIDU.

“ It has been to me a great privilege as well as a great pleasure to be allowed to come into touch with a spirit so delicately and sensitively responsive to the tenderest chord of beauty; a mind so attuned to fine ideals and lofty moods, albeit full of that melancholy and concentration and remoteness from the larger humanity of life which would appear to be inseparable from those spiritual and mental gifts I find in your verses.”

“ You have a large vision or rather capacity for a large vision, and I think you will have in proportion the capacity for a large utterance, and we Indians need some poet who has a like vision and the voice.”

“ I should instantly have said that they were undoubtedly by a European or rather an Englishman, for the European temperament finds other vehicles of expression. I am not only speaking of the purity and grace of the language and surprisingly varied range of the vocabulary or the chaste instinct that has led you to choose words so restrained and fine and in keeping with the trend of your own mood or emotion. But I am speaking rather of the quality of mood and emotion and of temperament, and it does astonish me when I think or rather wonder if you have never felt “ The call of the Blood.” Have you never felt in your blood the glorious heritage of your race ? You who have all the ecstasy of Hafiz, the wine of Omar, the mystic intoxication of Ghalib, the supreme abandon of Roomi as your own, you who have the burning sands of Arab deserts and the mystic roses of Persian gardens as your own inheritance ?”

. . . . .

“ It is in your sonnets that you really begin to find yourself and the right vehicle for the grave, sad yearning and lofty thoughts and moods that are the real revelations of yourself—as your friends do not know you.... I do not say either that you have added a new thought, a new vision to the existing wealth of English literature but nevertheless they are beautiful, with the recognised beauty and distinction of their lineal descent from the great old traditions of the early Victorian days. Those days of Wordsworth and his large serenity, composure and dignity, a way incalculably remote from haunts of selfishness and strife, and away from sense of folly and of crime.”

. . . . .

“Your lyrics are full of charm and here and there touched with that unpurchasable magic that sets the poet above kings. But on the whole I do not think you have what Matthew Arnold called the ‘Lyric Cry’ that swift and passionate poignancy and ecstasy of pain or joy which in the simplest, most moving and final words find immortality.”

. . . . .

“I have been immensely interested in your home coming to Islam after long and devious journeys through classical and Gothic landscapes as well as Victorian gardens and castles.”

TENNISON.

“I know many people in grief and sorrow through the war, who, if they could read what you have written, would be helped and comforted.

I know you are indifferent to fame (“People too often mistake notoriety for fame, and one can be great without being famous,” you said in 1894); but (even if you prefer not to give your name) I venture to think that those poems ought to be published in England and widely circulated,—because of the revelation they would be to many who are groping in the dark, and the happiness they would give to others who share your ideals but despair of adequately expressing truths which seem too high to be put into mortal words.”

. . . . .

You could help and cheer people who would not be helped by Dante—because your poems are so much easier reading for an untrained mind. They are as

clear as sunlight ; so clear, so seemingly unstudied and spontaneous, that people will not be diverted away from the idea they enshrine—but the expression and the idea are one with you, and the reader will not so much think of the poet himself as of the immortal spirit of Beauty—of which the poet is the servant.

. . . . .

“ Each is what the Abbe ‘ Joseph Raux ’ said poetry ought to be, “ *the exquisite expression of an exquisite impression* ”—but in your case it is still more—more than an impression, it is a certain conviction that beyond this visible world there is a world in which all the highest ideals are realities. Or rather, I should say that the highest ideals on earth are echoes of the great unseen realities.

“ This is the teaching the world needs ; and who could resist such teaching when it comes in a form so crystal clear as your poems, so commandingly and yet persuasively beautiful ;—and so brief that even the busiest man cannot pretend he has ‘ no time ’ to read it.

“ But not only do your poems breathe the spirit of chivalry at its highest and best, but also you bring back some of the lost beauty from the heart of ancient Greece ; some such poems as yours may have been sung to beautiful music at Crotona in the garden by the sea, where Pythagoras used to tell his pupils the story of the age-long pilgrimage of the spirit.”

. . . . .

#### JOHN LAW

“ I can quite imagine such a book (the sonnets)—being “ discovered ” and becoming “ the rage.” It

reminds me of Spenser very much. All you said about the English language was very interesting."

• • • • •  
J. W. WILMSHURST, EDITOR OF 'THE SEEKER'

"I am sincerely pleased with the book of sonnets. I am especially glad to know and to welcome the contents of the volume and to know of their authorship. My appreciation goes much further than mere literary approval. I know the inner truth of what the sonnets strive (so successfully) to express, and in their author I have no difficulty in recognising a spiritual brother.

"The great, heroic and spiritual love, expressed by such poets as Michelangelo and Dante was and is an eternal reality, and the memory of a higher life in worlds other than this ; and the Nawab is of this spiritual family, and whether he is fully conscious of it as yet or not (but probably he is) his admirable sonnet sequence reveals a new and very striking example of what I am explaining, *i.e.*, that the highest kind of love—the unity of spirit —as yet little understood on earth—belong to the divine immortal life, and began before this earth existed, and will outlast this earth."

• • • • •  
EDWARD McCURDY

"I have read the book of sonnets that you were so kind as to send me, with very great interest and pleasure.

I should say that English should be considered his native language ; one forgets entirely that he has any other native speech than ours, so entirely natural is the idiom.

I appreciate your reference to his kinship with Rudel, and I find something of Petrarch, and some affinity with Drummond. But I would not wish to seem by these comparisons to lessen his entire originality.

I thought the sonnets of the Nawab Nizamat Jung very fine indeed. It seems almost incredible that they are not written in the poet's mother-tongue. I find on re-reading them a limpidity and simplicity which attract me extremely and in many ways remind me of Petrarch."

• • • • •  
TWO ENGLISH FRIENDS

"I remonstrate chiefly because I feel so strongly that you were created for some special purpose of God. Perhaps we all were; but you, with your glimpses of the other world, and the power (shown in your sonnets) to voice the exalted kind of truth so few men feel strongly enough to express with such conviction,—you who were surely meant to be a human channel through which inspirations might come to more earthly souls,—cannot, without a kind of treason against Heaven, resign yourself to allow your poetic gifts and talents to atrophy, or even to faint."

• • • • •  
"Your work has been all the more noble because uncongenial; and men who dislike public affairs, and long for quiet, are often the men best able to do justice to public affairs. The others, with a thirst for power, are apt to use office for their own ends. Everybody, who knows you knows you would be impersonal or superpersonal, and that you have steadily acted on the motto of ....."

## FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

A friend whose sister was in great danger in Finland and who was very sad and anxious, wrote—

“ The sonnets helped her (for just one evening) to forget all her troubles,—their beauty being related to eternity and the time when all earthly sorrows would be over and vanquished.”

## THE SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN.

“ The pursuit of eternal beauty which is the theme of the sonnet sequence, is presented with freshness of fancy and fertility in thought. Considerable skill in the sonnet is shown, and especially successful is the note of ecstasy and rhapsody.”

## WILLIAM TURNER, PRINCIPAL, NIZAM COLLEGE.

“ What I said and sincerely meant was that you were the only poet who had developed and carried further the possibilities of the sonnet form since Wordsworth.

“ I see that advancing years have not affected either your gift of feeling or expression.”

## ABDULLAH YUSUF ALI.

“ These sonnets are splendid ! and they also express my mood ! I have admired and enjoyed them, and also showed them to all, who fully share my appreciation. God bless you and your poetic gift and make us realise the hope you dream of.”

Again,

" I am delighted to receive your letter and the gift of your two books—Sonnets and Rudel of Blaye.

" They have set me dreaming. What chances and changes life brings ! You might have written poem after poem and anticipated Rabindranath Tagore, if you had not been caught in the net of circumstances and dealt daily with other matters."

• • • • •  
" Here are a few choice morsels from the soul of one who has played many worthy parts in life, but none worthier than of a practical man who finds peace in poetry, wealth in the stores of History and Imagination, consolation in the message of Religion and serene beauty in the personality and mysticism of the Preacher of Islam.

That the Holy places of Arabia should inspire so sensitive a nature was to be expected. That he should clothe his thoughts in choice and faultless English and present them to the modern youth of Islam in India, is the good fortune of the modern youth of Islam in India."

• • • • •  
" 'The Death of Socrates' is a gem—a cup of cream out of Plato's 'Crito' and 'Phædo.'

SIR STUART FRASER.

" It is not everyone, I may say, who—even if he can compose a sonnet—can write so charmingly to a friend, picking up the threads as if we were conversing face to face five years ago."

“ I know the philosophically detached attitude which you take towards official life—its drawbacks and its rewards. Nevertheless I hope that this mark of appreciation from the Crown of your services in Hyderabad will afford you some measure of satisfaction. Anyway your friends will be pleased to see such an honour so deservedly conferred. And I am genuinely glad that a Knighthood should come the way of one who has filled responsible office, but is a scholar and a poet of possibly even greater distinction.”

“ I have only just finished the 132nd of the ‘Thoughts’—each deserving the careful digestion of a tabloid sermon. You have laid under contribution the saints and sages, the philosophers and the poets of the world, enriching what you borrow with the reflections of one who is by nature and by culture a philosopher and a poet himself.”

*To England, 1938*

“ May I say that in my humble opinion and that of, I hope, an ordinary decent Englishman, this poem is worthy to rank with your beautiful sonnet, ‘To England,’ which was published in the *Times* early in the Great War. I too certainly think that it is timely and needed, and friends to whom I have shown it wish that you would publish it.”

Again,

“ I am sure that not only your friends but a considerable cultured circle in this country would welcome it.”

" I always give myself the pleasure of reading your last letter, with always the result of realising that the poet's epistolary gifts are beyond the reach of us pedestrian folk. Anyway it was a pleasure to be reminded how your visit to Mecca had given you fresh inspiration, one fruit of which was your lines : " To England, 1938." Therein you clearly envisaged the horrors which darken our world of 1939.

I feel sure that the author of the ' Sonnet to England ' written during the Great War, will not withhold the homage of his heart from England in her present hour of need."

. . . . .

#### C. J. SANTOS (1934)

" I was really deeply moved and felt such a consolation to think that I had still a true friend in this world on whom I could rely in the hour of need."

. . . . .

#### AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

" These volumes are indeed deeply appreciated not only for their literary value as additions to my collections of autographed works, but as a charming souvenir of an acquaintanceship which has meant much to me in many ways. If you will pardon the personal note, I may say that it is to the high ideals and lofty standard set by the all-too-rare men of your own chivalrous type that I turn my thoughts when I think of growing older. I should like to mould myself in some such restrained pattern and I look forward to the serenity of your poise and certitude of steady, firm orientation of mind and spirit."

## SIR WILLIAM BARTON

“ One likes to get the glimpses of the philosophy of life of one’s friends. It is a help and encouragement, and you have seen life in very many aspects and human nature at its best and its worst ! ”

Again,

“ We both admire the calm philosophy with which you face life in these difficult days. It is not every one who can develop the inner calm, which is so strong a bulwark against hardships and suffering.”

. . . . .

*Elegy on the Death of George V*

## SIR REGINALD GLANCY

“ I have very interesting news for you. Your poem has been read by Her Majesty Queen Mary. Her Majesty was much touched and desired that an expression of her appreciation of your charming tribute to His Late Majesty be conveyed to you. I am sure you will be gratified to know that your poem reached Her Majesty and was so favourably received. I only regret that it came too late for the press and the general public.”

Again,

“ Your verse has always a very special appeal to me, not on personal grounds at all, but on purely literary grounds. I am all for the old style and dignity in poetry. I can say no more than that I admire this last elegy with all my heart because it does no justice to one who went through the most terrible time of trial

‘ sans peur et sans reproche,’ setting an example to us all which should never be forgotten.”

“ Many thanks for your ‘Morning Thoughts.’ When I read them, it is borne in on me how many things I have done which I ought not to have done and many things I have left could only start again—but I suppose, one would only fall again.”

“ They have a special appeal for me: they recall the culture in which we were brought up—the ideals, the accuracy of word and metre of those days, and above all yourself. I am afraid I do not express myself well, but I am sure you know how I feel towards you and the expression of your moods.”

*Morning Thoughts*

SIR BRIAN EGERTON

“ I have been studying some of it with the greatest interest and shall do so further at my leisure. Your philosophy is engrossing and makes one seriously think.”

NAWAB (SIR) MAHDI YAR JUNG

“ The style is very clear and the diction simple. It reminds one more of 18th century writers like Addison and Lamb than of the modern writers of ‘Journalese’ English. The art of writing prose seems to be dying out, and I think that prose such as this will help

not a little to revive it. I consider your prose to be greater than your poetry."

"It is extremely interesting and full of food for thought. You may find that it will not have such a small circulation after all....."

. . . . .

#### LADY TASKER

"I like reading poetry slowly, and not all at a gulp. I love the prologue to the 'Death of Socrates.' It expresses such a big truth so simply. Each of the poems is very fine, and the lines flow along in beautiful rhythm. I am sure these are some of the poems that you have told me about, as coming to you easily, without effort,—from a subconscious mind perhaps."

. . . . .

#### SIR DUNCAN MACKENZIE

"From the very cursory glimpse which is all that I have hitherto had time for, it looks emphatically as if it would be a welcome refuge from 'much study' which, in the words of Sulaiman-i-Adil, is undoubtedly 'a weariness of the flesh.' "

. . . . .

#### PROFESSOR S. RAMKRISHNA IYER

"Like the meditations of the philosophical Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who justly 'scorned delights and lived laborious days' yours is at once original, diverting, refreshing and edifying. At moments of dejection, your 'Morning Thoughts' brings me solace."

. . . . .

## COL. ROCKWELL

“ And now I shall leave Hyderabad richer not only by having known you personally and through the beautiful medium of your poetry, but also through the illuminating philosophical utterances of your intriguing prose volume.”

## MRS. ROSENTHAL

“ Many, very many, find at once a responding echo in my brain, voice thoughts that have remained unshaped in my mind. Again thank you very much indeed and most genuinely. Your book is one I shall keep by me to read and re-read, and pick up to study and re-study.”

## SIR ARTHUR LOTHIAN

“ I will turn with relief to your contemplative studies as a mental release from the tiresome labours of my working hours.....

Like you I regard most objects of ambition as illusion and the attainment of mental harmony as the only thing worthwhile. I too am deeply interested in religion, but not perhaps like you as the adherent of any faith. I would like to see all dogma disappear.”

## B. C. McEWEN

“ Now that I have read “ Morning Thoughts ” I feel so deeply in your debt that mere ‘ thanks ’ seem quite inadequate. May I quote from your book :

‘He who guides is a benefactor. This is the way in which the greatest of all service may be rendered.’

If I can live up to your philosophy, I shall count myself fortunate indeed.”

• • • • • • •

### CHAMEN

“I have read the book all through once and much of it many times and shall do so again, I expect many times. I really am so awfully glad you sent it to me. You have certainly clarified in mind much that was very hazy before, and I wish I could meet you and perhaps clear up some more, because there are still lots of things in heaven and earth that I should like to get clearer ideas about than I have at present, and you seem to have a way of analysing a complex that brings lots of hidden bits of it to the light that I had not detected the presence of before, although I suppose I ought to have.”

• • • • • • •

### K. SUNDARA RAGHAVAN

“The Thoughts” is a rosary of immaculate and invaluable pearls. They are gems which radiate the Upanishadic truths. The book is the expression, I am sure, of a life truly and nobly lived. I regard it as a guide book in the journey of life. I will keep it as a very constant companion, and find inspiration therefrom hereafter for my acts.”

• • • • • • •

## SIR AKBAR HYDARI, P.C.

“ Your ‘Morning Thoughts’ reflect with succinctness and lucidity a philosophy of life with which I profoundly agree, but which, alas, I have neither the time nor the literary ability to express nor the strength to practise.

I hope that the contemplative life to which you have, as a poet, instinctively turned will be productive of verse and prose revealing the attainment of that tranquillity your spirit seeks.”

. . . . .

## RAJA BAHADUR KRISHNAMACHARI

“ It is a mixture of religion, philosophy, morality rules of social conduct as well as everything that ought to interest a man who really appreciates that human life is the greatest gift that God could give to any body and it would be a wicked sin not to take advantage of it.”

. . . . .

## SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER ON ‘TO ENGLAND, 1938’

“ Since Kipling’s ‘Recessional’ I have read nothing which thrilled me so much by its genuine patriotism, its noble sentiments and its felicity of language.

The sentiments to which it gives expression are particularly apposite at the present time when greedy materialism and brute force are so rampant displacing the old heroic and chivalrous feelings of the Age of Faith which shed a lustre on Christianity and Islam when Salauddin and Cœur de Lion were magnanimous opponents.”

. . . . .

## J. AIZALA

"I had the pleasure to read your most inspired poem : 'A Moorish Chief to General Franco,' in the English weekly, "Spain." The poetical composition reveals not only the rare literary gifts of the author, but also the lofty religious ideals that should animate every mind.

In order to make your poem more widely known and appreciated, I have translated it into Spanish, my mother-tongue, with the hope that it will reach the hands of many Spanish-speaking people, both in Spain and South America, and perhaps even those of the Generalissimo, whose efforts God is blessing in his latest campaign."

*Coronation Ode \**

## SIR DAVID BARR

"I thank you for the copy of the Coronation Ode. Allow me to say that I think very highly of the Ode, and have shown it to several friends who share my opinion. I agree with Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk that it should be published."

## SIR GEORGE CASSON WALKER

"I am not much of an authority on English verse, but we all thought it very good indeed, and I should be a proud man if I could write anything approaching it in kind and worth. Your command of English fills

---

\* Read before Their Majesties after their Silver Jubilee by one of the Ladies in attendance.

me with astonishment and envy. Certainly Easterns beat the Westerns easily in linguistic acquirements."

PROFESSOR V. N. BHUSHAN

"The first thing that strikes a reader of Sir Nizamat's poetry is its scrupulous craftsmanship. Sonnets, odes, lyrics, narrative poems—in all these he shows himself as a master of correct versification. This by itself is no small achievement. But Sir Nizamat's greater achievement is in the thought-content of his poetry. More subjective than objective, he often fills his poems with effusions of deep personal feeling and experience. Not just fanciful, his ideas and thoughts have a striking philosophical and even mystical value. Especially in his poems where he writes of such profound themes as Beauty, Love, Truth, Light and Nature—Sir Nizamat is at his best and brightest. He writes as one who has deeply pondered some of the fundamental problems of the here and the hereafter, and as one who has genuine poetic inspiration."

*Extract from the 'TRUTH' dated London, January 2, 1942*

*India to England*

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

"Only those who remember the war of 1914-18 will recollect a remarkable poem 'India to England,' which, if I rightly remember, appeared in the *Times* towards the end of 1914 and was widely quoted and often reprinted. The signature of Nawab Nizamat Jung Bahadur conveyed nothing to the outer public;

and few realised that the writer was the same man who as Nizamuddin Ahmed, had been noted at Trinity College, Cambridge, for his interest in English Poetry, antiquities and history, and his gentle but firm championship of 'the good, the true and the beautiful.' His English friends, perhaps, had hardly realised what strength of purpose and intellect underlay his air of leisurely contemplation ; and it was with some surprise that they learnt how the poetically-minded student (who had been called to the Bar in London, but had seemed more engrossed in Spenser's " Faerie Queene " than in the Statute Books) had nevertheless risen to be Chief Justice in the independent State of Hyderabad, Deccan. Ultimately he was to be Political Secretary to His Exalted Highness the Nizam, the head of the Moslem World. (The Nizam writes poetry himself, and so has never supposed appreciation of the graces of life to be a handicap in practical affairs).

The publication of ' India to England ' aroused a demand for other poems from the same pen ; and a selection from the sonnets of Nizamat Jung Nizamuddin Ahmed was issued in 1917, His Majesty the King accepting a copy. The Editor of the Sonnets, apparently writing from personal knowledge, laid stress upon the inference that far from a poetic spirit hampering this poet in the service of mankind, he, on the contrary, had drawn from his love of great literature a steady inspiration to embody in life the constructive qualities he admired in the past. Commending ' the comprehensive way in which he, in a few words, would indicate his impressions of poets and heroes long dead but to him ever-living,' the critic added : " His appreciation was both ardent and just ; he could swiftly recognise the nobler elements in characters which at first glance might seem startlingly dissimilar ; and he could

pass without apparent effort from the study of the lives of men of action to the inward contemplations of abstruse philosophers." Both "acutely fastidious and widely sympathetic," his "high impersonal ideas" combined with a remarkable personality "seldom failed to stimulate other minds—even if those others shared few, if any, of his intellectual tastes."

Since his retirement from politics he has taken a conspicuous interest in various reconstructive movements, especially in the rebuilding of what we would call slum areas; the former squalor being replaced by houses not merely convenient, but architecturally pleasing. In life and literature he has always been the sworn foe of ugliness.

During the last twenty years he has often expressed his apprehension that in the headlong race for 'progress' some of the most valuable aids to human happiness were in danger of being left behind. At a time when a section of the English Press was setting itself to belittle the long and honourable record of British achievements in and on behalf of India, his sole comment on the inflammatory articles was 'The spirit of Hate is let loose; and they call it 'Democracy.'

A devout Moslem, he expected Christians to maintain an equal devotion to their own religion. And he became painfully concerned as to the decline in English literature and art, attributing it latterly to a decrease in spiritual consciousness. Four years ago a poem, written while he was on a pilgrimage to Mecca, was sent by him to London. Some of the quatrains read prophetically now, and it would seem that he anticipated the world war and was endeavouring to prepare our minds for the ordeal :

“ England ! 'Twas not thy pomp of martial power  
 To which I gave thee homage of my heart.  
 I saw thee in thy brightest, darkest hour,  
 Guarding the great World's peace, thy destined part.

The vision of thy glory in mine eyes  
 Was thy true self, a power ordained by Fate  
 To strive for Good as Glory's noblest prize ;  
 This taught me, while a boy, to hail thee great.

God made thee guardian of the rights of man,  
 God gave thee of His power to raise mankind  
 Trod in the dust. He fixed thee in his plan  
 As warden of the Trust to thee assigned.

The brute in man has risen from his lair  
 To make God's peaceful earth a Hell of strife ;  
 The poison of his breath is in the air ;  
 His claws are closing round the heart of life.

England awake ! And be thyself once more,  
 The land of chivalry that Shakespeare owned,  
 When faith and honour gave thee righteous power,  
 And saw thee on the Ocean world enthroned.”

He concluded with the assurance that if England would “keep Honour's torch alight,” the Indian Moslems could continue to believe in England as the bulwark between mankind and the Satanic evils threatening and undermining the wreckage of reason, justice, dignity, faith, security, and every attribute which marks the difference between civilisation and savagery. At the outbreak of the war in 1939 and the subsequent European disasters in 1940 he did not appear surprised ; but wrote to an English friend, ‘Though the tragedy and confusion seem like an apotheosis of Evil, and though God is mocked and man degraded, let us comfort ourselves with the assurance that God has not abdicated.”

The following lines sent to him by an English friend are far more eloquent than anything that I could say.

The fairest dreams, the sweetest melodies,  
 The purest joys, the beauty and the grace  
 Of eager thoughts that from the poet's soul  
 Fly forth for our enchantment and delight,—  
 These words of flame, these mystic harmonies,  
 These woven webs of air and dew and dawn,  
 Are they but shadows?—Verily, not so!  
 For into every shadowy image, Love—  
 True love for God, a tenderness for man—  
 A heart infuses; so the poet's dreams  
 Shall live when Earth and Time have passed away.

PROFESSOR K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

“Among Muslim writers of English, of English verse especially, particular mention must be made of Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur. Born in 1871, educated in India and at Cambridge, Sir Nizamat has occupied very important positions in the Hyderabad State.

His *Casual Reflections* and *Morning Thoughts* use the medium of English prose, at times prose of a singular force and suggestiveness, for the communication of his inmost thoughts on the many problems, big and small, that confront men and women today. These prose pieces may almost be called miniature essays, in the course of which Sir Nizamat is caught unawares murmuring to himself, in the words of the old song, “says I to myself, says I.”

Sir Nizamat's verses and sonnets have been collected and published with the titles, *Sonnets and Other Poems*, *Love's Withered Leaves*, and *Islamic Poems*. In the

earlier volumes we come across a number of love poems and Nature descriptions, the following extracts being fair samples of these :

When I approach thee, love, I lay aside  
All that is mortal in me. With a heart  
Absolved and pure, and cleansed in every part  
Of every thought that I might wish to hide  
From God, I come.....

A gleam of light sailed o'er the water's breast  
From out the fading distance towards the shore  
Crowning with gold each swelling wave that bore  
This gloom of shadows deepening in the West.  
Now here, now there, from shivered crest to crest,  
It leaped, it flew—and then was seen no more.

Even in his 'Islamic' poems Sir Nizamat reveals a similar poetic sensibility and ease in versification. The poems, however, are not 'Islamic' in the narrow religious or theological sense. Poetry must be inspired somehow, and it happens that several of Sir Nizamat's poems are inspired by Islam, its sacred places, its Great Caliphs, its spiritual Empire. It is not necessary to be a Muslim to be able to appreciate the thought or language of these lines :

Not in those realms where rivers flow,  
Of milk and honeyed wine,  
Or where with mystic light aglow,  
The eyes of Houris shine ;  
Not there, O soaring spirit ! lies  
Thy home of bliss, thy paradise.

Sir Nizamat has been described by his friend, Mr. A. Yusuf Ali, as a man 'who finds peace in Poetry, wealth in the stores of History and Imagination, consolation in the message of religion and serene beauty in the personality and mysticism of the Preacher of Islam.' As the